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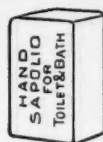
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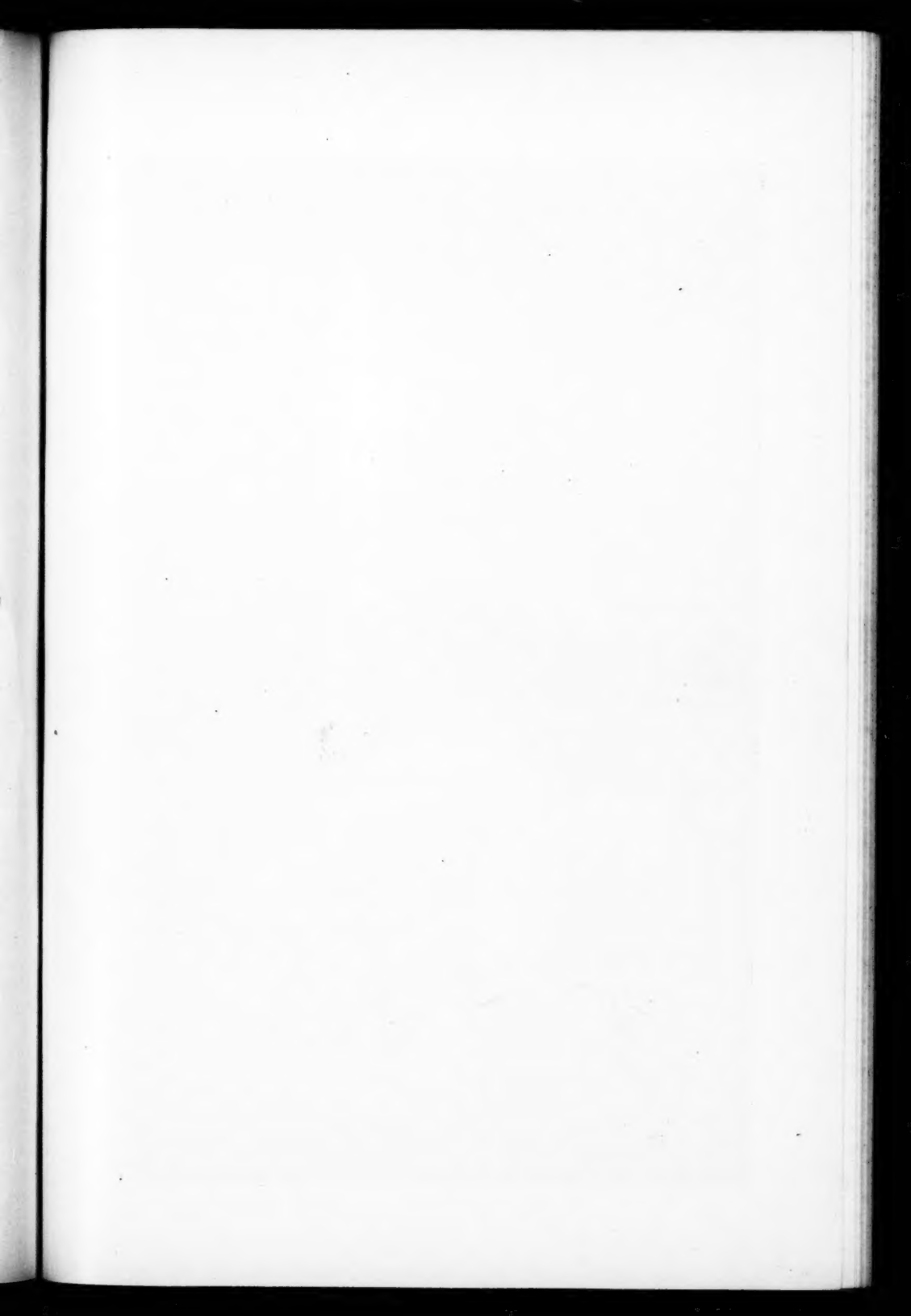
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ELLEN KEY: SWEDEN'S FOREMOST WOMAN

See page 432.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE ART AND LIFE

VOL. III

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NO. 4



AN IMPRESSION OF THE FIFTIES

By MARY MOSS

With Portraits from "The Knickerbocker Gallery"



N any library a generation old, there may be found—tucked away upon top shelves, relegated to dark corners—certain isolated volumes which, no matter in what they differ, all show one common trait. Their covers vary from sentimental rosy silk, faint with age, to a gorgeousness of black and gold. Like that famous Spring Annual in which one Arthur Pendennis made his first bow to the public, the contents may bear the stamp of high fashion. Did not Lady Blessington herself stoop to the graceful task of editing one? Their illustrations, pseudo-classical engravings and fanciful vignettes, possess no small charm and delicacy (the plate for Mr. Pendennis's verses cost Bacon sixty pounds). But, judging by their invariable state of preservation—Annuals, Souvenirs, Mementos, Galleries, whatever their titles—no human being seems ever to have read

them. If Sterne had never seen a dead donkey, certainly no living mortal can produce a dog-eared Book of Beauty.

To this rule there is no exception, and the substantial volume which has drifted to my table, with its discreet binding, fine gilt edges and admirable typography, is as innocent of human desecration as Robinson Crusoe's island.

"The Knickerbocker Gallery," New York, 1855.

At that date the *Knickerbocker Magazine* had lived a quarter of a century and was the oldest monthly of its class in America. Nevertheless, the editor, Louis Gaylord Clark, received an inadequate salary, so the preface to the Gallery informs us. Consequently fifty-five of his leading contributors each gave "a piece," and this miscellany was edited by John W. Francis, one of our earliest literary doctors, George P. Morris, Rufus Griswold, Richard B. Kimball and Frederick Shelton, into a tome (no lesser word answers) of some five

hundred pages. The proceeds of this were destined to buy for Mr. Clark a cottage on the Hudson—an appropriate locality, since the Hudson River School predominates in the Gallery,

ture (unless Benjamin Franklin's life be so classed) as America has yet produced. Barnum tells how Clark came one day in great haste and began, "Friend Barnum, I have come



P. T. Barnum

as in the pages of the magazine itself. Did these gentlemen succeed, did the cottage pass from a dream to reality? Nothing easier than to ask, but, fearing disappointment, I would rather happily believe that the cottage had a double coach-house and that Mr. Clark there ended his days in peace and plenty. He merits our good-will from his humane habit of letting his magazine writers sign their articles (an unusual indulgence both in England and America), and in the pleasant wit shown by the only surviving anecdote of him.

This story, by the way, may be found in a remarkable publication of the year '55, the too little known autobiography of P. T. Barnum, as fine a specimen of picaresque litera-

ture as to ask if you have got in the Museum the club that Captain Cook was killed with?"

Barnum naturally had the very thing, and bidding Clark wait, he proceeded to overhaul a lot of clubs, "selecting a heavy one that looked as if it might have killed Captain Cook or anybody else with whose head it came in contact. Having affixed a small label on it reading 'The Captain Cook Club,' I took it down to Mr. Clark, assuring him that this was the instrument of death which he inquired for." Together the two examined it with intelligent sympathy, Barnum growing quite sad at picturing the brutal scene in which that club had played a part. Finally Clark prepared to take leave,

shaking Barnum's hand and assuring him, "I had an irrepressible desire to see the club that killed Captain Cook. . . . I have been in half a dozen smaller museums, and as *they*

prophecy of the romantic movement, and of the growing taste for Shakespeare.

Then comes the delightful, quizzical visage of Dr. Holmes, looking as if he



Fred. C. Osgood.

all had it, I was sure a large establishment like yours could not be without it."

Needless to say, Jenny Lind's impressario evened the score in a later chapter; but having wandered so far from the Gallery to prove Mr. Clark's claim to his cottage, I must go back to the fifty-five authors who sharpened their pens to procure it.

The list opens, as it should, with Washington Irving, who, having passed his three score years and ten, and needing rest from the recent effort of "Wolfert's Roost," is content to send jottings from an early commonplace book. This "Conversation with Talma" gives some fairly interesting notes upon the French stage, with a

were at that moment relishing the humor of "Concerning Homeopathy and Kindred Delusions," but facing an interminable copy of verses, "A Vision of the Hoosatonic," in Wordsworth's best Peter Bell manner.

After this, the real instruction begins: instruction on the mutability of Fame, on the uncommonly small proportion of celebrities of one generation whose names even survive a short half century. Samuel Osgood! Who remembers him? Yet, he was an original Brook Farmer, and not only an important divine in his day, but an author of excellent repute. After reading his present contribution, "A Reminiscence of Kentucky," one wonders just why his literary

claims were regarded, unless for his skill in dodging a certain question then forcing itself upon public notice. Kansas and Missouri, however, take no part in this laudatory sketch of slaveholding Kentucky, but Osgood's work bears one unmistakable mark of its era. Whether little Eva or Little Nell be responsible for the fashion, the fact remains that in the fifties no female child ever appeared upon one page without sadly and sweetly dying, usually at the turn of the leaf. Such a company of Herods as the mild mid-Victorian writers! The mortality among little girls throws an ordinarily kind-hearted person into a panic at the first indication of a blue eye and a golden curl. (Is it because boys are tougher that Paul Dombey's influence can show no more than a semi-occasional death-bed?)

Of course Donald Mitchell sent a "tale" to the Gallery. His "Bride of the Ice King" must simply be forgiven, on the score of the ambrosial portrait accompanying it and because of his miraculous youth. Judging by this tragedy of a lovely but mournful Swiss Maiden, Ik Marvel at twenty-three possessed a fund of immaturity entitling him to gentle treatment at the hands of adults.

George Lunt! O twentieth-century reader! Is it possible that you have forgotten George Lunt? Yet he wrote novels, lyrics and historical sketches and was noticed in the *North American Review*!

Then Boker, handsome and worldly, in a coat the perfection of which rather suggests the diplomat than the poet, sends a fragment of his "Francesca da Rimini," then unpublished and unplayed. There is a ring of talent in his verse, with odd falterings, as of a gift not quite sustained enough to lift his feet permanently from the ground.

Then an Indian Legend, by that Frederick Shelton whose "Letters from Up the River" so pleased his contemporaries. "Such ripe, juicy, diction as flows from his pen," the reviewer declares "could alone do justice to his rich and jocund fancies." To us it merely seems that,

like too many amiable gentlemen of that date, this excellent divine placed undue confidence in the personal note. Their idea of personal was something highly intimate, a microscopic view of daily life, in style reminiscent of Irving, of Sterne (sterilized), of the *Tattler*, of Charles Lamb. Hence a multitude of rambling confidences, such as "The Reveries of a Bachelor," "Prue and I." Truly, the despised Willis's "Letters from Idlewild" come nearer bearing the test of time than many more pretentious pictures of contemporary life. The difficulty with literature of this type is that not every one has the gift to be Charles Lamb! To venture so engagingly into personalities, one must needs be quite sure of having an engaging personality to reveal. Consequently when Mr. Shelton lingers so confidently over the Atridean banquets of his Shanghai rooster, and over what he himself had (or went without) for dinner in his humble cot, we rather yawn than admire—not half so wearily, however, as if a taste for curios had led us to dip into his novel, "Chrystalline," a mid-Victorian "Zenda," of portentous dullness.

Bayard Taylor gives a "Day at Saint Helena." This bears a faint thrill. It seems a link with a past then sufficiently recent for something of it to hover about that desecrated tomb, Napoleon's emptied grave. Taylor talked with the caretaker who, though never getting an answer, actually had said "Good morning, sir," to Napoleon!

The assemblage in the Gallery now grows as ghostly as that company in the moon which Eaton Barrett made up of heroes and heroines whose tenure of spirit-life was measured by their popularity on earth. Worthy citizens, many of these, largely associated with some useful work, but dim in our minds after fifty years. Epes Sargent, with schoolbooks to his credit, biographies and translations, here branches into an Indian tale, wooden as a cigar Pompey. Bethune brings another infant death-bed. William Pitt Palmer, for-



Don. F. Mitchell

gotten! Tuckerman, whom nobody reads.

Thomas Ward (Flaccus), wickedly kept alive by a quotation from his *chef d'œuvre* preserved in the *Literati*. Like all young gentlemen in the fifties, Ward discovered Europe, but, unique among them, he wrote a serious poem upon sea-sickness: the most "disgusting" picture in literature Poe calls it, and makes good his assertion by producing these lines:

But most of all good eating cheers the brain,

Where other joys are rarely met—at sea—

Unless indeed we lose as soon as gain.

Ay, there's the rub, so baffling oft to me.

Boiled, roast and baked—what precious choice of dishes

My generous throat has shared among the fishes!

And he ends by sentimentally remarking

My briny messmates! Ye will mourn my loss!

More than enough, as Poe declares, to damn any book—and this at a period which for refinement would put to the blush all the *précieuses* from

Scudéry to Madelon! Perhaps Byron may be held accountable for this astounding ease of manner; but, while many of these "poets" doubtless saw a likeness between themselves and "Don Juan," as a rule there is a scrupulous avoidance of any such suggestions in their eminently virtuous writings. To the Gallery, Ward contributes a long poem, "The Bards of Parnassus." This opens with the amazing statement (taken from Griswold) that there were then in America "Two hundred genuine and immortal bards." Ward, however treats some of these immortals with a fairly lively and satirical characterization. William Henry Cuyler Hosmer claims mention here, if only to show how a poet was permitted to wear his beard, in the fifties—also a bit of his verse is artless enough to be preserved:

Dryden was ruined when he tuned his string
To gain the guerdon of a heartless king,
Amuse a gay licentious Court with lays
Mocking at virtue, and indecent plays.

Bow at the footstool of anointed sin
Less sure of royal favour than Nell Gwynne.

Then among the forgotten comes Donald McLeod, looking terribly like a country town dentist and not in the least as if he had written a sensational romance of secret societies in Germany, or had steeped himself in Fouquet, Tieck, Richter and "Wilhelm Meister." He also discovered Europe and described it in "Pynnshurst," a series of mediocre letters with some good observation and an occasional infant grave. (I count only white graves, brown and red babies begin at a discount in the fifties.) McLeod stood well in his day, but the present sketch, "Anteros," ends with: "The fires faded from his eyes, and his lips froze upon mine. I care not what doctors tell me, Mark is dead, and I am dying also; but slowly, too slowly." Minor authors of the twentieth century! Who can be sure that in fifty years we may not sound as rococo as McLeod?

Of course, Saxe contributed a poem,

a brisk little lament upon growing old (he was nearly forty at the time), with the queer blend of Tom Hood and piety which taste permitted in the fifties.

Charles Astor Bristed's neat countenance (looking as if he had never heard of Mürger, much less translated him) accompanies some dapper satirical lines upon current magazine literature. Cozzens sends a long humorous sketch. Has any one born later than the sixties ever tried his famous "Sparrowgrass Papers?" A whole nation once responded to their mild-drawn pleasantries—the beginning of the suburban joke!

James T. Fields then shows a young face charming with its air of kindness and wisdom. No wonder budding writers enjoyed visits to their Boston publisher, when they were received by this encouraging and sympathetic presence.

Old Dr. Francis is here too, looking as if he might lately have taken wine with Diedrich Knickerbocker. His unpruned sketch of a curious sort of city tramp, one Christopher Colles, is full of valuable, undigested facts, of random references to Francis's store of New York legend and history.

The next author of importance is George P. Morris. All adults who have been blessed with grandmothers will at once automatically exclaim, "Woodman, spare that tree!"

But how many guess the extent of his fame? Even Poe (not a particularly lavish man with praise) calls him our best writer of songs, and goes on to affirm that by two poems, "Woodman" and "By the Lake where Droops the Willow," if by nothing else, Morris is immortal! Alas! If to Lowell's taste Willis seemed inspiration and water, to us Morris sounds very like Tom Moore and whey. Nevertheless Morris's biographer compares him to Moore and Byron, considerably to their disadvantage, and describes him as performing "gigantic labors as a literary pioneer." Perhaps he did! He certainly edited the *New York Mirror*, and the *Home Journal*, wrote a play which ran forty



Yours,
James T. Fields

nights, endless poems, and books of humor, and was quoted in the House of Commons when Sir Robert Peel was about to bury his axe in the tree of the British Constitution. Balfe wrote music to some of his songs. The biographer does not quote Ward's disrespectful lines on a brother poet, setting forth how "General Morris"

... stood the fire on Independence Day,
And braved the muddy perils of Broadway.

The Gallery contains a quantity of sketches, to be frank, of the unpublished manuscript kind—Knickerbocker tales after Irving, mystery tales savoring of Poe, owing much to Wilkie Collins, wavering attempts to use the wonderful French material lying fallow in the Missouri Basin, more Indian sketches, stories of patrooms, a genuine effort after American subjects by men like T. B. Thorpe, whose "Bee Hunter on the Mississippi" is even now readable by any one who has a real curiosity about early days in the Southwest. There are notes of travel, more or less overshadowed by Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot." All are excellent in intention, but all are hampered by the stereotyped phrase, and by an unfrank, insincere point of view. They seem separated from us by illimitable distance. Could it have needed the Civil War to shake people up, to hurry them, to destroy that sense of unbounded leisure? Look at the mere number of words in Theodore Fay's "Norman Leslie," one of the early New York society novels (published in '69, but written years before) which introduced the foreign adventurer seeking an American heiress, Fay talks of "sable" crows, a really prize instance of tautology, and makes a fashionable club man describe his horse in these words: "No more will he paw the valley and rejoice in his strength. His noble fleetness, his graceful beauty, his docile love—where are they now?"

No wonder *Blackwood* remarks, in '55, that "The American language has gained a certain right, by its

own peculiar elegancies, to be distinguished from the mother tongue."

George William Curtis was a *Knickerbocker* contributor. The engraving accompanying his feebly Hawthornesque story of Italy (the Italy of Udolpho and Otranto) neither looks like the "young Greek god" who visited the Ripleys at Brook Farm, nor the beautiful and distinguished orator whose noble memory is still fresh among us. This whiskery portrait with eyelashes and a dimpled chin is probably the very one he mentions in a letter as having been sent by mistake to Hueston.

Longfellow and Lowell are of course represented. Charles G. Leland gives a northern saga, rather in the spirit of Hans Breitman. Dear old Henry Schoolcraft, leaving his Indians alone, writes a Biblical history of the United States, not so condensed but that he finds room for a panegyric, *more* Martin Chuzzlewit.

Sunset Cox forgets all about his Congressional labors and the New York Post-Office, to contribute an essay on the Satanic in literature, which unfortunately contains no such good things as abound in his study of American humor. That forgotten volume, "Why We Laugh" is a perfect quarry for the origin of jokes current to-day. His definition of patent medicines (which he credits to General Nye), "half poison and half profit," only lately appeared in a reputable weekly as newly minted.

I could wish for time to linger over George D. Prentice, that transplanted Connecticut Yankee who took such firm root in the soil of Kentucky. His biographer, Turnbull, remarks, "The life of this distinguished poet and journalist has been a crown of glory to the world." In the Gallery, Prentice contributes a most uncharacteristic set of verses "To a Beautiful Girl." This, however, is accompanied by a picture the expression of which entirely confirms Turnbull's statement that "Some of Prentice's controversies led to personal encounters," as when "George Trotter of the *Louisville Gazette* fired at him on Market Street,



George Wm Curtis

Mr. Prentice, knife in hand, threw him to the ground." Prentice was a storm centre and a hard hitter. Newspaper amenities in those days were fully as personal, to speak moderately, as

later was to take classic form in the hands of Mark Twain.

Charles F. Briggs (Harry Franco) writes of his trials with a lady contributor. He himself was a volumi-



Engraved by H. M. Wood & Sons from a Daguerotype

Henry R Scholcraft

at present. Prentice describes a journalistic opponent as having "the malignity of an assassin and the nerves of an old woman." He waged lifelong war with Shadrach Penn of the *Louisville Advertiser*. Hearing that there was a member of the Arkansas Legislature named Buzzard, Prentice delicately prints in his paper, the *Journal*, "Let him subscribe to the *Louisville Advertiser*: it will be a feast for him."

"Villainy is afoot" another rival paper proclaims.

"Has the editor lost his horse?" asks Prentice, with that wit which gives his Prenticeana a place as forerunner of the genuine American humor of elision, which twenty years

nous writer, edited *Putnam's Monthly*, was one of the three editors simultaneously to accept Poe's "Raven," and is said to have been the inspirer of "The Potiphar Papers."

John Treat Irving (a brother of Washington Irving), whose seat in a New York club became vacant only a few years since, wrote for the Gallery "Zadoc Town"—not a Voltairean revival, as the title suggests (the fifties in America let Voltaire prudently alone), but a ghost story of a pot-valiant rustic bearing that name.

Whittier put in his word for Clark's cottage, and Bryant, and Halleck; Willis writes a charming letter explaining why he cannot write, and

Seward sends a long article upon the physical development of the United States—expansion we now should call it. Till the last paragraph, this sounds remarkably like a boastful

Minor literature of this whole era leaves a queer impression of having been old-fashioned (though immature) even in its heyday. Only remember! Turgenieff was already



David Brewster.

physical geography, then casually, lightly, he slips in his word. In all this volume, he is the only one who ventures to speak (and he speaks merely incidentally) of slavery.

Richard Henry Stoddard, with characteristic lack of economy, gives of his best—a little "Serenade" with almost the charm of some of his gifted wife's neglected lyrics—a serenade so ripe for singing that it deserves a better fate than oblivion.

It is impossible even to name all the Gallery-makers—J. M. Legaré, "better known" (so the encyclopedias say) "as a relative of Hugh Legaré," a slim enough hold on immortality, Hamilton Myers, Henry Brent, George Wood—forgotten, all of them one fears, and with reason!

writing. France had produced "Madame Bovary." Balzac and Stendahl were accomplished facts.

Trollope had published "The Warden"; Disraeli was at his strange pranks in English fiction; Charles Kingsley was established and Charles Reade was beginning. And with all this happening, literature in America neither grasped life in the raw, like the Russians, and reflected it, nor did it follow the freshest European interpreters. Influence crossed the water so slowly that, while Tennyson, Browning and the Pre-Raphaelites were coming to the fore in England, America still lay under the dominion of pseudo-Byronism (trimmed down for family use), Moore, Hood, the Germans who inspired Coleridge,

Pope and the eighteenth-century humorists.

Art seems ruled by the Rogers Group and the Greek Slave; "so undressed," as Henry James says, "so refined, so pensive in sugar-white alabaster, exposed under little domed glass covers in such American homes as could bring themselves to think such things right."

"Literature," the same master truly points out, "was small. . . and cool." Hawthorne, like Poe, stands in the strange position of being an exotic, of springing perfect into the world, without forerunner among his compatriots. The dark, irregular genius of Herman Melville gave out occasional flame. Judd's wild tale of "Margaret" struggled for life, smothered in the torrent of his polysyllables. Sheer inspiration charged Mrs. Stowe, like a prophetess, to deliver her message with a passion which conquered all weakness of style and expression. Theodore Winthrop, underrated and forgotten, belonged in his mental processes to our world rather than his own. Provincialism was the note appallingly struck, even by those worldlings who strove hardest to prove the actual, not the comparative finish of American manners. Open Bristed's "The Upper Ten Thousand," avowedly written to convince England that America was not all swamps and—spittoons. Claiming to show a thoroughly cosmopolitan society, he permits his fashionable hero to use this formula, in asking a friend to dine: "Four sharp. The grand-governor is ill, I have the cellar key and the butcher's book. There is a bottle of Cordon Blue on ice; our cook makes a good oyster soup; smelts are prime now; and I laid in a tall Philadelphia capon this morning." To speak, in fact, much more like Hobson Newcome of the City than Lord Kew or the Marquis of Steyne. As a picture of manners this may be correct. As a brief for American elegance it leaves an unpleasant sense of artlessness posing as *savoir vivre*.

In looking back upon it, of all periods this is the most puzzling.

Poised on the brink of chaos, the majority of these people looked upon literature as a nursery for small beer and mild virtues. Judged in mass, they are perfectly expressed by Longfellow's "I hate everything violent." Henry James points out: "If they were pleased with themselves and each other, they were pleased for the most part with every one else, from Goethe to Lydia Maria Child." "We were easily captured," a recent autobiographer confesses. "It was a sentimental time in American history. We all sang about the little girl and the flowers that grew on her grave." And all this with such mischief brewing that only Gettysburg could mend it!

It seems as if one great passion of the period exercised a strange elimination upon general literature, deleting it of all fire except such as could flame out upon one special subject. You have constantly to remind yourself that some of these gently spoken poets, these minor authors of ladylike sketches, went out to defy the laws of their country, braving personal danger and loss. There was no lack of manhood. It may even have been easier to shoulder a knapsack and march, in '61, than to join a mob attack on the Boston court-house in '54, but the fibre of general literature showed nothing of this. The standard of propriety was set so high that Thackeray gave serious offense in his "English Humorists" lectures. Did he not stand up before a cultured, refined, family audience, and show distinct tolerance for a low character like Dick Steele, an acknowledged tippler? George William Curtis himself had a scandal to live down. His own father actually felt distress over certain passages in "A Howadji on the Nile." It is worth opening that pleasant volume to find an exact gauge of the sensitiveness of the '50s. True, he speaks of dancing girls, but so discreetly that our only criticism would be a fear that, under his guidance, Paterfamilias from Boston might hasten to take Mother and the Girls to witness this edifying diversion. It

is a long cry from the public which looked coldly upon the Howadji to that which responded so cordially to Chicago's Midway invitation to "Come in and see the Muscle Dance."

Muse upon it long enough, sympathetically enough, and you will see, however, that all this mildness had a cause. Literature dealing with slavery absorbed the entire excitement of the period, gave it an outlet. The restless discontent of creative art was forced into a practical channel. With the exception of Winthrop, the poets did not eat their bread with tears. They wrote "The Biglow Papers." The active and stirring found vent for their energy in attacking slavery. The others were honorably and innocuously imitative of the best European modes, English and German. The relation between men and women received even less attention than it does in American fiction to-day. Speaking of the limits of American literature, Poe complains that "Our necessities have been mistaken for our propensities." But, with perspective, we may rather conclude that our necessities have crystallized our propensities into characteristics. The fact that during adolescence a great cause engulfed the imagination, the fervor, the best talent, inevitably restricted the scope of our fiction. It restricted the highest energies to practical issues. Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson points out that America "is the only great nation that has not produced a single love lyric worth recording." This he deduces from the fact that America has never felt fear, forgetting that when America *did* feel fear it was of so poignant a nature as to focus effort of every kind upon external, objective matters.

This formative period was one of intense struggle, of immediate danger. Consequently conflicts of the soul, the eternal question of man and woman, lapsed out of literature. The effect has been so abiding that in America to-day even the new religions are largely occupied with the practical side of things. Christian Science, Christian Healing, and so on—all these treat the soul indirectly, largely for the sake of its influence upon the body.

Therefore, in any search for a clew to the enigmas of American literature to-day, such forgotten relics as this Gallery throw sudden gleams into twilight corners. What the great men did, we all know—Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow—but from the small and unconsidered much is to be learned: not from their best work, but from their average product, from what was only good enough to — give away. Here we may still catch a hint of tendencies, see the cause of such marked traits as the sexlessness of American fiction, the unemotionalism of an art which, in its infancy, was fed on so great an emotion that mere personal convulsions of the spirit have never since found expression in it.

From the essential nature of criticism, all such diagnoses must be in a measure empirical. But for those who care to study the history of their kind in old photograph albums, to whom the pages of an obsolete magazine never cease to be a respected record, for the patient, the observing and the curious, there will always be matter for thought and a light upon the present, even in such shadowy relics as "The Knickerbocker Gallery."



SOME JAPANESE STATESMEN OF TO-DAY

NOTES ON THE POWERS BEHIND THE MIKADO'S THRONE

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD



THE little group of Japanese statesmen to whom the world owes another "Great Power" is fast passing away. They are those who stood by when the nation awoke from her centuries of sleep; who saw her needs and opened her eyes to the supreme question of either accepting modern conditions or being swept away by their inexorable tide; far-seeing pioneers in short, who risked all—the displeasure of the Emperor, the fury of the mob; reputation, fortune and even life itself—to compass the rise of Japan as we know it to-day.

Most foreigners have forgotten altogether the elder school of these men: Okubo, Mori, Kido, Itagaki and the rest. Of these reformers the first two lost their lives in the conflict; but Ito, Inouye, Yamagata and Okuma are looked upon to-day as the leaders of New Japan.

Senior in years is the scholarly and gentle Marquis Inouye, loved and respected all over the Island Empire to-day from Yezo to Kiu Shiu. As a fighter he began his career supporting his lord the Prince of Choshu against the Shogun forces in 1863. When the Choshu clan was beaten, Inouye made the forbidden journey to England with his friend Ito, and thenceforward for some time the history of both pioneers is identical.

Inouye, in particular, was marked

out for the ferocity of his fellow-clansmen. Having advocated foreign intercourse, this patriot was set upon and almost murdered. By a miracle he recovered from his wounds, however; filled many important government posts, and retired from public life ten years ago. Inouye, like Ito, was a pupil of the late Reverend William Morrison, who taught both of them English in London, and translated for them the greater part of the Code Napoléon, which forms the basis of the Japanese legal system. Baron Suyematsu, too, learned his English from Mr. Morrison.

That Count Inouye was considered a commanding figure was seen from the fact that at the outbreak of the late war he was ordered by the Emperor to attend all important Councils, especially to give advice on finance.

Only two years younger than Inouye is Count Itagaki. He, too, earned brilliant laurels in the Japanese war of Restoration, when he proved himself a subtle strategist as well as a great fighting man. In the subsequent adjustment of affairs he served in the Ministry, but retired over the Korean split in 1873. The Koreans had wantonly fired on a Japanese warship that called at Kokwa Island for water. Itagaki declared they should be punished by force, but he was outvoted, and retired to preach the gospel of militarism and liberty to his own clan in the Toso province.

After ten years of this missionary work, Itagaki returned to public life, pressing the question of representative government, and he succeeded in getting a promise that after the

Of late years, however, Itagaki has abandoned statecraft and now devotes himself to the noble work of bettering the condition of the poor.

Yamagata is a soldier rather than a



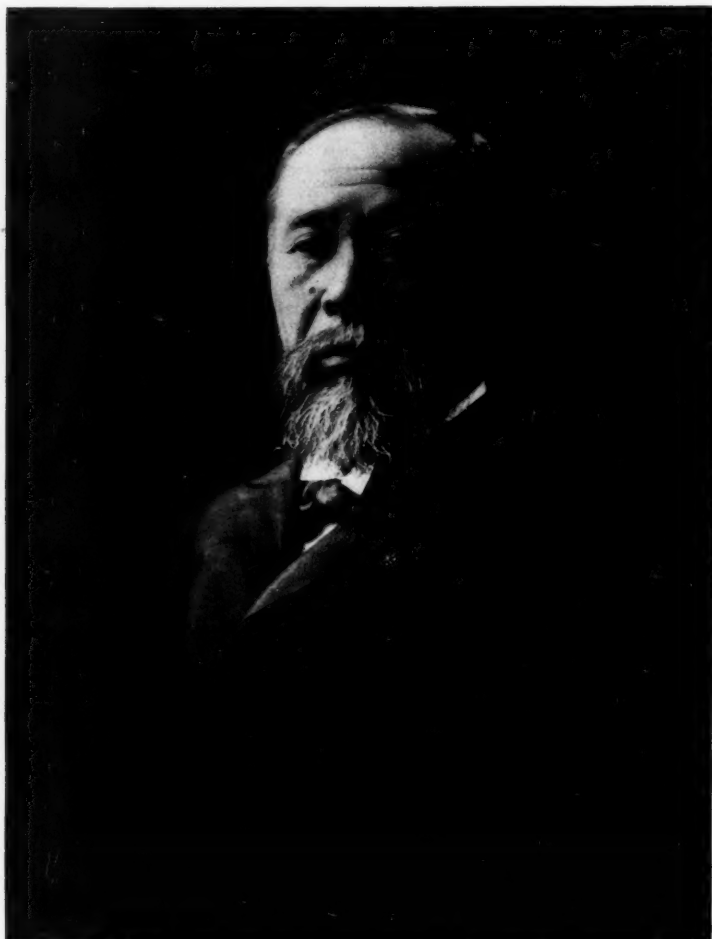
COUNT INOUE

The oldest of the Japanese statesmen of to-day. With the Marquis Ito he learned English—and other things—in London in the early '60's.

lapse of another decade he should see the change. Like many another Japanese reformer he did not escape the fanatic's knife. One day he was attacked and stabbed in the street, and before he became unconscious murmured, "Itagaki may die, but Freedom never"—a phrase that rang through Japan like a trumpet call.

But he, too, recovered from his wound, and has lived to see his country take her place among the greatest.

statesman; so I will pass to the Marquis Ito—that wise, silent relentless old worker whose motto, like that of a certain famous British statesman, seems to be, "Get it done and let them howl." Hirobumi Ito is a Choshu man, now sixty-six. Like the rest of his clan, and their neighbors of Satsuma, he is big-boned and robust, warlike and dominating. He long wanted to see the Home Provinces—Tokio and its nearest neigh-



Photograph by R. Maruki. Tokio

MARQUIS ITO HIROBUMI

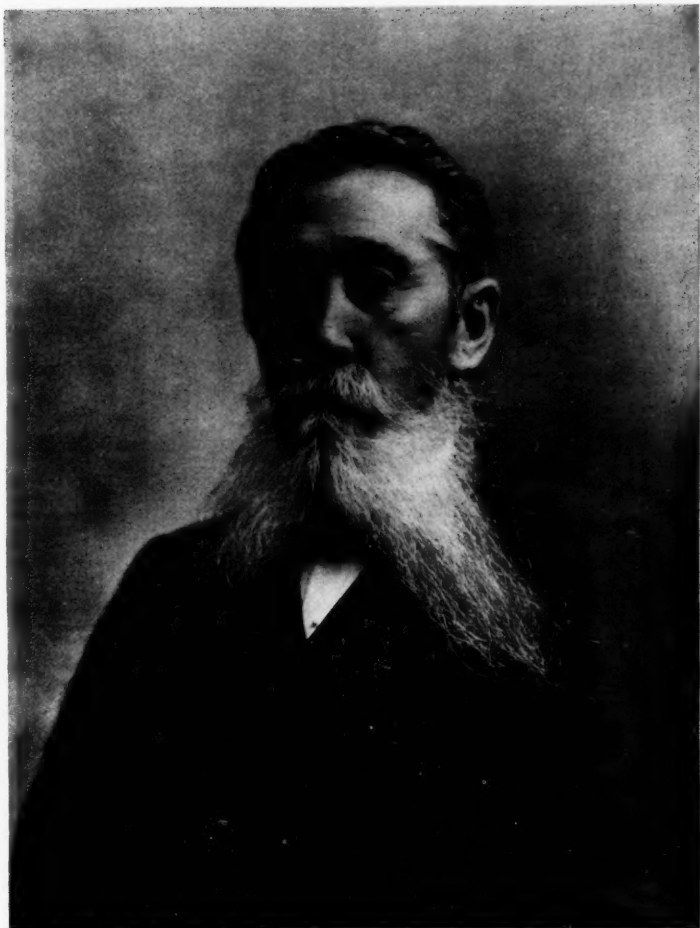
Japan's greatest statesman—the Father of the Constitution, and the Emperor's chief adviser on all matters relating to diplomatic affairs. In 1900 he organized the Constitutionalists, to demonstrate that government by party was possible in Japan. The success of the experiment is shown by the fact that the party is now in power for the second time. Marquis Ito is now Resident General in Korea.

bors—imbued with the true military spirit; for they have been proverbially timid for ages.

At an early date young Ito showed a love of travel, adventure and knowledge altogether amazing in a high-born Japanese boy of that era. A very romantic story is it, how he fell

in with Kaoru Inouye, three or four years older than himself, and how the two young men left Japan secretly as stowaways, reaching England in 1864.

To leave without permission was a bold act, but to return and face the consequences was bolder still. Yet



Photograph by S. Yeghi, Tokio

COUNT ITAGAKI

The Father of Liberalism, to whom representative government in Japan is largely due. In 1880 he organized the Liberals as the first great political party ever formed in Japan. In 1898, with Count Okuma, he formed the first party Cabinet.

the young men hurried home on hearing that the Allied Powers were about to bombard Shimonoseki, the headquarters of the Choshu clan, because the Prince had fired upon an American steamer.

"Foreigners" and "No foreigners" were the party cries in those days; and Ito and Inouye, with all their knowledge of the outer world upon

them, found themselves in direct opposition to their feudal lord and most of their fellow-countrymen. Both were rated traitors, and Inouye, as I have shown, nearly paid for his views with his life. The great question was soon fought out, however, and decided in favor of foreign intercourse.

Thereupon Ito, on the downfall of the Shogunate and the restoration of

power to the Mikado, was made Governor of Kobe at the age of twenty-six. Naturally the chief power lay then in the hands of clans who had upheld the Imperial power against that of the Shogun. Of these clans the four leading ones were the Choshiu, Satsuma, Hizen and Toso.

The best-known statesman at that time was Count Okuma, a Hizen man. He was made Minister of Finance at the Restoration, and was supreme in the Council Chamber during the first ten years of the Mikado's reign. And it was he who invited Ito to enter the Cabinet. Okuma, too, first noticed the marvellous military talents of Yamagata, and installed him as Vice-Minister of War.

Inouye, Ito's fellow-pioneer, became Count Okuma's immediate subordinate and Vice-Minister of Finance. But while securing the services of the ablest men, Okuma was preparing his own downfall. His Cabinet was full of Choshiu adherents, and to this day clan is stronger than party in Japan. Ito, Yamagata and Inouye were Choshiu men, and the weaker elements of Hizen and Toso were overpowered.

Having held office for ten years, Okuma was obliged to retire, and Ito rose to the supremacy enjoyed by his former patron. His talents had had full play both at home and abroad. He had been sent to Europe and America to assist Prince Iwakura in his efforts to obtain a revision of the old treaties. And you may be sure he studied Western institutions while abroad.

The first-fruits of his observations took shape in Japanese banking regulations, copied from America and drawn up in 1872. In 1881 he was sent with a large staff to study the representative systems of Europe and America, and he gave the results to the world in 1891, when the present Constitution was proclaimed. It was Ito who insisted that a complete reconstruction of Japan's internal systems was necessary; that the Cabinet and all departments of state must be remodelled on American and European lines; and it is due to his patience,

foresight and skill that the new régime brought about so few shocks and disturbances.

The title of Count was soon conferred upon Ito, and in 1885 he was sent to China in the matter of the Korean Treaty. In the same year Prince Sanjo, the Mikado's lifelong friend, resigned the Premiership, and recommended Ito for the position, which he has since filled four or five times. In 1895 he was created Marquis, and in the same year, after the war with China and its disappointing results, his convictions underwent a notable change.

To-day, at the age of sixty-six, he has more enemies and more friends than any other public man in Japan. And Ito remains the Nestor of the Japanese Council Chamber—the man most necessary to the Emperor when momentous decisions are to be taken. For his career has reflected every phase through which his wonderful country has passed during the last forty years.

The educational advantages he has done so much to bestow on the poorest Japanese child of to-day were never his. He taught himself, and then became the apostle of political education to all Japan. And Ito's worst enemies must confess he is an honest man, comparatively poor after the labors of a lifetime. They call him an opportunist, and certainly he has extraordinary acuteness which warns him just when to discard the responsibility for an unpopular measure.

The Marquis Ito's favorite home is at Oiso, a lovely spot between Fujisan and the sea. He explains that he was ready to go to Portsmouth to conclude the now historic Treaty, but the Emperor wished him to be at hand when certain final decisions were made.

I think he will never forget his experiences in 1895 in the matter of the Treaty of Kyoto. "All my conditions had been agreed to," he remarked. "I was satisfied and successful, and came to lay the Treaty at the Emperor's feet. How do you think I felt when France and Ger-

many stepped in and tore my Treaty to pieces, reversing its conditions and taking from Japan that which she had honestly won?"

The health of Ito's wife is so poor

The daughter of the Marchioness, Baroness Suyematsu, spends much time at Oiso, which as a politico-social centre is second to none in the Empire. An interesting figure one meets



MARQUIS SAIONJI

Who studied in France and has served his country as President of the Privy Council and Acting Prime Minister.

that she has been obliged to give up life in Tokio altogether, and the family home is now established at Oiso. There are two houses here, one Japanese, the other European; both are filled with priceless books and old Japanese and Chinese paintings. The gem of the house is the dining-room in the Japanese building, a spacious apartment with delicately matted floors, shimmering under the play of sunshine and shadow among the trees in the garden beyond.

here is the Marquis Saionji, one of Ito's lieutenants, and quite one of the men of the future in the Empire. His daughter is one of the greatest heiresses and belles in all Japan—an exquisite creature, just seventeen, of the purest type of Japanese beauty. Pale, pure and radiant does she look in her trailing mauve kimono and pansy sash, just like a figure out of some rare old print.

The Marquis Saionji traces his descent not from the fighting samurai,

but from those old Kyoto courtiers that have always formed the personal following of the Emperor. At twenty-one Saionji went to study in Paris, and when he returned he actually startled Japan with a very democratic newspaper, which he called *Oriental Liberty*. Great pressure was put upon him, however, and he suppressed the journal.

In 1885 Kin Mochi Saionji was sent as Minister to Vienna, and later to Berlin, where he won the reputation of being a brilliant wit and diplomatist. His high rank and brilliant gifts caused him to be recalled, on the death of Count Kuroda, to fill the post of President of the Privy Council, an office that carries with it that of Acting Prime Minister when the latter official resigns. And the Marquis Saionji has now stepped in four times in this capacity.

I have no space in which to explain the intrigues of Ito's "Sei yu Kai" or "Model Party," founded by him to convert the House of Representatives to more liberal ideas of party government as opposed to the old clan dominion. In July, 1903, it was that he began this movement, when the present Katsura Cabinet was in power, and his party still holds over half the seats in the Lower House.

Later on the leadership of the Sei yu Kai party passed to the Marquis Saionji, descendant of a hundred generations of subtle courtiers, who has done much to reconcile his most powerful adherents to the Peace of Portsmouth, and all that it entails. He has indeed his best work before him, while his master Ito seems to be gradually effacing himself from the more active politics of the day.

As to Count Okuma, it seems a pity that peaceful rivalry and clan feeling should have forced so great a man into the position of critic and opposer of the Government of which he was for so long an ornament. Unquestionably he seems to have lacked the political tact and sense of self-preservation so strongly marked in Ito.

Okuma's first fall from power was occasioned by pressing the cause of

representative government at an inopportune moment. The mistake was a heroic one, and something like bad luck has overshadowed his public life ever since. In 1888 Count Okuma entered the Government as Foreign Minister, to undertake the disagreeable task of revising the then existing treaties with foreign Powers.

Meanwhile Japan had grown up, and could no longer be treated as half civilized. The new treaties placed her on the same footing as European nations, and they were firmly combated by reactionaries of the Island Empire. The task of revising them in the face of bitter opposition had been tried again and again, and given up as hopeless. For in 1889 Japan was in the throes of reactionary fever, fomented by the wild fanaticism of the "Soshi" bands of young men, mainly sons of the dispossessed samurai.

And so it required no small courage to carry on negotiations for Treaty revision at a time when both Japanese and foreign plenipotentiaries were objects of popular suspicion. A murderous attack was made upon Count Okuma, as he was returning from a Treaty Conference. This attack failed, however, owing to the presence of mind of the coachman, who noticed the assailant's movement and drove past him at such high speed that the bomb exploded against the carriage door and cost the statesman a limb instead of his life. Okuma's perfect calmness and stoicism at the moment of the catastrophe, by the way, showed his courage to be of the kind that is common among the high-born Japanese.

Not again until 1896 did he hold office, and then only for two years. Since then he has done much for education and finance, but it is a pity he has never been abroad. Okuma undoubtedly commands the respect of all his countrymen, but it is safe to say he will never be a leader again. His remarks on the Peace of Portsmouth were in marked contrast to the wise and practical tone of the Marquis Saionji, the actual leader of



Photograph by N. Kojima, Tokio

COUNT OKUMA

The veteran leader of the Progressive party, which has been the centre of the Opposition since he organized it in 1881. The Count is a stalwart in his foreign policy. He has founded one of the largest private universities in Japan, as well as a large middle school for boys in Tokio and a college for women in Osaka. He is a lover of flowers, and his chrysanthemums and orchids rival those of the Imperial gardens.

the Opposition, whose criticisms of the Government were subordinated to the allaying of popular agitation and the directing of the country's energies to commercial development.

"Our diplomacy," Count Okuma said, "was bound to fail when once we accepted the invitation of President Roosevelt to the Peace Conference. Our plenipotentiaries were in reality prisoners of war, in custody of the President; that they could achieve no good was a foregone conclusion."

Now it would be idle to deny that several such influential voices are raised to-day to foment Japanese discontent and inflame animosity, especially against this country. The press, too, is being made use of by statesmen hostile to America, especially Count Kato, Viscount Hay-

ashi's predecessor in the Foreign Office. Kato owns that immensely influential journal, the *Nichi Nichi* of Tokio, which he uses as a mouthpiece to proclaim a doctrine of imperious dictation to this country. He is a tried diplomat of more than ordinary calibre, and one of the trusted lieutenants of the aged Marquis Ito himself. For this reason the views on diplomatic questions that find expression in the *Nichi Nichi* afford an important gauge of Japanese public opinion.

The main point is that the old and prudent school of Japanese statesmen is of necessity passing away, and there are signs that the new advisers of the Emperor and his Government are of a less constructive and conservative type than their predecessors.

BLAKE'S WORK AS A PAINTER

By LAURENCE BINYON



HERE have been several exhibitions of Blake's art during the last few decades, some of the most interesting of which have been those held in Boston and New York. A number of Blake's finest works, especially in the form of books, are now in American collections. But probably the finest and completest exhibition of his art ever held is that which was given by the directors of the Carfax Gallery in London, in the summer of 1906. Only the collection brought together at the Burlington Club could claim to rival it; and that is now an event of many years ago.

Most people know Blake's name; few know his works. The antagonism and irritation that his art arouses in certain minds is no less a tribute to his power than the extravagant laudation with which others idolize him.

There is in his art and his utterances something quite essential, burning, and extreme, which is of itself provocative; it challenges an emphatic Yes or No for answer.

The singer of the "Songs of Innocence" preserved through life the heart and something of the outlook of a child. The faculty of wonder was strong in him. This child likeness is part of the charm which every one feels in reading his biography. But this mental innocence showed itself also in ways that remind us of the child in Andersen's story of "The King's New Suit of Clothes"; it became exclamatory and startling when brought face to face with the accepted conventions and decorums; the *enfant*, we remember, can be often terrible to his elders. As Blake grew older, his consciousness of the profound chasm between his own spontaneous beliefs and the mental habits of his contemporaries gave the violence of protest and revolt to the ex-

pression of his ideas. And as his expression took the form of paradox in prose, and in poetry and art chose to reveal itself mainly through symbolic shapes of a newly-invented mythology, it is no wonder that the world took little heed.

The eighteenth century idolized correctness, restraint, propriety, as positive and soul-satisfying virtues. This attitude was to Blake nothing short of impious. Perhaps the reason why his art and poetry have not laid stronger hold on the world is that for him conduct was not "three fourths of life." His sayings and precepts have little relation to ordinary conduct; they are concerned rather with the state of the individual soul or intellect. He will have no compromises; he follows his ideals to the uttermost extreme. Blake called himself "a soldier of Jesus Christ"; and, in fact, his teaching may be called an application of the teaching of the Gospel to the things of the mind, to questions of art and thought. He reasserted the "dynamic" virtues against the despotism of received authority, the rules of academies whose precepts had become as uninspiring as the precepts of the Pharisees.

Blake's unparalleled unworldliness, his intense spirituality, made him of necessity a religious artist, whatever subject he happened to paint. His imagination for the unearthly, his native power of representing the ideas of religion, should have made him the greatest of all religious painters, as, in his conceptions, he assuredly transcends and soars altogether away from the whole of what passes in modern times for religious painting. But it is rarely that he satisfies us wholly. We are roused, we are impressed, we are moved; but we feel an impediment in the language, so to speak—we feel that the artist's conception has been imperfectly conveyed. The cause of this lies, I think, not as has been so often assumed in a want of skill or technical experience in the artist, but in Blake's grand fault for a creative mind—impatience. We seldom

feel before a work of his that sense of ripeness, as of something that has slowly flowered from a full imagination, which gives serenity, wholeness, and grandeur to the realized conceptions of absolute masters like Michelangelo.

Blake must always rank, as an artist, on a quite lower plane. There is much that is even ugly and ridiculous in his paintings, critically viewed, but in almost everything he produced there is a strange power to stimulate, which is a precious leaven. For, after all, we value art by what it does for us, not for its abstract perfections. If an artist makes us think, makes us feel more intensely, see more deeply into life, we rightly prize his work, even though it lacks the completeness and amenity of less troubled and less exalted art.

As a typical example of Blake's religious painting, take, for instance, "The Raising of Lazarus." It is quite different in its aim from such representations as they are found in modern art. Blake paints the idea, rather than the circumstance; and thus gets far closer to the spiritual and essential reality of the event. Any one can criticise the drawing; it is easy to find absurdities in detail; but it must be conceded that the exercise of supernatural power is realized with extraordinary force and vividness; this was the essential thing to do, and to achieve this great sacrifices must be made. The hieratic symmetry of the design—a characteristic of which I shall speak later—was necessary for Blake's purpose. I wish to emphasize my contention that Blake's shortcomings were wilful, not failures of ability. In the case of the Lazarus, as with all the finest of his works, I have found that the painting has a power to create in the mind an impression which transcends the actual work, so that when we return to the drawing we find a certain loss; the spirit it incarnates is greater than itself.

In this brief article I propose to examine some of the paintings exhibited in London and approach them

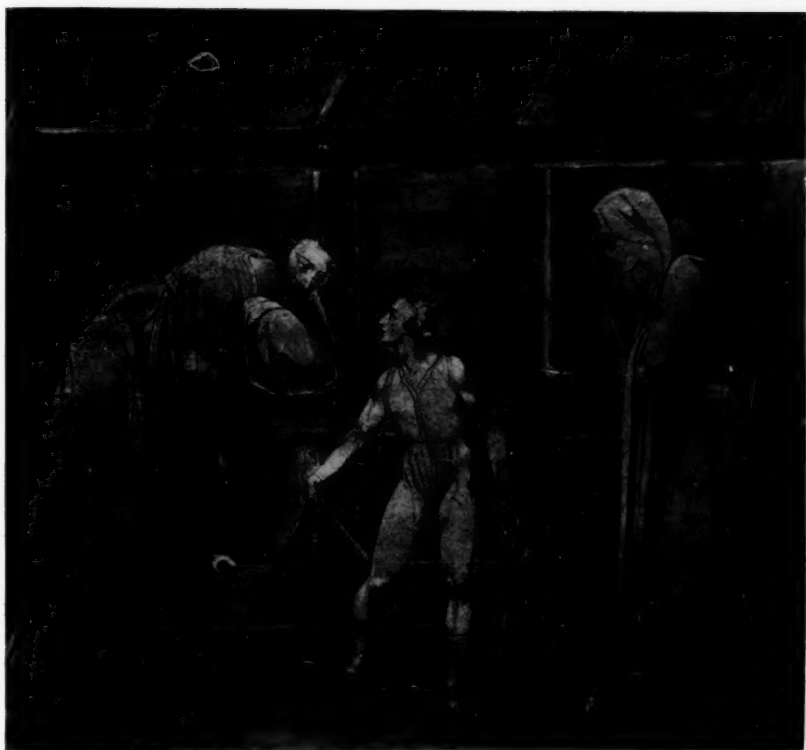
as one might those of any other artist. For there has got abroad a notion that Blake was a kind of inspired amateur; that he had wonderful ideas—his powers of imagination are universally conceded,—but that he was incapable, from inadequate equipment, of expressing them. Yet the conclusion pressed on one by the recent exhibition is, on the contrary, that Blake was not only intensely interested in his materials but used them with a variety, a resource, a success in innovation, that provide inspiration even for painters of to-day. It has been often said that he could not draw. No one could maintain this unless corrupted by the vulgar heresy—neither believed in nor acted on by any true artist—that the ideal of draughtsmanship is "correctness." The great masters of drawing all emphasize, exaggerate, suppress. In imaginative subjects their instinct is to use an arbitrary proportion for the figure. Blake used all these means to heighten his imaginative effects. The question is not, "Is this figure or that of impossible proportion?—is this limb or that impossibly disposed?"—but, "Are we persuaded that the figures live?—is the invention beautiful?"

Blake in his youth became saturated with the mediæval art which produced the Gothic monuments of Westminster Abbey and other London churches. He spent some years in drawing from them for his master Basire. His mind became haunted with these slender, elongated forms. In certain subjects, however, where rushing motion and violent action of nude figures were demanded, he adapted from the late works of Michelangelo and from Michelangelo's followers. Under these influences (which can, however, be exaggerated) he developed a human type which is impressive but has a tendency, when inspiration flags, to become grotesque or monstrous. Small, tapering heads set on elongated bodies, or heads of old men that, without neck, are bowed from between the shoulders of massive frames, are constant mannerisms.

Let it be at once admitted that among Blake's works, always interesting as they are, there are (as I have said) many complete failures. None the less, there are a number that are not only of astonishing power but of strange beauty. And in these is triumphantly shown his gift of drawing.

Drawing, with great artists, always shows purpose. And purpose concentrates itself. Blake in the drawing of a figure concentrates on the effort to express, not a feeling for the beauty of the human form, nor the apt and natural gestures of the figure, but some definite and pronounced emotion which the figure is to symbolize. In this aim he often achieves remarkable success; one can point to many figures in his work which are the very embodiments of grief, of fear, of rapture. But his mastery is most over the expression of movement in floating forms—attitudes and motions to which no model could help him. Look for instance at the figures which float on either side of that beautiful drawing "The River of Life." They seem as natural to us as birds poising in their flight; we feel the air in their garments, making them tremulous. And then, in the centre of the same design, note the figures of the mother holding a child in each hand; how irresistibly is their onward rushing flight conveyed! To say that the hand which could so vividly express, through line, what many great masters have less successfully conveyed, was inadequate to the utmost that "correct drawing" can achieve, is to say what is absurd. Blake's violations of correctness are all wilful.

But now to consider the materials used by Blake. It is doubtful if he ever painted in oils; it is almost certain that he did not. But his use of watercolor shows astonishing resource. It is infinitely more various than that of any predecessor or contemporary. The watercolor just mentioned, "The River of Life," is a fine example of one type. In this the character of a drawing is frankly kept. The outlines are sketched in with a pen. The col-



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THE HUMILITY OF CHRIST

oring is light. India-ink is used to harmonize and enhance the pure tints, but not, as with the early English water-color painters, as a foundation over the whole (in others of Blake's drawings it is so used). The method is much the same as that employed by Rowlandson, often to how delicious effect! Here, the fresh spontaneous pen-strokes, the liquid clearness of tinted wash, are in perfect accord with the bright unearthliness of the subject.

But this simple method is found inadequate when certain other effects are aimed at. In the Carfax exhibition were two companion drawings, the "Death of the Virgin" and the "Death of Joseph." In each of these the background of the figures is a rainbow; not a rainbow in the sky, but

a rainbow of the spirit, so to speak, hovering over the supine figure of the dead and filling the atmosphere with vibrating radiance. How was this pulsation of many-colored light to be rendered? Blake, by numberless separate strokes of the brush on the white paper, instead of a wash of tint, produces a quivering splendor that seems alive with light.

The limits of pure watercolor are easily reached. It was admirably suited as a medium to express the "innocence" of Blake's genius; when he sought for images to embody the labors and terrors of "experience," he felt it fail him. Oils he professed to dislike; and the qualities natural to oil pigment were not congenial to his aims in art. A similar instinct led Rossetti to prefer watercolors, or to

use oils, as Burne-Jones also did, in a manner contrary to the genius of that medium. But images of passion, power, and grandeur demand for their due impressiveness force and depth of tone. Blake devised a means for effecting this force and depth which was not only less laborious but far richer and more felicitous than the heavy repeated washes of strong color which one sees, for instance, in the elaborate watercolors of his contemporary Richard Westall. But before explaining this device let us look at a painting which is wonderfully rich and lustrous without its use, the "Job," belonging to Sir Charles Dilke and lent to the Carfax exhibition. Here the Fiend, towering with outstretched wings, pours out the vial of destruction over Job, who lies gasping in agony, his wife crouching muffled at his feet. Over a stretch of black yet glittering sea the sun sets in portent. The lurid rays shape themselves into evil forms like bats' wings, a significant instance of the way in which Blake's intense imagination dyes every detail of a subject in its dominant mood. The wings of the exulting Satan are of a pale dull red. Bordering the sea is a slope of strange jade-colored meadow which sets off the sculptured pallor of the figure of Job's wife. Stippling is freely used in this painting, but with none of that smallness and labor of effect which usually go with its use. Perhaps a little yolk of egg may have been used with the colors; in any case, the result is extremely beautiful; there is a sort of soft lustre in the surface, as if the painting were on ivory. There are few finer pieces of color in all Blake's work.

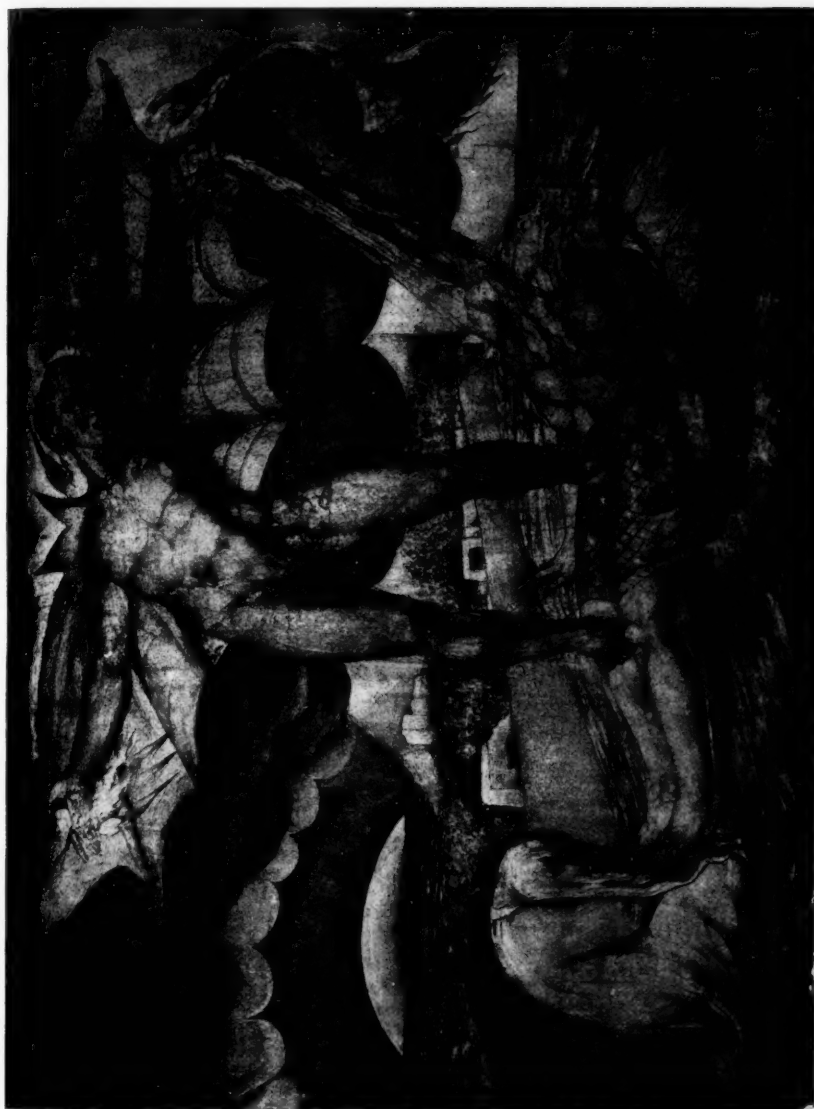
The "Job" is on a small scale. Some of the paintings exhibited are much larger; and in these Blake has used the device spoken of above. Roughly sketching the outlines of his design on millboard, he filled in the masses with thick pigment of the required tints. Then he pressed another board or a sheet of paper on the wet original, and pulling it away left the pigment in a granulated condition,

giving quality and richness by the broken play of light upon its surface. He thus procured two versions of his design, and could produce more at will, working each up with transparent color and enforcing the outlines with brush or pen. In the Carfax exhibition was a large painting of "Milton's Lazar House." In the British Museum is a similar design, produced in the same way, though less heavily worked up. As the one is not in reverse from the other, both must have been printed from a common original. It has always been said that these "color-prints" were in the first stage blocked out in oils. But there is no yellowing of the paper, no trace of anything to suggest that oil was used. On the contrary, all points to the employment of yolk of egg, distemper, as a medium. By this process Blake achieved remarkable and fortunate effects. Among a number of splendid and impressive designs I would single out the "Pity" as one of the most beautiful. It was inspired by a passage in Macbeth, that strange vision of

Pity like a naked new-born child
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim,
horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air—

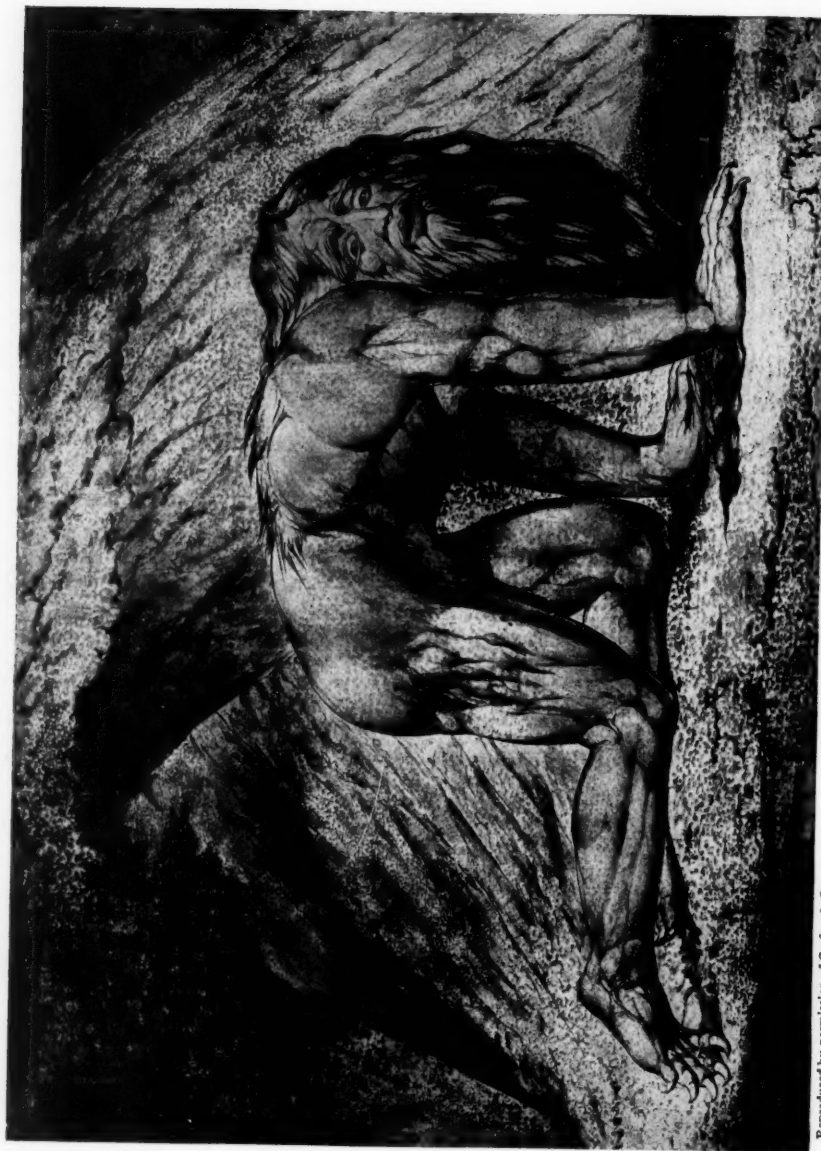
the messengers that are to blow abroad the tidings of Duncan's murder. Blake combines the two images. The sightless horses rush across the dark sky; and, as they pass, one of the heavenly riders stoops down with backward streaming hair to snatch up the naked baby from the newly delivered mother lying in her pain upon the earth with face upturned. Few indeed would have dared to grapple with a theme struck from the white heat of Shakespeare's imagination at its intensest pitch; fewer still could have realized it triumphantly as Blake has. The design is impassioned with life, the onrush of the blind horses magnificent in tempestuous motion. There are several studies for this subject in the British Museum, but this, the complete painting, far transcends the first thoughts towards it.



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SATAN TORMENTING JOB

From a copyright photograph by William E. Gray



From a copyright photograph by W. E. Gray

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

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Nothing could better vindicate Blake's mastery as an artist.

My third illustration is from a picture of yet another kind—a tempera painting on copper. Most of the pictures of this class have cracked and are in bad condition, but this "Temptation of Eve" is excellently preserved. The treatment of the subject speaks for itself, but no reproduction can convey the beauty of the color—a harmony of night-sky blue and mysterious gold.

Among other important works gathered together at this exhibition may be mentioned "Nelson Guiding Leviathan" (the companion to "Pitt Guiding Behemoth" in the National Gallery), "The Bard," "Elohim Creating Adam," "Nebuchadnezzar," "Newton," "Elijah," and the famous but somewhat disappointing "Canterbury Pilgrims." Of special interest to Americans were the set of designs to "Paradise Lost," earlier, smaller, and less elaborate than the set in the Boston Museum. Among these the "Creation of Eve" is of singular beauty.

I will conclude with one word on the peculiarity of Blake's *design*, because I believe the strangeness and extravagance of his drawing of the figure are more due to the controlling exigencies of design than to any other cause. Pictorial design starts always, I suppose, with the idea of symmetry. As art develops, this idea becomes less pronounced; it is felt to lead towards tameness and monotony; more and more skill and subtlety are used to disguise it, or the principle is abandoned altogether. Blake, however, always primitive in his instincts, delights to use this principle in its most naked and emphatic form, and

sometimes with astonishing force. Witness the "Stoning of Achan," where the symmetrically arranged figures on either side of the crouching Achan, and the stones raised in their hands, have a cumulative and overpowering effect. So with many another design. I would instance again the "Sacrifice of Jephthah's Daughter," which has an almost mathematical pattern. On the square altar, in the centre, the naked figure of the girl kneels with hands lifted in prayer, while she looks down as if to draw inspiration from her father's heroic spirit. His kneeling figure is seen from the back, also in the very centre of the design, with his arms outstretched to the corners of the altar, where at each side two maidens stand in prayer, bowing their heads. The incense-burner at the right alone breaks the absolute symmetry. And yet, by the very boldness of emphasis, Blake makes the principle positive and forcible instead of negative or tame. I have said that Blake's design controls his drawing, as indeed is the case with the great masters of the Renaissance. And with Blake the impossible contortion of some of his symbolic figures, such for instance as that in "The Flames of Furious Desire," may be traced to this craving for the emphatic rhythm of answering lines.

The memorable exhibition which has supplied a text for these notes has done much toward the true understanding and appreciation of a strange but powerful figure in English art; it should lead to his being judged, not by his obvious failures, but by the choice cluster of his masterpieces in color and design.



A CLASSICAL EDUCATION

By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM



A FRIEND of mine who is an accomplished teacher of Greek and Latin in a well-known school remarked the other day that he doubted whether the business would last his time. Greek has nearly disappeared from his school and Latin is dwindling. Only boys or girls preparing for college would think of studying either, and where a substitute is possible even the candidates for college prefer it. Of course the schools foster the preference on economic grounds. The industry of teaching the classics in schools is rapidly atrophying, and will soon be found, in this country, only under artificial conditions and on a small scale, as is the case with the manufacture of stained-glass and pillow laces.

Of course this state of things in the schools is a reflex of the attitude of the colleges, and both are the result of a general state of mind. The fact that, as fast as the colleges lessen their requirements in Greek and Latin, the study of those tongues decays, is held, with reason, to prove that they were sustained in the past by main strength and not by a legitimate public demand. In admitting this inference two other considerations must, however, be borne in mind. In the first place, if the letter-files of headmasters and college deans could be overhauled they would be found full of protests from parents and students against every required subject in every curriculum, whether it be mathematics or modern languages or natural science, always on the same ground—its uselessness, namely, from the point of

view of the protestants. Any subject, that is to say, that ceased to be arbitrarily required would immediately make a sorry showing. The schools, the parents and students are all gratified when the colleges lower their requirements in any respect, and the science of mapping out a course of school and college education which shall be formally respectable, while inflicting the minimum of information on the object of it, has reached a perfection in which the omission of the classics is but one element. In fact, water flowing down hill has a weak instinct for the path of least resistance compared with that of a boy picking his way through an education.

The other consideration is that, even if the classics can be shown (as probably they can) to be less in demand than other studies, we are not all agreed that this settles the matter. The colleges are not bound to deal only in the "best sellers." That is just where the colleges and the churches and the hospitals differ from a commercial enterprise. A pickle-factory is doubtless bound in honesty to its stockholders to follow the public taste, rather than to try to form it. But our great endowed institutions, entrusted with the public health, morals and education, are not at liberty to give the sick man the diagnosis he happens to want, or the congregation the ethics it happens to want, or the freshman the courses he happens to want. Of course, even the hospitals are sometimes, equally with their patients, victims of a general obsession, and the churches find means of accommodating their message to the ethical development of the flock, but neither hospital nor church would admit

that this is the case. The college is the only organized body of experts that deliberately asks to be guided in its action by the judgment of the layman. When we are told that a freshman class somewhere has by its elections overwhelmingly disapproved of Greek and Latin, we should be neither more nor less impressed than when we read on the morning after a municipal election that the lower East Side in New York city has voted overwhelmingly in favor of a higher death-rate. In each case it seems to me that giving them what they want is too heavy a punishment for the crime, which merely consists in being incompetent to choose. The universities and colleges exist for the purpose of determining, on scientific and not on commercial grounds, the best way to train our youth, and then to impose their views on the community. The very reason they are endowed by the public is to enable them to act disinterestedly. Upheld by the consciousness of the great interests of which they are trustees, of the tremendous part they are doomed to play in democracy, they might without arrogance use towards a young man at least as dictatorial a tone as he expects to hear from his tailor.

But, after full weight has been given to these limiting considerations, we must admit that in the minds of a great many even competent people, professional educators and the like, there is an objection, edged with animosity, to considering Greek and Latin as any longer necessary parts of the best education for everybody, or even desirable parts of the best education for most people. The most obvious obstacle to the popularity of the classics is of course their excellence. Hardly any one to-day reads literature of that grade in any language. If there were a large body of foolish or improper fiction in the ancient tongues, they would have no occasion to complain of neglect. This lack cannot now be supplied. Another obstacle lies in the general attitude of Americans towards foreign languages,

which consists in exaggerating the difficulty of learning them. It is a great misfortune to us from this point of view that we have a continent to ourselves. Our young people grow up, in fact, with a slightly contemptuous feeling for other tongues than English, since they associate them chiefly with our humble immigrant populations, whose helpless pantomimic intercourse with the native-born makes the possession of English speech a mark of caste. Our boys and girls have therefore no pressing need and no inclination to learn foreign tongues. The easy polyglossia of the educated German or Italian or Hollander or Russian is something we gape at, as at the employment of a sixth sense. The limitation of even the better educated among us to one or two or three languages leads to the conception that the literature of each nation is a thing complete in itself: that the great poets, for instance, are interchangeable, so that if you can read Goethe you are compensated for not being able to read Dante, and if you can read both Goethe and Dante you certainly have no need of Lucretius or Sophocles. Considering that for us no foreign tongue is part of everyday life, it is extraordinary that we should still discriminate against those we call "dead." If a man happens to live on a sheep ranch in Wyoming, all tongues will be "dead" to him save English and perchance Chinese. The oddest criterion in the world for a people imprisoned in a vast unilingual community to apply to language, is its ability to help one through a custom-house or a restaurant. Even our commercial travellers are independent of this consideration; why should it control the higher education?

But beyond and beneath these accidental disadvantages under which the classical tongues labor, the impatient and derisive criticism to which they are subject seems to be based on the simple contention that they have not made good their promises. They are admitted to be pleasant and logical forms of speech, enclosing two bodies

of highly respectable and, in some instances, permanently valuable literature. Viewed, however, in the light of their immense educational pretensions and opportunities, their performance has been absurdly small. In the days before Herbert Spencer they openly prided themselves on being of no practical value whatever, on being a luxury and carrying a strongly snobbish connotation. After Herbert Spencer sternly required every branch of learning to say what it could do for its possessor towards the ends of self-preservation and the continuation of the species, classical studies adopted the tactics of protective imitation and undertook to look as much like scientific studies as they could. Not only have the two new sciences, linguistics and archæology, divided the greater part of the terrain between them, but the actual treatment of classical authors in the classroom has taken on a pseudo-scientific character. This is perhaps almost equally true of the treatment of English authors; but in the case of the mother tongue it does not necessarily follow, as it does in the case of the learned tongues, that the meaning of a passage is altogether lost while the peculiarities of its vehicle monopolizes the teacher's attention. The result for the schoolboy of Herbert Spencer's revolution is not marked. Whereas of old he had to grind at his grammar because it was gentlemanly, he must now grind at it because it is scientific. The standard now as of old is of unattainable accuracy. It is believed that to get any good from Latin or Greek a boy must know them, on the side of syntax and morphology, far better than he knows English. The result, under the new ideas as under the old, is that an immense amount of time and labor is wasted in the pursuit of a futile end. Indeed, the new end is more futile than the old, for the ability to stand up and quote three lines of Horace in an after-dinner speech is a civilised accomplishment, and one worth the squandering of brains and treasure, in comparison with the

ability to point out the dialectical peculiarities of a sentence that you cannot translate. As far as the methods of natural science have been helpful to professional scholars in perfecting the arrangement and interpretation of our whole store of information in regard to the civilizations of Greece and Rome, their influence has been an unmixed good. As far as they have operated to obscure the real and immediate value of the ancient literatures as a source of light and pleasure, they have been a nearly unmixed evil. The doom that has fallen upon classical studies is in a sense a just one. As we look upon the distasteful array of colorless facts that is spread before a boy during the first two years of his study of Latin, we can but admire the sturdy instinct for the æsthetic, for the practical and for fair play with which he persistently refuses to assimilate it.

In a word, I believe the serious indictment against classical studies comes to this: they are misdirected, they take too long and they fail to accomplish even the absurd end they have in view. Not only do they fail to put their victim in touch with the pleasant and beneficent literatures whose names they bear, but they disgust him with them. When the abolition of compulsory Greek was being discussed at the University of Cambridge, in 1904, Professor Maitland remarked that "bitterly did he regret that he knew no Greek. He could still learn in a sort of way some other languages, but not Greek. When he touched that the old disgust came back to him, for his was a classical education." If, however, Greek and Latin could be ideally taught, if those elect teachers who themselves feel the magic power of great literature and long to communicate it, could smash the present scheme of secondary education entire, if boys and girls could be put to the book almost at once and be made to acquire in two or three years the power to read easy Greek and Latin, there would still, I think, be an objection in many minds. The fact would remain that

this power would not insure their ability to earn a living or to produce and rear healthy offspring. The objection founded on this fact arises from a conception of education which it is worth while to glance at somewhat more closely.

For the sake of clearness I may perhaps be allowed to give a rather arbitrary meaning to the words "culture" and "education." By education I want to designate the training any organism may receive that will enable it to secure its own existence and reproduce the species on the terms most pleasurable and advantageous to itself. By culture I want to imply the knowledge and training which an individual pursues for their own sake, without any utilitarian motive whatever, just because he wants to perceive or to know or to reflect upon certain things. It will be seen that the content of these two sorts of training might be interchangeable. A line of study that might be education for one man would be culture for another, and conversely. I am not trying to distinguish between the values of different kinds of knowledge, but simply between the motives with which they are followed. If I may illustrate by a humble instance the distinction I wish to make I would say that the docile flea is capable of a great deal of education but probably not susceptible of culture. It is a matter of evidence that the flea can learn to fire cannon, to draw carriages and to perform other feats quite outside the field of its ordinary attainment, and if it be objected that these accomplishments must look very much like culture from the flea's point of view, I would point out that they are always presented to the flea on a professional basis. It is the emolument that induces him to acquire them, not the spirit of investigation. I fancy the animals in general are incapable of the disinterested intellectual work to which we are giving the name of culture, and men will be found to vary so greatly in the degree of their taste and capacity for it that while in some it is a leading passion,

others are altogether incapable of it. All men, on the other hand, even the defective, are capable of some measure of education. Neither term is altogether satisfactory. Each has distasteful connotations—culture that of sentimental inaccuracy, and education (if I may say so) of charlatanism. I should be content to denominate the two notions I have outlined as *x* and *y*, or as liberal and servile education, if the one notation were not too short and the other too long. Let it be remembered that the terms I am driven to employ are used in neither a disparaging nor a eulogistic sense.

Now, the Greeks, as is well known, brought up their young people strictly on a diet of culture. They were preoccupied with the problem of developing the human faculties merely for the fun of the thing. They had a great deal of faculty to experiment with and their one idea was to cultivate it, expand it, see what it could do, differentiate man as far as possible from the brutes, learn all that could be known and make all the possible combinations. Of course this ideal rested on social and economic circumstances that have altogether changed. It rested in the first place on slavery, which meant that the work of the world was done by a class of people for whom education, not culture, was the proper training. It rested, also, on a conception of life which rated material luxury low and intellectual luxury high, and to which therefore moneymaking in our sense of the term was unnecessary. It rested also on the existence of a relatively small body of knowledge, so that all men could readily acquire the same data and no branch of learning was the prey of the monopolists. The theory held its own through the formalities of the trivium and the quadrivium all over Europe, and then it melted away everywhere under the influence of the growth of the learned professions. People began to be educated, the utilitarian motive prevailed, and the theory of culture was broken up. In the English uni-

versities it survived by accident, as it were, because there were no hospitals in Oxford and Cambridge to form nuclei for schools of medicine, and because the English common law discouraged the study of jurisprudence. The training, therefore, which elsewhere was special to candidates for holy orders became in England the lot of every gentleman's son, and acquired the aristocratic associations which became one of the causes of its ruin. Our own colleges reproduced the history of the English universities. They were founded on explicitly utilitarian grounds for the training of ministers of the gospel. In this training the study of the learned tongues naturally preponderated. As wealth increased, and young men of all sorts went to college, a theory grew up in Anglo-Saxon fashion to support a practice, and in the absence of any other education it was maintained that the classical was the only sort for a gentleman. A number of causes worked together in the latter half of the last century to overthrow this position and to set on foot a movement of which Herbert Spencer's tract may be taken as the symbol. This uncompromising statement of the utilitarian principle in education has had such a vogue as to leave classical studies considerably overshadowed. Its fruits have been so valuable and interesting that we must ever be thankful for it. If it results, as it may, in the extinction of classical studies, the fault will be found to lie largely with those who have shaped the methods and determined the scope of those studies.

Admitting all this, two questions arise to be answered when the training of a boy or girl is to be mapped out: in the first place, is it possible or desirable to find room for culture in our schools and colleges? And, if this is answered affirmatively, shall we consider the study of the classics a desirable element of culture? The Greeks, whose method of training produced the most satisfactory results, gave culture to their freeborn and education to their slaves. We of course do

our own work to-day, and the result of the altered economic situation operates in two ways to the disadvantage of culture. Our freeborn children need a very high and careful education and cannot be said to need culture at all in any utilitarian sense. Moreover, a year of training-time has an actual money value, so that to devote it to disinterested and useless study is a luxury, and many people hold that the acquisition of a general and detached intellectual interest is a positive hindrance to the attainment of the most perfect education. On the other hand, it may be urged that the whole civilization of our species rests on the fact that we have deferred, longer than any other animals, the time of usefulness for our young. The Greeks believed that any trade or profession, however useful or important or noble, if its practice left a mark on the body or mind of him who followed it, was thereby a cause of deterioration. The man was sacrificed to the needs of society. If his hands were made callous or his back bent or his ideas limited by what he did, the man was admitted to have fallen short, either in body or mind, of his full development. This position seems biologically sound, but we are unable, since we have no longer any large class of freemen, economically speaking, to follow it beyond the protection of infancy. The organic repulsion or remorse that we feel when we see a young man stunted in growth or unduly developed in one part and undeveloped in another as the result of premature bodily work, the Greeks would feel if they could see, as I once did, a young man who was a Senior Wrangler, but had only a hazy idea that there is a cathedral in Milan, or should wade knee-deep on railroad platforms in "literary supplements" thrown down by college graduates of the stock exchange in their haste to reach the financial news.

The same view of the best interest of the race that impels us to subscribe to efforts for the prevention of child-labor should lead us to resent the intrusion of professional courses into

the undergraduate curriculum. The money loss to poor families is heavy when the children are estopped from contributing to the family income; the charge upon professional men is heavy if their boys spend the last year in college in the study of pure mathematics or economics or literature, instead of architecture or medicine or law. But we are cheerfully recommending the tenement house father to pocket his loss and think of the future of the race. Let us have the courage, or inspire the colleges with the courage, to bid the professional father do the same. This plan cannot, of course, be recommended for all. There are plenty of boys and girls for whom education is the best thing, who have but a limited power of absorbing culture and on whom it would be thrown away. They can easily be picked out by the time their school-days are over. They may as well be plunged into education at once. The necessity of earning a living, or the satisfaction derived from learning something "useful" is probably the only motive that will drive them to acquire knowledge, and this should be appealed to remorselessly. Every sort of professional and technical education should be provided for them. But they should be marked off from the free-born who are not so soon to be put into harness, and for the free-born it would be well if we were to refuse to consider the expense, but to give them the most thorough, the most severe and the most delightful culture that we can provide.

Shall the classics be part of that culture? The æsthetic argument in favor of reading the ancient authors is unfortunately one that does not carry conviction to any save those already beyond the stage where it is necessary. If a man prefer the verse of John G. Saxe to that of Euripides, Saxe is in fact for him the better poet, since the end of poetry is delight. Mere taste, as a possession, has as yet very little vogue among us. It is not a little singular and touching that our millionaires, who think it unnecessary

and even frivolous to acquire taste in their youth, should so often spend their age in acquiring first editions and Tanagra figures, greedy to possess the mere person of culture when they might have had her heart. There are plenty of impassioned statements by moderns of what the ancients can do for the soul and the sense of the beautiful. But, apart altogether from this set of considerations, the value of the study of the civilizations of Greece and Rome seems to have been constantly increasing through these lean years of their disuse, because of our fresh sense of the importance of origins. The apparent effect on the study of the classics of the evolutionary habit of thought which has transformed our way of looking at things, has been to belittle them. But the real effect has been to give them a new importance. The great contribution of science to culture has been its insistence that an intelligent notion of a thing is to be gained only by seeing it in its relations, by studying its physiology as well as its morphology, by noting not only what it is at a given moment of time, but what it has been and whither it is tending. Well, when the things we are considering happen to be the religion or the theology or the institutions or the philosophy or the art, or the mathematics or the literature, or the physical theories, or the language or the anthropology of peoples of Western European stock, the origin must be sought in the old Mediterranean civilizations. The literary remains of these civilizations are enshrined in languages not specially difficult to learn. With a rational school system we should have children reading Latin in three years and Greek in two. And the acquisition of the languages is the only sound way of getting at the civilizations. Nevertheless, it would be better for our unfree children to have the civilization without the language than the language without the civilization or neither; and for that class of students who are unable or unwilling to take the better way there should be organized a strong and drastic course in the

history of the Greeks and Romans, to be given by men who are themselves scholars, and to be supplemented by a great deal of reading of good translation and comment.

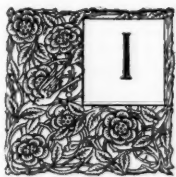
It is true that, although biology has taught us to study origins, it has also taught us to be contemptuous of them. Under the influence of one of the evolutionary fallacies we are inclined to assume off-hand that the farther we are from an origin the better off we are. It is perhaps unfortunate, in view of the course to which the cosmos seems committed, that this is not always true. We must, it appears, give up the notion of the spiritual fall of man, but the fact remains that Plato's prose style has never been excelled. While admitting that mankind was never innocent and happy, we must remember the Parthenon marbles. It is not our distance from these things that is most to our credit. We have doubtless come up from the slime, but on our way we passed through a stage in which men of by no means subtle minds discussed the world and man's place in it with a free and unprejudiced reasonableness to which we are just beginning to struggle back, as we may see if we compare, for instance, Mr. Gladstone's extra-professional writings with those of Cicero.

Historically all the ideas of the Greeks and Romans are valuable to us. Intrinsically, two sorts are invaluable. The first class are those concerning which they said the final word; the second class are those in connection with which they set problems which we are still trying to solve. One of the false notions that, by no fault of men of science, have become current among us as scientific, is the assumption that knowledge grows by the mere accumulation of details. In fact, knowledge grows more often by a series of guesses made by great men and verified by almost anybody. Even in mathematics, many of the theorems that anybody can prove now were enounced in the first place by men who could not prove them but who felt that they were true. To state a problem is a greater achieve-

ment than to solve it, and the man who states one may keep other men busy for centuries. The Greeks, for instance, after endeavouring to construct a square of area equal to that of a given circle, arrived at a perfectly sound notion of the obstacle in the path. Archimedes opened the way to prove the impossibility of the enterprise, but the actual demonstration was beyond the technique at his disposal. The decimal notation, the theory of irrationality, the theory of transcendentals, the Napierian logarithm, had all to be established before the simplified solution could be reached by Hilbert and Gordan in 1893, and the ghost finally laid, twenty-two hundred years after Archimedes knew it was a phantom. It would be wearisome to catalogue the departments of thought in which the Greeks are thus our taskmasters. Of the atomic theory of Democritus Professor Santayana says: "His system, long buried with other glories of the world, has been partly revived; and although it cannot be verified in haste—for it represents an ultimate ideal—every advance in science reconstitutes it in some particular." The Greeks knew the principle of evolution, though they could not prove it. The fine arts thrived without a theory of aesthetics and the best literature was produced without a system. Our modern systems are constructed in large part by patient induction from their practice.

Viewing in this light the relation of modern Western society to its "origins," the spirit that dismisses these from the training of our young people is seen to be a relative of the spirit that allows our continent to be stripped of its forests. Both crimes are committed in the name of immediate usefulness, and both jeopardize the fertility of the future. Both will have painfully to be made good by posterity. In the meantime, when the gods of Greece are forced again to hide themselves, there will be denatured lands to receive them. Apollo will doubtless turn to the production of eighty-cent gas and Dionysus will do great things with denatured alcohol

THE SUPPOSED DESIGNS OF GERMANY ON HOLLAND



IN this weary old, unprofitable and stale world there are, nevertheless, some things of perennial freshness. One such matter is the topic of the annexation of the Netherlands by Germany.

It dates not from to-day nor yesterday, but from several lifetimes ago. The critical treatment of a world somewhat sceptically given has piteously disfigured it. It has been again and again pronounced dead and forever done with. But, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything, it has ever anew found its limping way to that Fountain of Youth of Topics—the Journalistic Inkpot. And from these black and bottomless depths re-emerged shining, the Aged One gazes upon us to-day with April eyes.

We Hollanders have grown accustomed to the appearance of the Annexation-Topic, periodical as that of the great Sea-Serpent. And though age has not withered, custom has, to us, staled its finite variety. We hardly heed it, as wild-goose-like in its innocent fright, it flies past. Yet, as it has, apparently, succeeded in retaining or in awakening interest among our American kinsfolk, and for English-speaking people generally, an explanation of our attitude towards it seems the demand of courtesy.

The present writer, who disclaims either the right or the wish to utter a view on political subjects, has endeavored to gather the judgment in

this matter of some among the leaders of public opinion in Holland; and has been fortunate enough to secure a number of those which are best worth considering, and which represent accurately the views taken by the several political parties.

The present paper is a summary of these verdicts.

The question is sometimes put to us, and indeed "Pan-Germanistic" Belgian and French publicists have latterly, with intentions diametrically opposite, agreed in putting it:

What will Holland do if Germany attacks her with a view to the annexation of the Kingdom?

The question should be preceded by another upon which it depends:

Does Germany wish to annex Holland?

With one single exception the authorities consulted were unanimous in the answer:

It does not.

And this for the reason that the annexation of Holland would not be in the interest of Germany.

The ports of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the naval port of den Helder, and the East Indies, it is alleged, are necessary to the economical, military and political expansion of the Empire. The opinion of competent persons in Holland is, that, on the contrary, the possession of these apparent advantages would prove detrimental to the Empire.

As long as the mouth of the Rhine, at Rotterdam, is Dutch, it is safe from any and all of the perils incident to the international position of Germany; and so is the German trade

upon the river safe from those perils. This trade is considerable. It is of vital importance to Germany that it should not be in anywise hampered, either in peace or in war-time. Yet, suppose Rotterdam and Amsterdam (Amsterdam though not situated on the Rhine is practically a Rhine port as well as Rotterdam, because of its many means of communication with the river), suppose Rotterdam and Amsterdam in the possession of the Germans. Then in the event of a war between Germany and one or more than one of the Powers—England, *e.g.*, or England and its ally—both these ports would immediately be blockaded; and Germany would be cut off from all supply by the Rhine. The German fleet is certainly growing very rapidly; yet not so rapidly that within an appreciable time it would be able to cope with the British, much less with the British in league with that of any other Power. And it could not prevent the blockading of the Rhine ports. The consequences would fall upon the German trade on the river. So long, on the contrary, as Amsterdam and Rotterdam remain Dutch, they would be neutral in the event of a German war; and as such be respected by the belligerent parties.

From the point of view of the trader, and in times of peace, it is likewise preferable that the two ports should be Dutch. Holland is a free-trading country; and the conditions which it imposes on commerce are both easier in themselves and more liberally interpreted than the regulations enforced in protectionist Germany, where a spirit of rigor and formality altogether military prevails even in non-military matters. The numerous German firms in the two cities could not but lose, and lose considerably, by the exchange of Dutch against German port-authorities, laws and regulations.

International matters in connection with the trade on the Rhine are now superintended by a Dutch-German Committee. According to the statement of one of its most distin-

guished members on our side, it never encountered any difficulties which could have led to international complications.

Now for den Helder.

In the hands of the Germans it would be a gun pointed on England. Evidently, the first thing the English would do, in a war, would be to seize it, and turn it on Germany. Nor, would as has already been remarked, the German fleet have the power to hinder it from so doing and making den Helder a base of operations, naval and military. Instead of a point of vantage, den Helder would be a point of danger in the German military system, if in the possession of Germany.

The case is analogous with that of Rotterdam and Amsterdam.

For military and naval as well as for commercial purposes Holland acts as a buffer-state between Germany and England, or any other Power which should assail Germany by sea. No sane government could be suspected of a desire to remove the buffer and sustain the undiminished shock of a collision.

With our colonies it is a different case.

The days when they constituted a profitable possession to their (self-styled) mother-country are past; and the conditions altered and the conceptions revised which rendered the relation possible. Making a virtue of necessity we have given up the naive ideas of our ancestors about the natural supremacy of white nations over black and brown in general, and the rights of the Dutch over the Malays in particular. We no longer believe that our administration should act as a chemical retort to convert Malay persons and possessions into Dutch currency with which to fill the national treasury. Leaving aside considerations of a moral order,—which, happily, had a good deal to do with it,—the proceeding proved unpractical. Money no longer came out of the choked apparatus; on the contrary, there was money required, and not in inconsiderable quantities,

for the cleaning of it; and at the end, it succumbed to the experiment. That's the way our (Indian) money went: "Pop!" said the phial.

The shards of it have been hidden out of sight. The "net-profit-politic" has been abandoned. We are busy—perhaps not yet quite to the utmost of our ability, yet we are busy,—righting the wrongs which the cupidity of former generations has inflicted on the patient Malay. But Java, the richest and best cultivated of the East Indian islands, is suffering from economic depression. The population increases at a rate far exceeding that of food and other necessities of life; and satisfactory means for distributing it to localities less densely peopled, though diligently sought for, have not been found as yet. Borneo, where riches apparently immeasurable still await exploitation, has a climate which renders it all but European-proof. In the north of Sumatra the war with the Achenese, which a few years ago seemed on the point of extinction, has revived in new bitterness and violence.

These are heavy cares and responsibilities; which are not balanced by any material advantages to the state. But, though they profit the state nothing, the colonies are a source of immense profits to individual Hollanders. Owners of petroleum-springs, sugar-mills, plantations of tea, coffee, cocoa, quinine, pepper, tobacco, etc., exploiters of the many mines where gold, silver, tin and coal are found in great quantities and of the immense forests which yield valuable timber, shareholders of steamship lines between Holland and the colonies, and between their several parts, all these, and many more—the capitalist class, in a word—make large fortunes out of our Asiatic possessions. Not so many nor as large ones as were made some fifty years ago; but still, considerable fortunes.

It is very possible German capitalists may desire to make them; and not at all unthinkable they should some day endeavor to gain the support of an "expansionist" govern-

ment towards the realization of this desire.

It is well known the German colonies in South Africa have hitherto proved fertile chiefly in disappointments. Lack of experience may partly account for this. We Hollanders have had three hundred years to acquire the knowledge as to how a colony should not be governed; and we meet with disappointments. It stands to reason that the Germans, mere beginners in the hard apprenticeship, should. To adapt the Bismarckian phrase: the Empire is not yet grown into the coat which was cut too wide for it. But how if the coat should, after all, prove a misfit? There are those who fear it may. They talk of "Wüst-West-Afrika." And even the miracle related by Herr Dernburg—the chestful of dried dates spilt by the roadside and grown up into tall trees—has failed to convince them. For sceptics of the kind it would be natural to take the step—not a wide one—from discontent to the desire for better things.

The more so as, individually, German business-men have already taken the step and attained the better thing. They are established in numbers in Batavia, Samarang and Soerabaya, to say nothing of the business-centres outside Java. And they thrive.

With a powerful government, imbued with the spirit which renders Herr Dernburg so dear to the colonially-minded capitalist of to-day, to protect their profits, and an ever-increasing multitude of German taxpayers to pay their expenses, thousands of German financiers would succeed where the tens of them succeed now. It seems only a question of convincing the nation that its interests are identical with those of its capitalistic members—a proposition regarded by many as self-evident; and the superior numbers of the German navy and army might be trusted to do the rest.

Only, there is a "but" in the matter.

There be those who, nothing desirous to possess the East Indies

themselves, would yet be loth to see anyone else seizing them. Such is the constitution of human nature, such its frailty, disingenuously imputed to the manger-loving dog. And these envious ones possess navies and armies equal, or even superior, to those of the Germans.

To speak plainly: in the not improbable event of an attempt on the colonies, as in the most improbable event of an attack upon the Kingdom itself, Germany would have to encounter the opposition of England, and probably that of France in league with England.

The French alarmists who, for reasons of their own, represent the peril of a German annexation of Holland or its colonies as imminent, seem to take for granted Holland would solicit the aid of one or both of these Powers, to ward off the attack.

Now in this they are mistaken.

We should do no such thing.

In the first place it would be useless; and in the second unnecessary.

Useless, because help for the sake of mere justice never yet was given by any nation to any other.

What help did France receive, when, in '71, she sought it in her sore need? Which of the Powers she solicited through the eloquent pleadings of Vdolphe Thiers was willing to intercede on her behalf with victorious Prussia that demanded Alsace-Lorraine? Even more than individuals, nations obey the law of self-preservation as the supreme one.

But the working of this same law relieves us from the necessity of an attempt foredoomed by it. It is the law of self-preservation which will urge both England and France, but England in the first place, to oppose Germany should she attack Holland for the sake of the colonies. Because the attack, if successful, would secure to Germany incalculable advantages in the battle which more or less openly is being waged between them at present for predominance in Europe.

In the international competition France has been disabled, temporarily

at least, by her last war. She does not wish for a renewed trial of the uncertain chances as yet. Her statesmen have made it very plain that they desire peace, and, evidently, the nation is with them. For, surely, one need take no account of a few rabid nationalists, revanche-mongers, Germanophobes, "Trublions," to give them the name Anatole France presented their kind with, turbulent defiers of a world occupied otherwise than with them.

But England stands in armed expectancy; it has to keep what Germany would get.

It is apparently in the present interest of either nation to conceal the fact perfectly well known to both. The respective governments seize every occasion for protesting their pacific intentions, the sovereigns exchange courtesies and compliments, the financiers engage in joint operations. Rhodes scholarships were instituted to attract German students to the English universities, Oxford and Cambridge lecturers are invited to Berlin, English politicians come over to study the municipal institutions of Germany, German police authorities are welcomed in Scotland Yard, business-men from the hither and thither side meet to express publicly their sense of the necessity of good-will and co-operation, and the newspapers are admonished to lend them their support. Only a few months ago Prince Bülow, in the interview he accorded to Mr. Stead, most solemnly protested the Emperor's pacific intentions and his own. He repeated these assurances in his (somewhat extraordinary) harangue to the victorious voters of the next election. And the Emperor himself in his speech to the Reichstag declared, in language the most emphatic possible, that the policy of the Empire was one of peace.

Undoubtedly; for so long as peace may best suit. And, furthermore, "*la parole a été donnée à l'homme pour cacher sa pensée.*" And yet, furthermore: there are bickerings at Constantinople, and the affair of

the Bagdad railway is not yet forgotten, and but yesterday we heard what Ferreira said to his English judges. And while it is possible to hang an offender, "pour encourager les autres," one cannot hang his words.

England and Germany are watching one another.

Germany's every gain is England's loss.

England will exert her powers to the utmost to prevent her rival from gaining so immense an advantage as the possession of the Dutch colonies would constitute.

And France, who would not begin a war with Germany for her own sake or unaided, would, in all probability, assist the befriended Power against one which, then, would be the common enemy.

There are more ways of conquering than that of violence.

It has been suggested that a gradual assimilation and absorption of Holland into Germany would be rendered possible by the accession of a German prince to the throne of the Kingdom, as must ensue in the event of the Queen's dying without issue.

Those who know the Dutch national character, such as history has moulded it, will not readily admit this possibility.

We Hollanders are republicans,—born and bred. The circumstances of our having a monarch at the head of the State does not affect the fact. The rule of the House of Orange was not imposed on us by any monarchical principle. We chose it of our own free will when, in 1813, we organized the State on a new basis.

William the Silent and his sons Maurits and Frederik Hendrik were our captains in our War of Independence. William III made Holland the arbiter of Europe. It was gratitude and affection which bound the nation to the house. And for what the nation, in turn, had done for the house, the Orange family might well feel—as they did—gratitude and affection for Holland. There was no talk

of divine right on the one side, of due submission on the other. But there was—as there still is—love on both.

Let it be remembered that it was in Holland that for the first time in modern history the principle was enounced that the prince exists for the sake of the people, and not the people for the sake of the prince; and that, therefore, the people have a right to depose the prince who in any way offends against his duty towards them. The English revolution of 1688, the American of 1776, the French of 1789 could but repeat, in however different a form, the declaration with which William the Silent vindicated the right of the Dutch revolution in 1580.

A nation which three centuries ago had already attained to the political maturity which made it possible that such a declaration should be pronounced from the midst of it; which by a struggle of eighty years against an autocracy the most powerful of its time has upheld the right human against the right divine; which, surrounded by monarchies and principalities, has kept inviolate and borne aloft triumphant the republican principle for two hundred years,—such a nation can never cease from being a nation of republicans, whatever style and title it may choose to give its chief.

Germany has attained to its present condition along lines of development very different; and the monarchical principle is engrained in the moral constitution of the nation. One may, perhaps, consider it as a variety of the sense of discipline, so remarkably prevalent in Germans, especially in Prussians. The feeling of the average German towards the Emperor is that of a soldier towards his general. In a degree proportionately less the feeling of any "Unterthan" to any "Landesfürst" is in essentials the same. The prince may call himself "Landesvater" (as, indeed, the Emperor is sometimes styled); but a German father is a veritable Commander-in-chief, a "Höchst-Kommandirender" of his household. This kind of "famili-

arity" does not breed contempt—of discipline. Now suppose a German prince, however autocratically minded, how deeply so ever convinced of his divine right, and his responsibility before heaven for the nation entrusted to him,—suppose a German prince of this German character became King of the Netherlands: does it seem likely he would be able to make Hollanders share those convictions?—To obliterate the political education of three centuries?—to persuade heirs, long since come of age, into accepting the state of minors?—to change Hollanders into what they must forget their history, their laws, their language and themselves to become—that is, into Germans?

To put the question is to answer it.

It may be added, that as the royal couple are still in the prime of youth, the hope that an heir may be born need not be given up; and furthermore, that, should circumstances compel us to face the question of the succession, it would always be in our power to alter the Constitution, so as to solve the difficulty in a way congenial to the spirit of the nation.

A third danger has been indicated as threatening Holland: that of a violation of its neutrality in the event of international complications. This certainly is not, as the others are, imaginary. It has been seriously considered by successive governments.

A violation of our frontiers, however, does not threaten us from the east only. In an Anglo-German war it might be to the interest of England to blockade our ports, whilst it would be to the interest of Germany to keep them open; in which case our coast would be menaced by an English fleet. And in the case of hostilities between France and Germany, the southernmost part of our territory might be chosen for a passage for the army of either Power, as the Franco-German frontier has been, since the war, fortified in such a manner as to render the direct way from either country to the other impassable.

We must, therefore, be prepared to guard our frontiers both on the land and on the sea side, and we must be able effectively to maintain our neutrality between contending powers.

In accordance with this general principle, it is necessary that in times of peace our foreign policy should be strictly neutral.

To quote verbatim one of the authorities consulted by the writer of this article:

"It is necessary that Holland should, in times of peace, avoid even the appearance of adjusting its policy to a situation which, in time of war, would constitute an advantage to either the one or the other of the belligerent parties."

Successive governments have followed this line of foreign policy.

It is equally necessary that our military system, the army, the navy and the system of fortification and inundations which guards the heart of the country and the principal towns, should be kept at its point of highest efficiency for defensive purposes. Notwithstanding the heavy cost which this imposes on the nation, unremitting efforts have been and are being made to attain this end.

The country back of the "water line," that is to say the quadrilateral in which Utrecht, Rotterdam, The Hague, Haarlem and Amsterdam are situated, is protected by a system of inundation-works which, within a few days, could change fields and roads into an open sea.

The fortifications around Amsterdam, which, owing to the all but insuperable difficulties opposed by the marshy soil, have been years a-building, will soon be completed.

There is a divergence of competent opinions concerning the organization of the army, which, quite recently, has led to a Cabinet crisis, the First Chamber having rejected the reforms proposed by General Staal, the War-Minister, after the Second Chamber had adopted them. Arguments other than military have, however, had to do with the decision of the First

Chamber. This complicates the situation, a way out of which has not yet, at this date,* been found.

Whatever the difference of opinions concerning ways and means, there is, however, unanimity concerning the object to be attained—the highest possible efficiency of the army.

All this notwithstanding, the possibility must be granted that, in an international war, our means of defence would prove inadequate to maintain our neutrality.

In that case it is believed we may count upon the assistance of that Power whose interest it would be to defend that neutrality.

Circumstances must decide as to which that would be. It is manifestly impossible to hazard conjectures with the least chance of their being confirmed by the development of events not yet plainly to be foreseen.

There are, among French military writers, some who advocate a Dutch-Belgian union, as a means of strengthening the position of Holland; General Langlois, author of "*La Belgique et la Hollande devant le Pan-Germanisme*," is one of them.

Though Belgium is a neutral state, and Holland is not (as M. Yves Guyot mistakenly asserts in his article in the *North American Review* of Jan. 15th, where he speaks, on the authority, apparently, of "*Die Grenzboten*," of the *guaranteed neutrality* of Holland),—though, then, Belgium is a neutral state and Holland is not, such an alliance would, it seems, be permitted by international law. And there is an influential party in Belgium, the spokesman of which is M. Eugène Baïe, who desire it.

A Dutch-Belgian Committee has been recently constituted to examine the question:

It may, however, on the best authority, be declared already, that though, under certain conditions an economic union with Belgium may seem desirable for Holland, this would

not be the case with a political and military union.*

Whereas we have the general and personal duty of service in the army, the Belgians still keep to the system of *remplaçants*, which—as it enables the well-to-do to shift their burden on to the shoulders of the poor, and tends, consequently, to replace the morally and physically better-educated by the worse-educated—lowers the average value of the army. To associate ours with it in a war would not, therefore, be to our advantage.

Belgium, the historical battleground of Europe, stands in greater risk than Holland, in case of a Franco-German war, as a passage between Germany and France.

For strategical reasons the route of an army crossing from Germany into France or vice versa would lead for an inconsiderable part of the way only over Dutch territory; it would go principally through Belgium. A Dutch-Belgian army, therefore, would have to defend, in such a case, almost exclusively Belgian interests.

The principal argument, however, against an alliance of this kind is, that it would offend against the neutrality which it is the object of our foreign policy to maintain. To quote again from the source referred to: "An alliance with Belgium which purposed (under the protection of either France or England and in their interest therefore) to maintain our neutrality (against Germany) would exhibit an anti-German character." It would expose Holland to reprisals from Germany, even if in a conflict it had succeeded in keeping neutral.

Holland is stronger alone than in league with Belgium.

In international complications it will have for an ally that Power whose interest it is that Dutch territory should be respected, and for an

*February 27th, 1907.

* Formal declaration has been made that the Committee will exclude the question of a military *entente* from the subjects of discussion.

enemy the one that first offers to violate its frontiers.

These then are the views, set forth according to the present writer's best ability, which the leaders of public opinion in Holland entertain concerning "the German Danger."

But we do not flatter ourselves that we have disposed of the topic of the German Annexation.

Not for one instant!

We look forward to its re-appearance—out of the jetty waves of

the modern Fountain of Youth—as confidently as to the coming of this spring's primroses or next winter's snow. We would say we are as certain of it as of death, were it not that the idea of death is altogether too grim and definite to be associated with a thing so delightfully vivacious, fanciful and vague.

Infinite are the virtues of the Fountain of Youth, inexhaustible its waves, and numberless by its brink the helpful hands stretched out to assist the Rumor to a (sorely-needed) rejuvenating dip.

ELLEN KEY

SWEDEN'S FOREMOST WOMAN, AND HER VOGUE
IN GERMANY*

By HELEN ZIMMERN



NOT only in Sweden, her native land, but through out Teutonic and Sclavonic Europe, Ellen Key is a power, her name a name to conjure with.

In her somewhat voluminous and at times verbose writings nothing stands out more clearly than the fact that she is pre-eminently a woman in the commonly accepted, perhaps even old-fashioned, sense of the term. The most casual contact with her genial, cheery, absolutely unaffected personality produces a sensation of large-souled motherhood that embraces each and all and is therefore, indeed, unlike that motherhood whose hall mark is a rigid exclusiveness, confined to its own offspring. Ellen Key's offspring fill the world—they are all those that labor, that bear burdens, that have cares that she divines and endeavors to solace. For love is the key-note of her life as of her writings, and because her

work has this personal note, it is a natural instinct that makes us wonder what manner of woman she is. And Ellen Key the woman is in complete harmony with Ellen Key the writer.

This modern apostle of universal love was born amid the white birch and sombre pine forests of southern Sweden in December, 1849. Her paternal ancestors were worthy burghers of Scotch-Celtic origin; noble blood ran in her mother's veins, and so completely is she a fusion of her parents that, as she laughingly observes, she has even one longsighted and one shortsighted eye—a heritage from each. Childhood and early maidenhood were spent in a modest homestead not without its treasures of literature and art; for Emil Key had advanced tastes and perceptions in more than one direction. He was an enthusiastic believer in Rousseau, and applied the theories of "Émile" in the rearing of his children. Of these Ellen is the eldest—a child of love in the fairest acceptance of the term; and how much value she attaches to happy marriages is shown

* See Frontispiece

in all her writings. While still a mere child her maternal instincts evinced themselves in her protective care for her younger brethren. She read everything that came in her way and loved poetry above all. Her childhood's dream was to own a house of her own, in the country, where she could play the Lady Bountiful and where all her dependants should be content and happy. No discords should creep into her Utopia. That life should be harmonious was always her deepest desire, and is the aim of all her books. The training she received was simple, not to say stoical. To complain was to be feeble. "Who plays the game must endure its consequences," was incessantly repeated in the home, and these words, says Ellen Key, the now gray-haired child—for a child she still remains,—laid the foundations of the power with which she has met the painful and often shameful attacks to which she has been subjected on account of her views.

Equally pronounced in childhood was her determination that everything should be real and true. That her doll might have the proportions and weight of a real baby, she made one of rags so heavy that it cost her an effort to carry it. Love must be real and deep; no passing emotion, but a sentiment for life and death. Everything must be thorough. For shams she has no tolerance. That is why she combats official Christianity. Profession and practice are too far asunder; throughout all phases of existence she sees no attempt to reconcile them, but rather evidences to the contrary, as she eloquently, passionately expounds in a chapter in "The Century of the Child" devoted to religious education. Her beliefs are rooted in evolution, in the eternal laws of nature. Herein divinity resides; on these foundations the newer ethics must be upraised. Mankind must learn awed respect before the immutable connection between cause and effect—a connection that no "saving grace" can re-

peal. Only then shall we be truly, logically, consistently and nobly religious.

Obviously the girl Ellen Key had not yet formulated these theories, but she held them already in misty embryo. A cruel misfortune occurring among some acquaintances, the child's rarely acute sense of justice was wounded to the quick. She could not grasp that a beneficent Creator could tolerate such wrongs. She craved a visible sign from Heaven and resorted to what she deemed blasphemy, writing in the sand the words "God is dead," assured that if He lived He would annihilate her with His lightnings. When the sun shone on and the words remained uncanceled, till the gardener's rake removed them, her faith received an irreparable shock. The doubts and sufferings thus evoked cast a canopy of shadow over her childhood. To complete the breach, in her seventeenth year she saw two of her cousins drown, while she herself narrowly escaped the same fate. As these cousins' souls were not in the state conventionally deemed needful to salvation, the questions regarding eternal damnation were urgently forced upon her mind. Much suffering was caused, too, by her naïve credence—never yet overcome—that others were as disinterested as herself. She certainly was an individualist and an independent thinker from the time she could reason at all, and happily her parents put no check on the development of her ego. Thus, for example, they recognized her need for privacy, and hence gave her, at the age of twelve, a room to herself, which she inhabited, with interruptions, until her forty-first year. Her education, as might be expected from her father's views, did not follow the beaten track. As a mere girl there were put unto her hands such books as "The Comedy of Love," "Brand" and "Peer Gynt." Ibsen, in those days, was little read in Sweden, but the elder Keys were always in the intellectual vanguard. These poems aroused her enthusiasm and she felt

instinctively that the high idealism regarding love expressed in Ibsen's comedy was in accord with her own instincts. Indeed, from this time forward, as she quaintly phrases it, she was "in love with love."

When nineteen her father was elected to the Swedish Parliament and the family migrated for the winter to Stockholm. Here Ellen was brought into living contact with eminent persons and with the political and social questions of the day. She not only acted as her father's secretary, but shared his patriotic dreams and hopes. She wrote articles concerning the new aspirations as to popular education, and even conducted a Sunday-school on her own account. More than ever was she resolved to be true to a vow made, as a child, on a stone block hidden in the paternal woods, which she called her "altar," that she would live and work for the education and ethical uplifting of her compatriots. Herein she was in unison with Björnson, at whose instance she undertook a journey to Denmark to study the question of popular schools. It was Björnson who first recognized her unusual capabilities. He told her mother that she would prove her parents' greatest glory and that she ought above all to be a wife—adding, however, "Men do not as a rule understand women with such a pronounced inner life, and the love of a woman who at twenty-three has not yet loved will be terrible in its intensity when it comes." And yet this advocate of love-marriages is but another example of those natures that "sit alone by solitary fires."

When Ellen was thirty, financial reasons made it necessary to leave her forest home, to which she was attached by every fibre of her being. "To live in the country, to till the fields, never to leave them—that was the deepest factor of my emotional life, and the modern movement of 'back to the land' is one from which I have never for an instant swerved with my desires." Yet for years she was condemned to live

in the noisy, close city, working as a teacher at a girls' school in order to keep herself and help her loved ones. Naturally, she soon found her way to the hearts of her pupils. Her warm, quick sympathy, her radiant kindliness, her comprehension of young natures, her original and vivid methods of instruction, a vividness that appears in her writings and gives an original color even to already accepted doctrines, combined to make her popular. Nor did she permit herself to regard these years of city confinement as years of drudgery. She threw herself heart and soul into her work, to her the most sacred of missions.

And, besides this paid work, she taught gratuitously in her free hours in the Workers' Institute, and kept this up for twenty years. She also arranged an informal sort of club, in which ladies and workwomen met on equal terms—another of her earnest attempts to bridge class distinctions. For Ellen Key is a democrat to the backbone. And her whole-hearted devotion is proved by the fact that often, in these years of propaganda, when she gave all her spare strength to others, she had not enough to eat, while new clothes were not even thought of; for it is one of her rigid rules to do without that which she cannot pay for on the nail. And at all times her dress is of the plainest.

Until near the end of the century, Ellen Key's influence, though confined within a small area, had been quietly pervasive. For her ardor for the cause she had at heart—the moral and mental uplifting of her countrymen and countrywomen (especially the latter) helped her to overcome her native shyness, and for years she could be heard from platforms in Sweden, Norway and Denmark. But only thrice did she touch on politics, and only once on the woman question, and then only in regard to the legal position of married women. With these exceptions art and literature were her themes.

But after the death of her mother, and other sad personal experiences

that shook her being to its depths, even causing her to contemplate suicide, so useless did she think herself, Ellen Key was suddenly roused to combative activity and entered upon that pioneer path which has made her famous. The spark that struck the flame was an incident in Swedish politics due to the influence on the younger generation of the doctrines of Darwin. These theories had aroused a desire to throw overboard all established things and remodel the world anew. A long-forgotten law was exhumed to punish the radicals who were pronounced guilty of blasphemy. Now Ellen Key's motto—the theme repeated, with variations, in all her books and lectures—is that no check must be put on the free development of personality. She constituted herself the defender of the imprisoned youths, pointing out the injustice of punishing them for saying what others printed unmolested, merely because they had failed to cloak their meaning with scientific and philosophic phrases. To repress free thought and free speech was to provoke revolutions. With logic, learning and eloquence, she pleaded for justice, showing that written laws are often out of date long before their repeal. Instantly she became the storm-centre of the movement; but neither her courage nor her common sense failed her. Ellen Key does not belong to the shrieking sisterhood, who cry their message in season and out. Her methods are more dignified and hence more efficacious, for though she encounters opposition she never rouses contempt. And it throws light upon her character that when she took up a militant attitude she began to withdraw her sympathies from the cause of woman's rights, on the ground that its advocates had lost sight of the main object to be attained and wasted their efforts on side issues, many of which would prove pernicious to the cause itself.

At this time, too, she declared that she could no longer call herself a Christian, as the Christianity of to-day was a compromise, the Christian ideal

being followed neither in church nor state nor home. Happiness, individual and racial, was what the world must seek, and this hedonism was no less noble than an impossible ideal of self-extinction, and if rightly understood did not violate but actually promoted altruism. In her latest book, containing her creed, to the young who ask "What shall I do to be useful?" she replies, "Be seekers of happiness, but seekers of happiness making the highest demands on happiness"—the search for happiness implying the cultivation of mental and bodily capacities and the avoidance of such sports, diversions, pleasures and gratifications as tend to weaken, poison or brutalize.

Here the disciple of Rousseau comes into view. She holds that man is good at the core, and if allowed free course will develop his personality and put it at the service of humanity. "The Faith of Life" proves this, and emphasizes how idealistic and optimistic is her individualism. She contends strongly that, in order to be a true altruist, one must be an individualist. As she tersely puts it, the true ideal combat that we are fighting is for that deepest of all conceptions—Spinoza's proposition—that joy is perfection.

In the summer of 1895 Ellen Key's brother and sister-in-law left her in charge of their children during an extended absence. She had ever contended that it is impossible to perform maternal duties, in full measure, and at the same time accomplish individual work, and the attempt to harmonize the two missions confirmed her judgment. The results of this experience were embodied in a book called "Misused Female Powers," which drew down upon the author a storm of indignation and derision as well as of misconception. Miss Key met the attacks with quiet courage, knowing well that she had not become untrue to her earlier ideals. She had but progressed and enlarged her horizon, as all true thinkers and workers must. From first to last she has contended—and it is this that makes

her a thorn in the flesh of her "emancipated" sisters—that in the life of woman the heart has ever the first place; and it is for this heart that she demands all possible liberty—not license, but freedom to develop each varying ego. She recognizes how impossible it is to make one rule that can fit all, and that this is where formulated legislation must always be at fault. And holding that the woman's movement in its present phase makes for a new form of oppression, rather than for individual freedom, she contends that it has approached the question from the wrong side.

The fundamental physiological differences between man and woman can never be eliminated. As she once wrote to me, "Life would be very tedious if women were to grow like men. The difference constitutes a rich and beautiful though difficult problem." Her ideal of emancipation is an enlargement and enrichment of woman's soul, based upon a larger and deeper understanding of her natural mission. For her, too, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, but she interprets the apothegm in the widest sense. A German philosopher once said that if woman had not appeared in creation, man, with his orderly reason, would long ago have solved the problem of existence with mathematical precision, but as things are, we must always reckon with an insoluble factor, and that factor is woman. Ellen Key points out that this apparent paradox hides a deep truth. Woman's power in all times has been active, like that of the natural forces of whose laws we are ignorant, but whose evidences we behold. Men have objected that however much they may reason, may strive to convince, there are moments when women will not admit that twice two is four. And this is right. Woman's quick instinct rebels against cut and dried statistics and formulas. Her mission is deeper; she possesses a species of *Urnatur*, a sixth sense, that makes her see at certain moments beyond and higher than

systems and programs. This is her distinctive faculty, and it is this that should be recognized and utilized. Whenever a woman has dared to revolt, she has called new movements into being. Witness, for example, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Josephine Butler, Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is this inherent, instinctive force that has so long been cramped and cries for liberation. But, as Feuerbach has said, "It is the simple truths that mankind recognize the latest." No thinker now disputes woman's right to legal equality with man; but, says Ellen Key, the next step must be the right to freedom on the ground of her dissimilarity. To grant her equality is not necessarily to do her justice; nay, it may result in the cruellest injustice.

As a Socialist, as one who holds that all who eat should work, Ellen Key is obviously not opposed to the notion that women should labor. Where she deviates from the advocates of women's rights is in defining the nature of their work. She maintains that child-bearing and motherhood should also be counted as work and be publicly remunerated, if need be, since strong, healthy children are valuable national assets. And she understands motherhood, not in the present haphazard, dilettante fashion, but considered as a profession, the highest and holiest. Where the advanced woman has gone wrong has been in failure to choose as her life work the work for which nature especially adapted her. But Ellen Key is an ardent champion of woman's legal and social equality: on these lines even her enemies cannot call her retrograde.

Every human being, according to Miss Key, has a right to choose the materials that best suit him for the building up of his ego—to select the style of personal architecture that best conforms to his innate demands. He is entitled, also, to live his own life according to his own views, provided that such living uplifts his personality. Regarding the three most momentous decisions—our attitude

toward life, our work, our love,—she contends that every soul has a right to be arbitrary. Grant this and we all shall become individualists, freed from the clogs of antiquated authority and routine. And since this high conception of individualism raises the whole ethical standard, altruism and not egoism will result therefrom and the world will have made a long step towards betterment.

A prophetic note pervades Ellen Key's essays on these and kindred themes—a dithyrambic exaltation of personal courage, of personal ennoblement. Indeed, when speaking of her ideals, often with eyes closed, as though to shut out all outer vision, her low, impassioned utterances have struck me as those of a sibyl of old.

The books on which Ellen Key's European fame chiefly rests, "Love and Marriage" and "The Century of the Child," have been published since the century turned. They contain the sum total of her life's thought and experience. She once laughingly remarked that she had been writing "The Century of the Child" since she was four years old. Professor Forel, in his authoritative work "Die Sexuelle Frage," devotes several pages to an analysis of her "Love and Marriage." He praises highly its scientific basis, its sound views, its elevated aims; and he values it as a woman's contribution to the literature of the subject, for, as he truly remarks, the opinions and feelings of both sexes are requisite in reaching sound conclusions on the momentous and fundamental questions involved,

That great duel of sex, that ancient strife
Which is the very central fact of life.

Ellen Key faces the sexual problem squarely, neither formulating fantastic impossibilities nor treading upon ground where "mere man's" pitying contempt is provoked. It is refreshing to find a woman who can handle the sex question not only without morbidity but with common sense.

Miss Key has been a teacher all her life, first as an instructor of youth, later on as one seeking to guide the

public to a life freer, saner and richer. Apprehending that the public, like a child of larger growth, requires to have sentences repeated often before it makes them its own, she harps constantly, with little variation, on certain strings. These are a few of her main teachings: Love is moral without legal marriage, but legal marriage is immoral, without love. For it is not marriage, as her detractors assert, but rather the viciousness of loveless unions, which is the constant object of her attacks. Further, marriage is immoral, not only if entered upon without mutual love, but also if continued without it. Also, the legal or illegal relations of a man or woman concern none but themselves, so long as these relations do not result in offspring. If they do, the state may and must step in. She has drawn up a new marriage code that contains excellent points and which, were it speedily adopted, would solve many so-called insoluble problems and conduce to enhanced domestic happiness. Another saying of hers is that "love, like friendship, is a question of forgiving and consists in gifts and counter-gifts in the shape of abandoned demands."

The motto of "The Century of the Child" is chosen from Nietzsche, with whose individualist doctrines Ellen Key has much affinity. It excellently resumes the scope of the book—"You shall make good to your children that you are your parents' children; you shall redeem the past. This new commandment give I unto you."

We know the old Hebrew commandment enjoined that we should honor our parents. Ellen Key would add a rider—yes, if they are worthy of this honor, but the mere physical accident of parenthood does not necessarily render them so. In too many cases parents should ask their children's forgiveness for their existence.

The table-of-contents summarizes the book. The various chapters deal with the child's right to choose its parents, woman's work, education, homelessness, how souls are murdered

in school, the school of the future, religious education, child work and child crime. Ellen Key's love for children speaks from every page; and love not only, but respect for the child's individuality—a point too long overlooked. Give to the little ones their right to live their full child-life in sight of father and mother, who are themselves living a full personal life. Such is her impassioned plea. Childhood is holy, yet we destroy the tender organism by our mechanical methods, our hypocritical ideas concerning propriety and social ethics, our century-old error of suppressing the child's native desires and supplanting them by our own.

Many of Ellen Key's views are familiar to Anglo-Saxons, among whom freedom and responsibility are inculcated from the first. The parents' union and the child-study societies have made many of her ideas known to people who think at all. But Ellen Key's manner of presenting even the most commonplace is fresh and original. "Let us let the children live," she says, "is a better resolution than Let us live for the children." While many volumes have been written on the subjects she treats, few perhaps are so sane, so just, so temperate. Books such as hers are never the work of one author only. They are the result of a tendency, the product of a generation, an epoch.

Among the most delightful pages she has written are those on courage. She contends we are none of us as bad, mean or petty as we think, but far more cowardly. Her favorite quotation is that of the Greek philosopher who said that happiness consists in freedom and freedom in courage. And beside this classic virtue she possesses the three Christian graces—faith, hope and love. She loves life and those who live it, and has faith in it and in them. She has followed Swinburne's advice, not to fear at all, but has disregarded the other half, not to hope much. This intense hopefulness may have been strengthened in her from having been much with children. Children grow before our

very eyes, and insensibly we become accustomed to rapid progress in watching theirs. They are more grateful subjects to teach than men and women, who for the most part learn slowly.

But the chief cause of her optimism lies deeper. She has a clear perception of social discords and apparently overlooks natural ones. Hence her reforming zeal. Often a clear preception of social evils prevents a keen-sighted person from seeing natural evils. The latter are greater than the former, and one who sees them is less often an optimist. Those whose education has been rooted in Christian thought often see the evils of the world as made by man more clearly than the evils of the world as they exist of necessity. The Buddha suffered because life contained disease and old age and death; Christ suffered because it contained scribes and Pharisees and publicans and sinners. Ellen Key's nature, to use the conventional expression, is profoundly religious. She teaches living for others, living for the future; only her next world is merely this one a little later on. This explains her cult of motherhood and fatherhood. These words express for her more than manhood and womanhood. This accounts too for her clean sane views as to sex-life, which in her writings she has sought completely to rehabilitate; for though Ellen Key desires to abolish many established institutions, her criticisms are always constructive. She has a quite Ibsenian scorn for conventional hypocrisies. Particularly keen is her criticism of the discrepancies between the attitude of society toward motherhood, as professed in literature and art, and its practical treatment of some mothers—unmarried ones, for instance.

Concerning the effect on sex of women's doing the same work as men, Ellen Key is perhaps unduly gloomy. She talks as though acquired characteristics were inherited, whereas we know now that it takes, not a few generations, but thousands of years, permanently to alter any physical or

moral type. Not all the agelong "subjection of women" (granting Mill was right) or any future "perversion of woman" has prevented or will prevent the true type from recurring in each woman child that is born into the world. That is Nature's way of correcting man's mistakes and overhasty enthusiasms. On yet another point Ellen Key may perhaps be criticised; and this is, that she falls into the mistake made by the demo-

crats early in the last century, and later by the advocates of compulsory education, when they thought mankind was to be irrevocably changed by everybody's being forced through a certain mill.

Still, these are but the inevitable limitations in a reformer's scheme. Certain it is that the world as reconstructed by Ellen Key would have one splendid and novel feature: there would be accord between its theory and practice.

AT LARGE *

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

VII.

KELMSCOTT AND* WILLIAM MORRIS



I HAD been at Fairford that still, fresh, April morning, and had enjoyed the sunny little piazza, with its pretty characteristic varieties of pleasant stone-built houses, solid Georgian fronts interspersed with mulioned gables. But the church! That is a marvellous place; its massive lantern-tower, with solid, softly moulded outlines—for the sandy oolite admits little fineness of detail—all weathered to a beautiful orange-grey tint, has a mild dignity of its own. Inside it is a treasure of mediævalism. The screens, the woodwork, the monuments, all rich, dignified, and spacious. And the glass! Next to King's College Chapel, I suppose, it is the noblest series of windows in England, and the colour of it is incomparable. Azure and crimson, green and damask, yet all with a firm economy of effect, the robes of the saints set and imbedded in a fine intricacy of white tabernacle-work. As to the design, I hardly knew whether to smile or weep. The splendid, ugly faces of the saints,

depicted, whether designedly or artlessly I cannot guess, as men of simple passions and homely experience, moved me greatly, so unlike the mild, polite, porcelain visages of even the best modern glass. But the windows are as thick with demons as a hive with bees; and oh! the irresponsible levity displayed in these merry, grotesque, long-nosed creatures, some flame-coloured and long-tailed, some green and scaly, some plated like the armadillo, all going about their merciless work with infinite gusto and glee! Here one picked at the white breast of a languid, tortured woman who lay bathed in flame; one with a glowing hook thrust a lamentable big-paunched wretch down into a bath of molten liquor; one with pleased intentness turned the handle of a churn, from the top of which protruded the head of a fair-haired boy, all distorted with pain and terror. What could have been in the mind of the designer of these hateful scenes? It is impossible to acquit him of a strong sense of the humorous. Did he believe that such things were actually in progress in some infernal cavern, seven times heated? I fear it may

have been so. And what of the effect upon the minds of the village folk who saw them day by day? It would have depressed, one would think, an imaginative girl or boy into madness, to dream of such things as being countenanced by God for the heathen and the unbaptised as well as for the cruel and sinful. If the vile work had been represented as being done by cloudy, sombre, relentless creatures, it would have been more tolerable. But these fantastic imps, as lively as grigs and full to the brim of wicked laughter, are certainly enjoying themselves with an extremity of delight of which no trace is to be seen in the mournful and heavily lined faces of the faithful. *Autres temps, autres mœurs!* Perhaps the simple, coarse mental palates of the village folk were none the worse for this realistic treatment of sin. One wonders what the saintly and refined Keble, who spent many years of his life as his father's curate here, thought of it all. Probably his submissive and deferential mind accepted it as in some ecclesiastical sense symbolical of the merciless hatred of God for the desperate corruption of humanity. It gave me little pleasure to connect the personality of Keble with the place, patient, sweet-natured, mystical, serviceable as he was. It seems hard to breathe in the austere air of a mind like Keble's, where the wind of the spirit blows chill down the narrow path, fenced in by the high, uncompromising walls of ecclesiastical tradition on the one hand and stern Puritanism on the other. An artificial type, one is tempted to say!—and yet one ought never, I suppose, so to describe any flower that has blossomed fragrantly upon the human stock; any system that seems to extend a natural and instinctive appeal to certain definite classes of human temperament.

I sped pleasantly enough along the low, rich pastures, thick with hedgerow elms, to Lechlade, another pretty town with an infinite variety of habitations. Here again is a fine ancient church with a comely spire, "a pretty

pyramid of stone," as the old Itinerary says, overlooking a charming gabled house, among walled and terraced gardens, with stone balls on the corner-posts and a quaint pavilion, the river running below; and so on to a bridge over the yet slender Thames, where the river water spouted clear and fragrant into a wide pool; and across the flat meadows, bright with kingcups, the spire of Lechlade towered over the clustered house-roofs to the west.

Then further still by a lonely ill-laid road. And thus, with a mind pleasantly attuned to beauty and a quickening pulse, I drew near to Kelmscott. The great alluvial flat, broadening on either hand, with low wooded heights, "not ill-designed," as Morris said, to the south. Then came a winding cross-track, and presently I drew near to a straggling village, every house of which had some charm and quality of style, with here and there a high gabled dovecot, and its wooden cupola, standing up among solid barns and stacks. Here was a tiny and inconspicuous church, with a small stone belfry; and then the road pushed on, to die away among the fields. But there, at the very end of the village, stood the house of which we were in search; and it was with a touch of awe, with a quickening heart, that I drew near to a place of such sweet and gracious memories, a place so dear to more than one of the heroes of art.

One comes to the goal of an artistic pilgrimage with a certain sacred terror; either the place is disappointing, or it is utterly unlike what one anticipates. I knew Kelmscott so well from Rossetti's letters, from Morris's own splendid and loving description, from pictures, from the tales of other pilgrims, that I felt I could not be disappointed; and I was not. It was not only just like what I had pictured it to be, but it had a delicate and natural grace of its own as well. The house was larger and more beautiful, the garden smaller and not less beautiful, than I had imagined. I had not thought it was so shy, so rustic a

place. It is very difficult to get any clear view of the house. By the road are cottages, and a big building, half storehouse, half wheelwright's shop, to serve the homely needs of the farm. Through the open door one could see a bench with tools; and planks, staves, spokes, waggon-tilts, faggots, were all stacked in a pleasant confusion. Then came a walled kitchen-garden, with some big shrubs, bay and laurestinus, rising plumply within; beyond which the grey house, spread thin with plaster, held up its gables and chimneys over a stone-tiled roof. To the left, big barns and byres—a farm-man leading in a young bull with a pole at the nose-ring; beyond that, open fields, with a dyke and a flood-wall of earth, grown over with nettles, withered sedges in the watercourse, and elms in which the rooks were clamorously building. We met with the ready, simple Berkshire courtesy; we were referred to a gardener who was in charge. To speak with him, we walked round to the other side of the house, to an open space of grass, where the fowls picked merrily, and the old farm-lumber, broken coops, disused ploughs, lay comfortably about. "How I love tidiness!" wrote Morris once. Yet I did not feel that he would have done other than love all this natural and simple litter of the busy farmstead.

Here the venerable house appeared more stately still. Through an open door in a wall we caught a sight of the old standards of an orchard, and borders with the spikes of spring-flowers pushing through the mould. The gardener was digging in the gravelly soil. He received us with a grave and kindly air; but when we asked if we could look into the house, he said, with a sturdy faithfulness, that his orders were that no one should see it, and continued his digging without heeding us further.

Somewhat abashed we retraced our steps; we got one glimpse of the fine indented front, with its shapely wings and projections. I should like to have seen the great parlour, and the tapestry-room with the story of Sam-

son that bothered Rossetti so over his work. I should like to have seen the big oak bed, with its hangings embroidered with one of Morris's sweetest lyrics:

The wind's on the wold,
And the night is a-cold.

I should like to have seen the tapestry-room, and the room where Morris, who so frankly relished the healthy savour of meat and drink, ate his joyful meals, and the peacock yew-tree that he found in his days of failing strength too hard a task to clip. I should like to have seen all this, I say; and yet I am not sure that tables and chairs, upholsteries and pictures, would not have come in between me and the sacred spirit of the place.

So I turned to the church. Plain and homely as its exterior is, inside it is touched with the true mediæval spirit, like the "old felbe chapel" of the "Mort d'Arthur." Its bare walls, its half-obliterated frescoes, its sturdy pillars, gave it an ancient, simple air. But I did not, to my grief, see the grave of Morris, though I saw, in fancy the coffin brought from Lechlade in the bright farm-waggon, on that day of pitiless rain. For there was going on in the churchyard the only thing I saw that day that seemed to me to strike a false note: a silly posing of village girls, self-conscious and overdressed, before the camera of a photographer—a playing at æsthetics, bringing into the village life a touch of unwholesome vanity and the vulgar affectation of the world. That is the ugly shadow of fame; it makes conventional people curious about the details of a great man's life and surroundings, without initiating them into any sympathy with his ideals and motives. The price that the real worshippers pay for their inspiration is the slaving idolatry of the unintelligent; and I withdrew in a mournful wonder from the place, wishing I could set an invisible fence round the scene, a fence which none should pass but the few who had the secret and the key in their hearts.

And here, for the pleasure of copy-

ing the sweet words, let me transcribe a few sentences from Morris's own description of the house itself:

A house that I love with a reasonable love, I think; for though my words may give you no idea of any special charm about it, yet I assure you that the charm is there; so much has the old house grown up out of the soil and the lives of those that lived on it: some thin thread of tradition, a half-anxious sense of the delight of meadow and acre and wood and river; a certain amount (not too much, let us hope) of common-sense, a liking for making materials serve one's turn, and perhaps at bottom some little grain of sentiment—this, I think was what went to the making of the old house.

And again:

My feet moved along the road they knew. The raised way led us into a little field, bounded by a backwater of the river on one side; on the right hand we could see a cluster of small houses and barns, and before us a grey stone barn and a wall partly overgrown with ivy, over which a few grey gables showed. The village road ended in the shallow of the backwater. We crossed the road, and my hand raised the latch of a door in the wall, and we stood presently on a stone path which led up to the old house. The garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious superabundance of small well-tended gardens which at first sight takes away all thought save that of beauty. The blackbirds were singing their loudest, the doves were cooing on the roof-ridge, the rooks in the high elm-trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves, and the swifts wheeled whirring about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer.

O me! O me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it—as this has done! The earth and the growth of it and the life of it! If I could but say or show how I love it!

The pure lyrical beauty of this passage makes one out of conceit with one's own clumsy sentences. But still, I will say how all that afternoon, among

the quiet fields, with the white clouds rolling up over the lip of the wolds, I was haunted with the thought of that burly figure: the great head with its curly hair and beard; the eyes that seemed so guarded and unobservant, and that yet saw and noted every smallest detail; the big clumsy hands, apt for such delicacy of work; to see him in his rough blue suit, his easy rolling gait, wandering about, stooping to look at the flowers in the beds, or glancing up at the sky, or sauntering off to fish in the stream, or writing swiftly in the parlour, or working at his loom; so bluff, so kindly, so blunt in address, so unaffected, loving all that he saw, the tide of full-blooded and restless life running so vigorously in his veins; or, further back, Rossetti, with his wide eyes, half-bright, half-languorous, pale, haunted with impossible dreams, pacing, rapt in feverish thought, through the lonely fields. The ghosts of heroes! And whether it was that my own memories and affections and visions stirred my brain, or that some tide of the spirit still sets from the undiscovered shores to the scenes of life and love, I know not, but the place seemed thronged with unseen presences and viewless mysteries of hope. Doubtless, loving as we do the precise forms of earthly beauty, the wide green pastures, the tender grace of age on gable and wall, the springing of sweet flowers, the clear gush of the stream, we are really in love with some deeper and holier thing; yet even about the symbols themselves there lingers a consecrating power; and that influence was present with me to-day, as I went homewards in the westering light, with the shadows of house and tree lengthening across the grass in the still afternoon.

Heroes, I said? Well, I will not here speak of Rossetti, though his impassioned heart and wayward dreams were made holy, I think, through suffering: he has purged his fault. But I cannot deny the name of hero to Morris. Let us put into words what was happening to him at the very time at which he had made this sweet

place his home. He had already done as much in those early years as many men do in a lifetime. He had written great poems, he had loved and wedded, he had made abundant friends, his wealth was growing fast; he loved every detail of his work, designing, weaving, dyeing; he had a band of devoted workers and craftsmen under him. He could defy the world; he cared nothing at all for society or honours. He had magnificent vitality, a physique which afforded him every kind of wholesome momentary enjoyment.

In the middle of all this happy activity a cloud came over his mind, blotting out the sunshine. Partly, perhaps, private sorrows had something to do with it; partly, perhaps, a weakening of physical fibre, after a life of enormous productivity and restless energy, made itself felt. But these were only incidental causes. What began to weigh upon him was the thought of all the toiling thousands of humanity, whose lives of labour precluded them from the enjoyment of all or nearly all of the beautiful things that were to him the very essence of life; and, what was worse still, he perceived that the very faculty of higher enjoyment was lacking, the instinct for beauty having been atrophied and almost eradicated by sad inheritance. He saw that not only did the workers not feel the joyful love of art and natural beauty, but that they could not have enjoyed such pleasures, even if they were to be brought near to them; and then came the further and darker thought, that modern art was, after all, a hollow and a soulless thing. He saw round him beautiful old houses like his own, old churches which spoke of a high natural instinct for fineness of form and detail. These things seemed to stand for a widespread and lively joy in simple beauty which seemed to have vanished out of the world. In ancient times it was natural to the old builders if they had, say, a barn to build, to make it strong and seemly and graceful; to buttress it with stone, to bestow care and thought upon coign and window-

ledge and dripstone, to prop the roof on firm and shapely beams, and to cover it with honest stone tiles, each one of which had an individuality of its own. But now he saw that if people built naturally, they ran up flimsy walls of brick, tied them together with iron rods, and put a curved roof of galvanised iron on the top. It was bad enough that it should be built so, but what was worse still was that no one saw or heeded the difference; they thought the new style was more convenient, and the question of beauty never entered their minds at all. They remorselessly pulled down, or patched meanly and sordidly, the old work. And thus he began to feel that modern art was an essentially artificial thing, a luxury existing for a few leisurely people, and no longer based on a deep universal instinct. He thought that art was wounded to death by competition and hurry and vulgarity and materialism, and that it must die down altogether before a sweet natural product could arise from the stump.

Then, too, Morris was not an individualist; he cared, one may think, about things more than people. A friend of his once complained that, if he were to die, Morris would no doubt grieve for him and even miss him, but that it would make no gap in his life, nor interrupt his energy of work. He cared for movements, for classes, for groups of men, more than he cared for persons. And thus the idea came to him, in a mournful year of reflection, that it was not only a mistake, but of the nature of sin, to isolate himself in a little Paradise of art of his own making, and to allow the great noisy, ugly, bewildered world to go on its way. It was a noble grief. The thought of the bare, uncheered, hopeless lives of the poor came to weigh on him like an obsession, and he began to turn over in his mind what he could do to unravel the knotted skein.

"I am rather in a discouraged mood," he wrote on New Year's Day, 1880, "and the whole thing seems almost too tangled to see

through and too heavy to move." And again:

I have of late been somewhat melancholy (rather too strong a word, but I don't know another); not so much so as not to enjoy life in a way, but just so much as a man of middle age who has met with rubs (though less than his share of them) may sometimes be allowed to be. When one is just so much subdued one is apt to turn more specially from thinking of one's own affairs to more worthy matters; and my mind is very full of the great change which I hope is slowly coming over the world.

And so he plunged into Socialism. He gave up his poetry and much of his congenial work. He attended meetings and committees; he wrote leaflets and pamphlets; he lavished money; he took to giving lectures and addresses; he exposed himself to misunderstandings and insults. He spoke in rain at street corners to indifferent loungers; he pushed a little cart about the squares selling Socialist literature; he had collisions with the police; he was summoned before magistrates: the "poetic upholsterer," as he was called, became an object of bewildered contempt to friends and foes alike. The work was not congenial to him, but he did it well, developing infinite tolerance and good-humour, and even tactfulness, in his relations with other men. The exposure to the weather, the strain, the neglect of his own physical needs, brought on, undoubtedly, the illness of which he eventually died; and worst of all was the growing shadow of discouragement, which made him gradually aware that the times were not ripe, and that even if the people could seize the power they desired, they could not use it. He became aware that the worker's idea of rising in the social scale was not the idea of gaining security, leisure, independence, and love of honest work, but the hope of migrating to the middle class, and becoming a capitalist on a small scale. That was the last thing that Morris desired. Most of all he felt the charge of inconsistency that was dinned into his ears. It was held ridiculous that

a wealthy capitalist and a large employer of labour, living, if not in luxury, at least in considerable stateliness, should profess Socialistic ideas without attempting to disencumber himself of his wealth. He wrote in answer to a loving remonstrance:

You see, my dear, I can't help it. The ideas which have taken hold of me will not let me rest; nor can I see anything else worth thinking of. How can it be otherwise, when to me society, which to many seems an orderly arrangement for allowing decent people to get through their lives creditably and with some pleasure, seems mere cannibalism; nay, worse (for there ought to be hope in that), is grown so corrupt, so steeped in hypocrisy and lies, that one turns from one stratum of it to another with hopeless loathing. . . . Meantime, what a little ruffles me is this, that if I do a little fail in my duty some of my friends will praise me for failing instead of blaming me.

And then at last, after every sordid circumstance of intrigue and squabble and jealousy, one after another of the organisations he joined broke down. Half gratefully and half mournfully he disengaged himself, not because he did not believe in his principles, but because he saw that the difficulties were insuperable. He came back to the old life; he flung himself with renewed ardour into art and craftsmanship. He began to write the beautiful and romantic prose tales, with their enchanting titles, which are, perhaps, his most characteristic work. He learnt by slow degrees that a clean sweep of an evil system cannot be made in a period or a lifetime by an individual, however serious or strenuous he may be; he began to perceive that, if society is to put ideas in practice, the ideas must first be there, clearly defined and widely apprehended; and that it is useless to urge men to a life of which they have no conception and for which they have no desire. He had always held it to be a sacred duty for people to live, if possible, in whatever simplicity, among beautiful things; and it may be said that no one man in one

generation has ever effected so much in this direction. He has, indeed, leavened and educated taste; he has destroyed a vile and hypocritical tradition of domestic art; by his writings he has opened a door for countless minds into a remote and fragrant region of unspoilt romance; and, more still than this, he remains an example of one who made a great and triumphant resignation of all that he held most dear, for the sake of doing what he thought to be right. He was not an ascetic, giving up what is half an incumbrance and half a terror; nor was he naturally a melancholy and detached person; but he gave up work which he loved passionately, and a life which he lived in a full-blooded, generous way, that he might try to share his blessings with others, out of a supreme pity for those less richly endowed than himself.

How, then, should not this corner of the world, which he loved so dearly, speak to the spirit with a voice and an accent far louder and more urgent than its own tranquil habit of sunny peace and green-shaded sweetness! "You know my faith," wrote Morris from Kelmscott in a bewildered hour, "and how I feel I have no sort of right to revenge myself for any of my private troubles on the kind earth; and here I feel her kindness very specially, and am bound not to meet it with a long face." Noble and high-hearted words! for he of all men seemed made by nature to enjoy security and beauty and the joys of living, if ever man was so made. His very lack of personal sensitiveness, his unaptness to be moved by the pathetic appeal of the individual, might have been made a shield for his own peace; but he laid that shield down, and bared his breast to the sharp arrows; and in his noble madness to redress the wrongs of the world he was, perhaps, more like one of his great generous knights than he himself ever suspected.

This, then, I think is the reason why this place—a grey grange at the end of a country lane, among water meadows—has so ample a call for the

spirit. A place of which Morris wrote: "The scale of everything of the smallest, but so sweet, so unusual even; it was like the background of an innocent fairy-story." Yes, it might have been that! Many of the simplest and quietest of lives had been lived there, no doubt, before Morris came that way. But with him came a realisation of its virtues, a perception that in its smallness and sweetness it yet held imprisoned, like the gem that sits on the smallest finger of a hand, an ocean of light and color. The two things that lend strength to life are, in the first place, an appreciation of its quality, a perception of its intense and awful significance—the thought that we here hold in our hands, if we could but piece it all together, the elements and portions of a mighty, an overwhelming problem. The fragments of that mighty mystery are sorrow, sin, suffering, joy, hope, life, death. Things of their nature sharply opposed, and yet that are, doubtless, somehow and somewhere, united and composed and reconciled. It is at this sad point that many men and most artists stop short. They see what they love and desire; they emphasise this and rest upon it; and when the surge of suffering buffets them away, they drown, bewildered, struggling for breath, complaining.

But for the true man it is otherwise. He is penetrated with the desire that all should share his joy and be emboldened by it. It casts a cold shadow over the sunshine, it mars the scent of the roses, it wails across the cooing of the doves—the sense that others suffer and toil unhelped; and still more grievous to him is the thought that, were these duller natures set free from the galling yoke, their mirth would be evil and hideous, they would have no inkling of the sweeter and the purer joy. And then, if he be wise, he tries his hardest, in slow and wearied hours, to comfort, to interpret, to explain; in much heaviness and dejection he labours, while all the time, though he knows it not, the sweet ripple of his thoughts spreads across the stagnant pool. He may

be flouted, contemned, insulted, but he heeds it not; while all the strands of the great mystery, dark and bright alike, work themselves, delicately and surely, into the picture of his life, and the picture of other lives as well. Larger and richer grows the great design, till it is set in some wide hall or corridor of the House of Life; and the figure of the toil-worn knight, with armour dented and brow dimmed with dust and sweat, kneeling at the shrine, makes the very silence of the place beautiful; while those that go

to and fro rejoice, not in the suffering and weariness, not in the worn face and the thin, sun-browned hands, but in the thought that he loved all things well; that his joy was pure and high, that his clear eyes pierced the dull mist that wreathed cold field and dripping wood, and that, when he sank, out-worn and languid after the day's long toil, the jocund trumpets broke out from the high-walled town in a triumphant concert, because he had done worthily, and should now see greater things than these.

The subject of Mr. Benson's February essay will be "The Dramatic Sense."

THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

ITS DESIGN, ITS ARRANGEMENT AND ITS DECORATION

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

IV

SALONS AND DRAWING-ROOMS



NO one attempting a discussion of American houses as they are developing around us to-day, must inevitably, as the discussion proceeds, become more and more conscious of—even to the point of being hampered by—a certain feeling of reluctance, in regard to approaching at all so delicate a field, one in which the subject-matter, from its very essence, involves questions of encroachment upon private reserves.

The work of the architect presents no such embarrassing issues. His results, so far as their exteriors are concerned, are open-air contributions to the æsthetic progress of his time—public properties, as it were, challenging comment. Even his interior work, if it possess merit, is like every other work of art, and must subject itself to a criticism in which, when final judgments are rendered, no

questions of violating laws of hospitality, and none of respecting affronted dignities, can have weight. It is where the owner's work becomes apparent, that the reviewer's embarrassment begins, and for reasons that are simple enough, since individual idiosyncrasies and predilections, for the greater part, are all that are apparent. But little earnest, conscientious study has been given to the subject; changes of fashion have too rapidly followed upon changes of fortune, and few people have worked with a fixed purpose in the mind. Moreover, we have no women among us of recognized public position, who, like the women of Italy and France, have deliberately gone to work to influence the arts, gathering around them great architects, painters and sculptors, co-operating with them, directing and stimulating them, leaving to posterity results that the world is still admiring and imitating, and which, being of national and artistic importance, were even at that time

legitimate subjects of discussion. The few women who, in our own country have striven to produce the really beautiful in domestic architecture, for its own sake, are private individuals fighting against great odds even in the way of a neighborly appreciation and often at war with their architects—men who, after a few years' study in some foreign school, have come back thinking that they "knew it all," but who have not known enough to recognize to what an extent travel and observation may have equipped the amateur to take a leading part where questions of taste and fine detail were concerned.

The influence of these few women, therefore, in spite of all the splendid work they have accomplished, is confined to a limited area. Certainly, none of it has as yet led to such a revival of the arts, as would entitle their work to take rank with that of the great women of old. Most of what they have done, too, as it comes under the jurisdiction of what is called the home, is naturally protected from the inroads of public curiosity. One feels like a housebreaker, who enters to take notes.

In no part of his work, then, does the reviewer experience a greater hesitation in speaking, than when he is called upon to discuss the salons and drawing-rooms of the day—those parts of a house which are set apart for the reception and entertainment of guests, and which should, in the very nature of things, represent the crowning glory of a dwelling-place. For in salons, as any one must recognize, no questions of utility pure and simple should have been compelling, making a justifiable though regrettable excuse for the disregard of the gracious and the beautiful. One recognizes instantly that here is a region where a man or woman must prove other things besides a possession of the domestic virtues. In a salon, indeed, one must give evidence of one's all-round equipment for the place that one holds in the world, prove how well one knows how to carry on the social relations, what

one has to contribute in the way of grace and charm, of fine taste and cultivated instincts, of a love and understanding of the beautiful, not only for one's own delectation, but as a setting, to lend harmony to the intercourse of friends. And this test must hold good, wherever the room set apart for the reception of guests may be, whether in what are called the palaces of the day, or in the smallest cottages or flats.

In the parlor, or salon, or drawing-room, or whatever it may be called, one finds, then, the real man or woman, and knows without further question, just what their qualifications may be, how much *savoir faire* they may possess, how much ease, how delicate an appreciation for the subtler requirements, how much self-control, how great a regard for all that goes to the making of social relations what they should be—a fine art.

And since a salon must and does stand for all this, in it lie most of the difficulties encountered in the discussion of particular houses. For it is not enough merely to bring together one's finest possessions. Selections must be made, and the same fine harmonies observed, as in the seating of guests about a table. Yet this is a requirement usually disregarded. Men or women who have begun to travel and amass are unable to resist the temptation to display their purchases, lucky finds or brilliant discoveries. Very few have the self-control of the man who, having purchased a wonderful old stone fireplace, kept it in a storehouse for fifteen years, until he could build a room where it might be at home. Thus there are drawing-rooms in which one is called upon to stumble over mediæval strong boxes set out by tables—trunks, really, which ought to be in a hall upstairs. One sees, too, Jacobean bedsteads, obviously intended for sleeping apartments or boudoirs, pulled into place by reading lamps; columns set up where they support nothing; weather-stained statues which should be in a garden among the rose-trees, but

are here drawn up by satin-covered chairs. Yet to these drawing-rooms much printed space has been given. Drawing-rooms! They are show rooms for unthinking collectors. And a French writer, not long since, counted thirty-three stag's-heads on the walls of one of our show country places, a house hung with wonderful Beauvais tapestry, and made splendid with furniture entitled to places in great museums. One such head might have suggested a compliment to the stag, or the prowess of the hunter, but with thirty-three one feels that even a stag might have turned. It reminds one of the story of some woman who bought, outright, twenty-six water-colors from a well-known English artist, to furnish the bedrooms of her country house. None of the stags here mentioned, by the way, had been shot by the owner of the house, nor yet by his friends, nor yet on his land; nor were they in a room set out with guns and other implements of the chase, but over the bookcases in the library. I have seen beautiful old stone carved tables, set out with silly little lamps having fringed silk shades; and this beside genuine Louis Quatorze chairs, exquisitely gilded and carved; and covered with an embossed velvet of the time—chairs so compelling in their magnificence, that the business of any fortunate possessor should have been to search without ceasing, as some do, until the proper accompaniments in the way of lamps should be found. One cannot help feeling that the possession of beautiful things entails great responsibility in their treatment. Nor can respect be withheld from the women who pay it.

One is most struck, indeed, by the unsuspected limitations of those occupying enviable positions, the mental awkwardness of those who do not know how to live with the rare objects around them, people who know how to be comfortable upstairs, perhaps, but can never quite learn the secret of being gracious on the parlor floor. And sometimes it would seem that, as a people, we need to be educated to the full meaning of

salons. One does not have to be very old to remember a time when the very idea of a room obviously arranged for the reception of visitors, was preached against and ridiculed, the real compliment to the guest being then declared to be a welcome to the more intimate side of family life, where father had just been reading, perhaps, or mother sewing. The disciples of that creed used to make it a rule to leave in their drawing-rooms evidences of a polite occupation. Crewels being then the fashion, strands of them were generally visible, laid out on a table as if just abandoned by fair fingers. And even now there are people who object to the idea of designating any room as a salon, who will have music rooms, libraries, west rooms and east rooms, but who refuse to designate any one of them as places where conversation with the visitor can be carried on. They think such places too formal, not easily enough adapted to fun and pleasure, everybody in these days being too tired to talk, and everybody wanting to be amused.

The question of what particular character a salon shall assume, or how it shall be furnished, can only be decided when the question of what the rest of the house is to stand for has been settled, what the nature of its hospitality is to be, and on how large a scale that hospitality is to be carried on. One must know whether it is to be used for formal entertainments and gay diversions, for intimate talks over the teacup, or for intellectual diversions of a broader kind. Yet whatever the character, and however magnificent the scale, no salon, it seems to me, can be pronounced altogether satisfactory, which ignores the one supreme note of graciousness. It must look not only as if it were ready to receive you, but as if when doing so it meant to put you at your best, as would the tactful hostess herself. "How becoming this room is to everyone in it," I heard some dinner guests saying, not long since. And indeed the

room was a beautiful frame for beautiful women and distinguished men.

This particular room is pure Louis Quinze—a white woodwork of charming tone, panelled in mirrors, and covered with a *boiserie* in gold, marvellously executed and so alluring in design that its lines delight the eye as music delights the ear. These walls are genuine, not copies, and of a richness and beauty not easy to describe. Everything in the room is genuine and old, indeed, except the bordered carpet (one of a soft gray, specially manufactured for it) and the flowered silk curtains (also specially woven). And when I say specially woven, I mean that not only was the order given, but that every single strand of silk has been selected with care, lived with for some time, and a sample made, so that just the right tones, and only they, should appear. The model itself, of course, was of the period. And it is in just such care as this, which some few of the elect are willing to bestow, in the creation of their surroundings, which go to make those few interiors that can be counted as real contributions to their time. The furniture of the room consists necessarily of consols, drawers and tables, belonging to the time and unencumbered with the superfluous, a few pieces of Sèvres and other rare porcelaines alone being allowed upon them. On the mantles are the clocks and candelabra of the period; in the fireplaces, the *chenets* belonging to the same epoch. The chairs and sofas are of tapestry, and in reality belong to the history of their day. Not a book is visible, books not belonging here.

Now a room of this kind could be so formal as to be uninviting. It is in the arrangement of its various appointments that its feeling of graciousness is to be found—its grouping of chairs, its arrangement of tables always set out with rare flowers, its choice and distribution of lights—a point too often neglected. Everything helps the picture, as it were. People appear, and quite naturally, as part of a delightful composition.

Nothing is obvious, and yet the whole effect is to bring out the best in everyone, to give women the same sense of ease which Emerson said some women felt with well-fitted backs to their dresses.

It were foolish to urge the stupid claim that with such wealth of fine appointments, this note of graciousness to a guest is necessarily made easy; that with money anyone can do anything, and should certainly know how to make even one's guests look well. The ability to do so, is a gift, however, quite independent of accessories, and can be as well exercised in modest interiors, as in those whose beauties have just been described. Indeed, there are small parlors, having no right to be mentioned among these, in which the same study of graciousness to a guest has been made; where with lights and mirrors, massing of flowers and grouping of furniture, the sense of the becoming though never too obvious composition has been made, so that each person is made part of a lovely picture.

The severer and more classic lines of the Louis Sixteenth period enter into the construction of another salon, panelled in white wood, its gilded *boiserie* being of unusual grace. A superb crystal lustre of half a hundred candles hangs in this room, while the appliqué against the walls are like the tapestry furniture just referred to—objects that have long since found their way into history. In this room, again, there are no distracting superfluities, no books, no little and uncomfortable things, no obvious touches of intimacy, no grouping together on small tables of meaningless silver ornaments, no photographs of modern beauties, or favorite grandchildren. These, with the books, are all upstairs. Yet in this room the guest is made at once to feel at ease, its beautiful tapestry furniture lending itself to the graceful, the amenable, the reposeful. No one who enters here feels in a hurry to depart—the conviction of the woman back of it all is too strong.

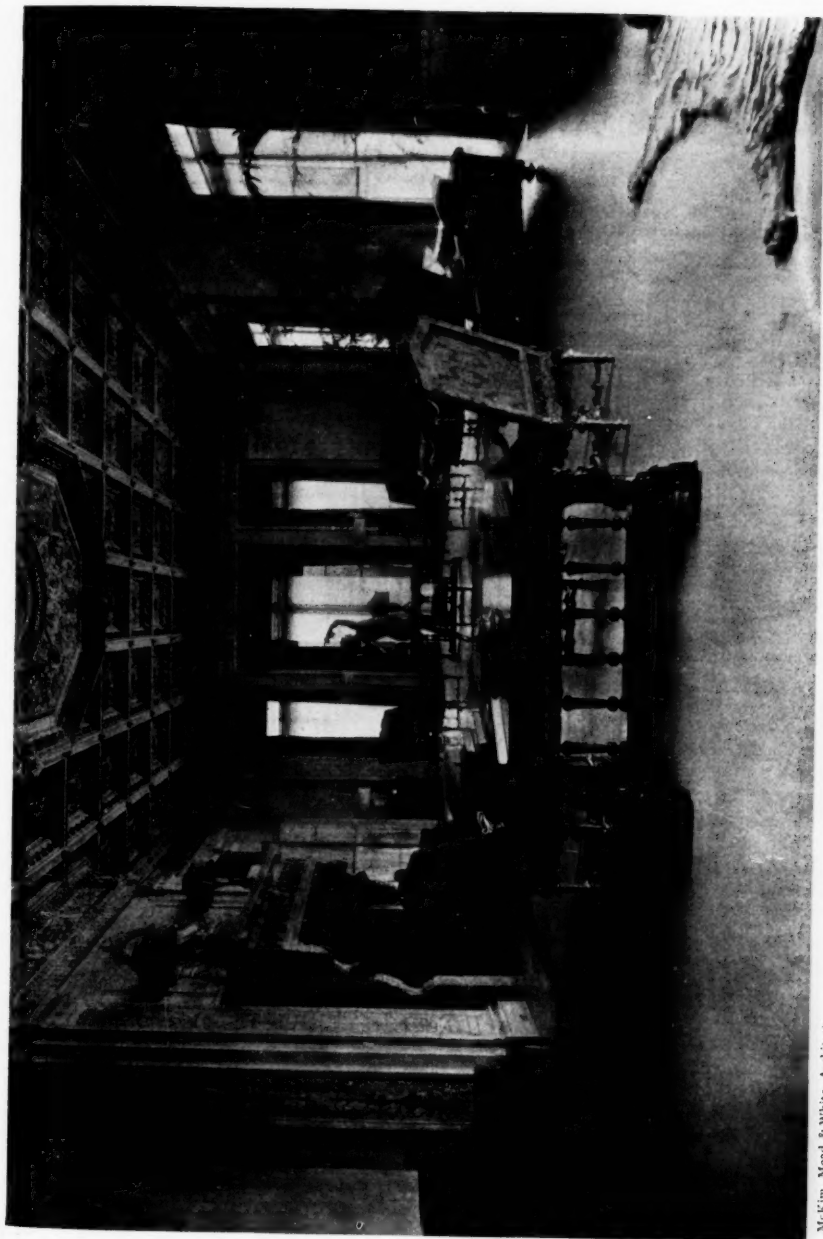
One feels the same sense of graciousness in another drawing-room, which follows no period, yet in which everything is old and interesting, and each thing of beauty in itself. The room is of superb proportions, with huge carved stone fireplaces at either end. Opposite the wide stone entrance framed and hung in embossed velvets of marvellous tone, is a bay-window over twenty feet wide, backed with growing plants set down on the floor, a composition of perennial joy. The ceiling is old Venetian, its panels filled with paintings. The walls are hung with tapestries in which the colors glow. Everything in the room is of large and generous proportions, rich in color and texture. The sofas are ample, the chairs, with their richly carved frames and covered with velvet and silk, make superb settings for the figure. The tables are broad and beautifully carved. The chess tables are ample, and the pieces set out on them are objects of beauty. Rare and beautiful things, indeed, are everywhere, yet never obtruded. Nothing is overdone, nor placed where it might interfere with the supreme motive of it all—comfort and warmth, but comfort and warmth that come from a choice of color, tactful consideration, from the eye being constantly fed and satisfied, and above all the feeling of the human note, the note of the woman who loves it all, and who in loving it has made it a contribution to your life.

For excellence in houses does not involve simply a rigid adherence to style, good as that adherence may be when a style is attempted. It really means an expression of humanity in its higher, broader sense, the feeling of the controlling spirit, the conviction of one's having understood and known the things about her, and who, having believed in them, makes you welcome among them. A strict adherence to style is certainly no less evident in one other lovely salon that I know. There is white in it, and there is gold, and there are superb hangings, beautiful pieces of furniture, exquisite porcelaines, and three panels

of the walls, filled with as many full-length portraits of beautiful young women. Some people call it a French room, but nobody has ever been able to tell why, nor to settle upon the epoch. And nobody should want to, so lovely is it of its kind, so adapted to all that goes to make lovely the gentle amenities of life. I went in there one snowy afternoon, and found an old lady pouring tea, and all at once and for the first time I felt that old ladies ought always to be pouring tea in just such rooms as this. Suddenly, too, as I think it always should, the keenness for details dropped away, only the atmosphere of something rare and choice remaining, an atmosphere made vibrant by cultivated sympathies. From all of which it can be seen, that the charm of each salon just described really means the charm of the women who have created them.

There, are, of course, salons which the architect has given us, so beautiful in themselves that, even without furniture, one sits down and loses one's self in a sense of beauty and proportion, as the favored few must, who are admitted to certain rooms, for instance, at Versailles. Happily, too, there are some such rooms in our country, although too often they are destroyed by the colors introduced. For an exercise of the color sense is necessary in all decoration, and without it the most generous of intentions must fail. When one finds it, one thrills, and instinctively yields a homage. This color sense is, however, rare. Some women, under the guidance of their decorators begin well, and then forget! Little things prove too tempting, odd sofa cushions, a bit of rare silk, on a table, a lampshade just out of key, a piece of porcelaine that quarrels with its neighbor, blue greens and yellow greens side by side; reds that run in two different directions at once; and then—though they never can tell why—the charm of the salon has fled.

There is one salon which I like to remember when thinking of what



McKim, Mead & White, Architects.



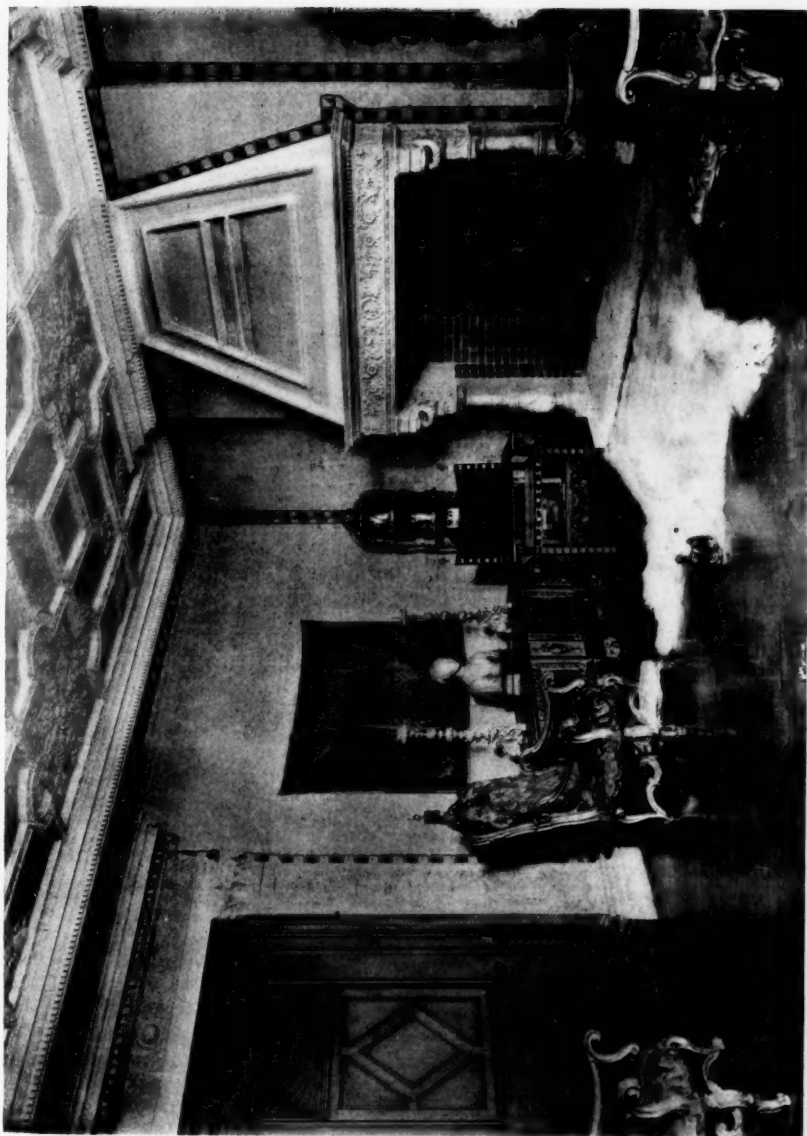
McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

BALLROOM IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE W. C. WHITNEY, NEW YORK CITY.

color may be. The room belongs to a country house and is made entirely of grey stone—walls, floor and ceiling, a grey stone soft and reposeful in tone. The fireplace and some of the panels are carved, as well as the door frames. Over the mantle there is a niche holding a bust of Voltaire. No other decorations are seen. The floors are covered with rugs and bear-skins. The note of color comes in with the green velvet brocade which covers the superb Louis Quatorze chairs and sofas, and which hangs again at the windows. The combination of the greys and greens are with the note of yellow from the gilding irresistibly lovely, like that which lends such subtle charm to the purple greys of French beech-tree trunks, with their delicate mantlings of green.

And there is still another salon, also in a country house, where the color has a refinement and charm so rare that one becomes lost in

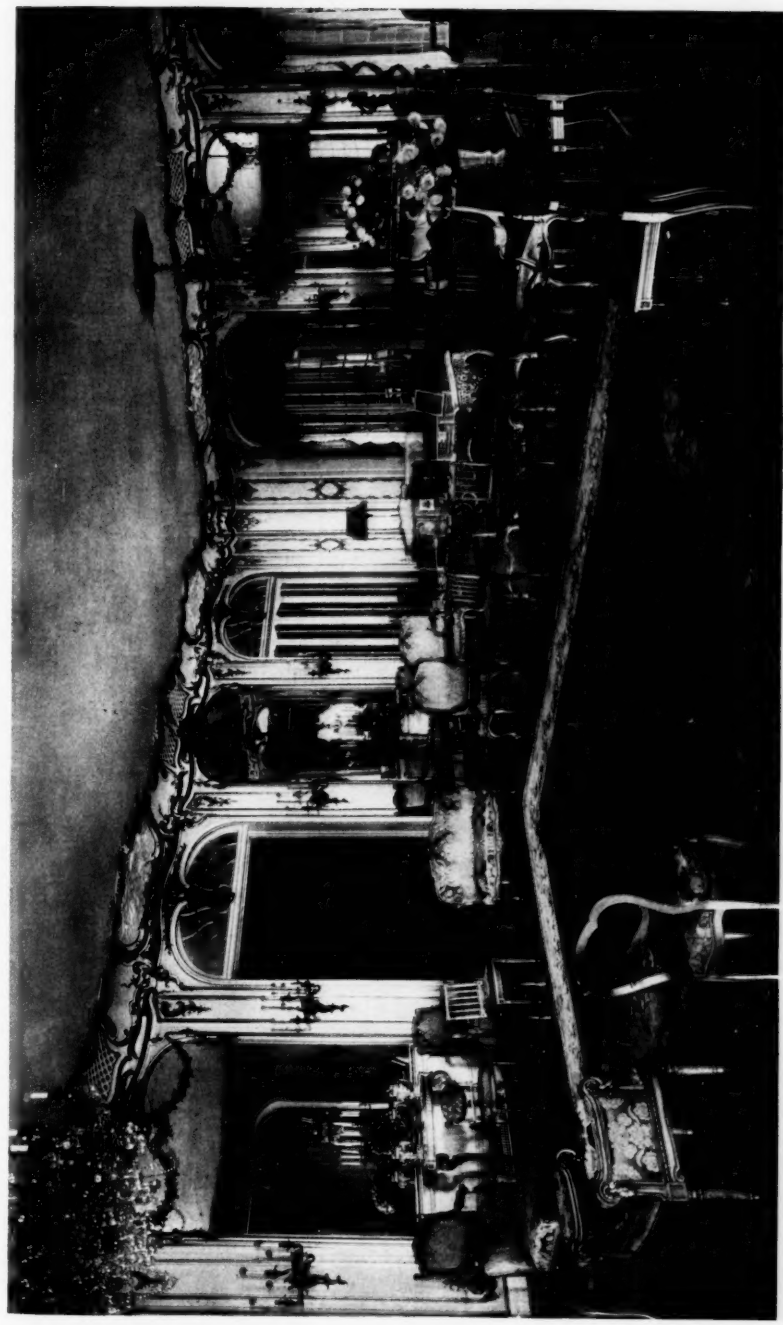
satisfaction. The room overlooks a terraced garden in which fountains play in the sunlight. Beyond these stretches a beautiful country, a broad silver band of a river, with the green of mountains beyond, extending for miles and miles till their distant summits become purple. One wants in such a room the repose of something tender and soft, and that is just what has been given. Here, then, are soft silver greys and golds, broken with touches of blue. The floor of the room is of oak. The Renaissance fireplace and door frame are of soft grey carved stone. The ceiling is grey and gold. The walls are covered with a delicate grey-toned silk brocatelle, fastened round the edges with a dull gold braid. Quaint and soft-toned ancient tapestries hang on the walls, framed with carved gilded wood. The curtains are of velvet, ashes of silver they seem in one light, ashes of roses in another, so delicate are the lights upon them, but a soft



T. Henry Randall, Architect.



Donn Barber, Architect



Photograph by Alman, New York

DRAWING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR, NEWPORT, R. I.



Carère & Hastings, Architects

456

DRAWING-ROOM OF A HOUSE AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Photograph by Baker, New York



457 DRAWING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE MR. AUGUST BELMONT, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF MR. PERRY BELMONT, NEWPORT, R. I.

Photograph by Baker, New York



McKim, Mead & White, Architects

DRAWING-ROOM IN THE TOWN HOUSE OF MR. H. W. POOR, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY

café au lait in reality. A blue braid binds these, and blue appears again on the sofa cushions, on table mats and in the tapestry. Thus blue and gold, which makes everywhere a charming combination, appears here, but so softened, so kindly chosen, that one gets all the sentiments of the past, even where a modern stuff, like that of the *portière*, has been introduced over the carved oak door.

Some splendid effects are produced in these days by the use in salons of marble or wooden columns introduced about the doorways. One sees them in many of the important salons giving distinction to entrances. Even when they make no architectural pretence of supporting a framework, they are, when low enough, often placed on either side of a portal, and made to hold large church candlesticks or other important pieces having artistic value. Tapestries and velvets, satins and silks of the richest de-

scription are employed as hangings, superb old stuffs to supply which some church or palace has been denuded. Marbles appear in the construction, some that were carved centuries ago, and woods that have taken as many years to tone; ceilings that were once the boast of ancestral homes, and chairs in which kings have sat, thus repeating the history of all revivals in which a love of the artistic prevailed, and when Greece was robbed to furnish Italy, and Italy to embellish France. And these salons with their splendors are found everywhere, distributed throughout the country in unexpected places, forming centres of interest which in a generation to come may be still more widely felt, and perhaps lead to the development of an original art among us. Great dependence indeed has been placed upon these accessories, and not so much upon the creation of rooms which would

stand more or less by themselves as when wood is used exclusively, and the architect has created an interior in which decoration is not so much an accessory as an integral part of the construction.

Of these, happily, we have many interesting examples. Thus there are salons of French walnut with panelled ceilings, the *boiserie* framing panels with exquisitely rounded arches. The hangings are in red or low in tone. Into rooms like these, one can rightly introduce only the very chaste and exquisite, appliqués which are as ob-

servant of beauty of line, tables that suggest a respect for proportions and the material of which they are made. Even the flowers must be carefully chosen, and the vases that hold them, must be beautiful in themselves. And the temptation to dwell upon the consideration paid to these details is almost irresistible, so altogether delightful is the impression made by them, so compelling to one's admiration of the man or woman who has had the courage to respect only the finer necessities and conventions.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF WORDSWORTH

By JAMES GRANT WILSON



THE section of England known as the Lake District occupies portions of the northern counties of Cumberland, Lancaster and Westmoreland, extending over an area the greatest length and breadth of which is not more than thirty-five miles. Lowell happily labelled the entire region "Wordsworthshire." It is perhaps the most compact tourist resort of all Europe, and its picturesque attractions of rugged mountains, verdant valleys, spreading lakes and luxuriant woods, together with its charming literary associations, are unequalled in England and unsurpassed elsewhere. Here are found interesting memorials of Wordsworth (1770-1850), Wilson ("Christopher North"), Southey, Shelley, Ruskin, Mrs. Hemans, Hawthorne, De Quincey, Coleridge and his two sons, with some others

Here also may be seen the graves of Hartley Coleridge, John Ruskin, Robert Southey and William Wordsworth. It is to the master of Rydal Mount, the greatest of the Lake poets and possibly the most profound as well as sublime of modern English poets, whose footsteps I lovingly followed for a memorable fortnight, that this paper is devoted.

No imaginative writer within the range of American and English literature is so identified with locality as Wordsworth, and there is not one among poets the appreciation of whose writings is more aided by an intimate knowledge of the district in which he lived. It is indispensable to all who would know the peculiar charm of a region which may well be called Wordsworthshire, and where it was estimated by De Quincey the poet had walked one hundred and eighty thousand miles! In Wordsworth's own words, it may fairly be characterized as "a national property," of which he beyond all poets effected the literary conveyance to posterity. Of the Lake district he writes: "I do not know any tract of country in which,

On fame's eternal beadroll worthie to be
fyled.



WORDSWORTH'S LODGINGS AT HAWKSHEAD

within so narrow a compass, may be found an equal variety in the influences of light and shadow upon the beautiful features of landscape. Though clustered together, every valley has its distinct and separate character, in some instances as if they had been formed in studied contrast to each other, and in others with the differences and resemblances of a sisterly rivalryship." These Wordsworth interpreted as had never been done before, adding also

the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

The school in the quaint old Westmoreland village of Hawkshead, with its narrow winding streets, to which Wordsworth was sent in his ninth year, was founded, in 1585, by Archbishop Sandys; and, like the adjoining St. Michael's church, of the thirteenth century, it has recently been restored by his descendant Colonel T. Myles Sandys, M.P. In the schoolroom is to be seen, carved on the oak desk, centuries old, the name, now covered with glass, of William Wordsworth, who alludes to the archbishop's school as

The grassy churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village school.

The antique market village, where were
passed
My school days.

Christopher Wordsworth, late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and two other brothers of the poet, were also educated at the Sandys school. Inside the church which Wordsworth attended regularly is a fine altar-tomb with effigies of William and Margaret Sandys, parents of the Archbishop of York. Fortunately Cromwell's army did not pass on the west side of Windermere, or the statues would doubtless have been destroyed. The young poet lived with Anne Tyson for nine years, occupying a front bedroom on the second floor of her cottage, which stands unchanged in what is now called Wordsworth Street. It is reached through a picturesque archway opposite the ancient Lion Inn. Referring to the "old dame so kind and so motherly," the poet writes:

The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like
dew

Upon thy grave, good creature! While
my heart
Can beat, never will I forget thy name.

Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever
found!

At Grasmere may be seen Dove Cottage, but slightly changed from what it was in 1802, when Wordsworth brought his bride there. Mrs. Hemans described it as "a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of flowers. The grounds, laid out in a great measure by the hands of Wordsworth himself, though but of circumscribed dimensions, are so artfully, while seeming to be artlessly, planned as to appear of considerable extent." Among the many allusions to this modest home to be met with in his writings is the little poem called "The Farewell," a favorite with its author and repeated in 1845 to William Cullen Bryant:

Farewell, thou little nook of mountain
ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowliest stair
Of that magnificent Temple which doth
bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur
rare;

Dove Cottage was visited by Coleridge and Charles Lamb, and after Wordsworth's departure occupied by Thomas De Quincey. During the past decade it has been a William Wordsworth museum, where many interesting artistic and manuscript memorials have been collected; also, it is claimed, an almost complete collection of the various American and English editions of his poems. The cottage is in charge of a venerable woman who was acquainted with the poet, and remembers how he used to open the leaves of a new book at the breakfast table, using a knife with which he had just buttered his toast; also, that he was not much thought of by his humble neighbors when living, but merely as the stamp-master.

In the spring of 1811 the poet removed to Grasmere parsonage, where he remained two years, and then departed for Rydal Mount, which was his home for thirty-seven years.



DOVE COTTAGE—GRASMERE



RYDAL MOUNT—WORDSWORTH'S LAST HOME

There are still to be seen many of his books, the cuckoo clock he wrote of and pointed out to Bryant, also Haydon's admirable portrait, which the poet preferred to any other. My diary records that the author of "Thanatopsis," much admired by Wordsworth, described a delightful meeting with the Poet Laureate in the summer of 1845. He found him in the garden of Rydal Mount; later were pointed out to him the beautiful view of Lake Windermere, Rydal Water, the fall of the Rothay, and other noble prospects, including lofty Helvellyn. The American poet also met Mrs. Wordsworth, and before his departure her husband repeated some of his verses, and among them the following lines, of which he presented his visitor a neatly written, signed copy as an autograph, to be carried back across the Atlantic:

Blessings be with them and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler
cares,—
The Poets! who on earth have made us
heirs

Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

The venerable Dr. Cuyler is prob-

ably the only living American who has the remembrance of visiting Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. They walked about together viewing points of interest, and kept up a lively conversation. "The poet," says the preacher, "displayed such a winning familiarity that, in the language of his own poem, we seemed

'A pair of friends, though I was young
And he was seventy-four.' "

The room in which the poet died, which I had the privilege of seeing, remains as it was in April, 1850, and nine years later, when Mrs. Wordsworth passed away under the same roof. It was at Rydal Mount that the poet produced his most important works. The place is still in his family, being at present occupied by his great-granddaughter, who married a gentleman who has changed his name to Wordsworth. Under their direction, the historic house and grounds have succumbed, like everything else in this world, to the inevitable law by which necessary changes and restorations are wrought in all "works of art and man's device." The house stands upon the side of a sloping hill

called Nab Scar, fronting to the south. Beneath it the smoke shows the place of the village of Ambleside, in front the lake of Windermere. Wordsworth's works abound in allusions to Rydal Mount. He refers to "the beauty of the situation, its being backed and flanked by lofty fells, which bring the heavenly bodies to touch, as it were, the earth upon the mountain tops, while the prospect in front lies open to a length of level valley, the extended lake, and a terminating ridge of low hills." As is well known, Wordsworth composed most of his poems under the blue sky. "Nine-tenths of my verses," he remarked, "have been murmured out of doors"; and one of his servants said to a stranger: "The master used to tramp about bumming awa' wi' his poetry." "Well, John, what's the news?" said Hartley Coleridge, one morning, to an old stone-breaker by Rydal Lake. "Why, nowte varry particular, only ald Wudsworth brocken lowce ageean." These mutterings and mouthings of the poet were taken by the poor people as an indication of mental aberration.

Taking the lower road from Rydal to Grasmere, may be seen Nab Cot-

tage, where De Quincey and the Rev. Derwent Coleridge lived, and where Wordsworth was a frequent visitor. Other adjacent residences were those of Dr. Thomas Arnold, Mrs. Hemans, Harriet Martineau and the gifted Hartley Coleridge, who rests by the side of his attached friend the master of Mount Rydal; also the homes of Wilson, Shelley and Southey. Guarding the Elleray Cottage of Christopher North stands the grandest sycamore in England,* but surpassed in size by the Shakespeare sycamore of Dunkeld, Scotland—with the single exception of a gigantic oak, the last survivor of Birnam wood. Strange to say, the present writer found his kinsman John Wilson living more in the remembrance of the inhabitants of the Lake district than Wordsworth. For while the greater poet was reserved and self-centred, a lonely and not adventurous rambler, the professor was a genial, jovial man, who enjoyed boating and fishing, loved boxing and wrestling and could outwalk, outrun and outjump any man in West-

* Wilson wrote of this giant: "Not even in the days of the Druids could there have been another such a tree. It would have been easier to suppose two Shakespeare's." Seated under his sycamore or its companion, a superb yew tree, Wordsworth composed several poems.



LAKE WINDERMERE

moreland, and lived among his fellows. At many a chimney nook of this region Wilson is still remembered by old people, and anecdotes are related of his Elleray days.

A letter now before me, written by John Gibson Lockhart, on the steamer between Dublin and Holyhead, August 17, 1825, reads as follows:

MY DEAR WILSON:

Here we are, alive and hearty, Sir Walter Scott, Anne Scott, and myself, and I write you at the request of the worthy Baronet to say that there has been some sort of negotiation about meeting Mr. Canning at your friend Bolton's. He fears Mr. Canning will be gone ere now, but is resolved to take Windermere *en route*. We shall, therefore, sleep at Lancaster on Friday night, and breakfast at Kendal, Saturday morning. Sir W. leaves it to you to dispose of him for the rest of the day. You can, if Mr. Canning is at Storrs, let Colonel Bolton know the movements of Sir W., and so forth, or you can sport in a dinner yourself; or you can, if there is any inconvenience, order one and beds for us at Admiral Ullock's. We mean to remain over Sunday to visit you at any rate; so do about the Saturday as you like. I believe Sir W. expects to call both on Wordsworth and Southey in going northwards, but I suppose if Canning is with you, they are with you also. Canning in his letter to Scott calls you "Lord High Admiral of the Lakes." . . .

Wordsworth and Wilson were frequent guests at Graythwaite Hall, on the west bank of Lake Windermere, the seat of the Sandys family, since 1178, and Storrs Hall, the residence of Colonel Bolton, on the east bank. The latter is celebrated as the scene of a famous gathering at the date of the Lockhart letter when Sir Walter, George Canning, Wordsworth, Wilson, Southey, Lockhart and Coleridge's two sons were entertained there. They all attended a regatta that was witnessed from a small temple still standing, which juts out into Winder-

mere, and also saw a famous flotilla sail past under the command of Professor Wilson. Sir Walter's party passed three days at Elleray, and during that time he twice saw Wordsworth at Rydal Mount.

In the Grasmere "mother church" of all the adjacent parishes, at least eight centuries old, is a memorial tablet bearing an excellent medallion portrait of the former Laureate, and in the churchyard repose Wordsworth and his family,

Each in his turf-covered grave,

under the shadow of a yew tree, planted by the poet. Earth contains few resting-places more peaceful or more sacred. Of it Matthew Arnold wrote:

Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind, and Byron's force,
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha, with thy living wave!
Sing him thy best! for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

Another admirer who recently visited the spot encircled by green mountains, which Wordsworth selected for his grave, writes:

To lie under the mound on which the shadow of that grey tower falls, seems scarcely like a banishment from life—only a deeper sleep, in a home quieter but not less lovely than those which surround the margin of the lake. Voices of children come up from the village street, with the hum of rustic life. From sunny heights the lowing of the cattle is heard, and the bleat of sheep that pasture on the hill-sides. And by day and night, unceasingly, the Rotha, hurrying past the churchyard wall, mingles the babble of its water with the soft *susurrus* of the breeze that plays among the sheltering sycamores and yews.

LAKE WINDERMERE,
September, 1906.

MY INTERPRETATION OF "LEAR"

By TOMMASO SALVINI

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY DIRCÉ ST. CYR



HAVE no words adequate to express my sense of the beauty of that masterpiece in the logic of passion, the tragedy of "Lear." If in "Macbeth"

it was Shakespeare's purpose to portray the effect of excessive ambition, and in "Hamlet" the power of thought over action, then in "King Lear" he impresses upon us the bitterness of human ingratitude.

The story of King Lear and his three daughters is one of the oldest in English literature. We know from the legend that "Leir" lived eight hundred years before Christ, therefore we may be a little surprised to find the scenes laid in feudal castles and with all the environments of mediæval life.

Of course, a genius like Shakespeare may be pardoned if his works are not always chronologically right and if he borrows names of countries and of people, costumes and titles which often do not exactly accord with the supposed time of the play.

The secret of mastering a part is to study the character and the time in which each scene happened. I shall therefore go into the details of the part of Lear, giving gradually my views of the way it should be played.

I picture my hero, an old man, who, tired of the cares of his kingdom, at the solemn moment when his three daughters are going to be married, wishing to give them a dowry, divides among them his large state, reserving for himself only the title and dignity of King. This act that many explain as a sign that he is losing his mental

faculties, to my mind shows instead his generous heart and his confidence in the love of the children. If it had been an insane act, we would partly forgive his two daughters for rebelling, because anyone has the right to oppose the will of an insane person. But I don't see anything queer in the determination of the old King. To-day, no doubt, on account of the freedom we give to our children, such a step would be open to criticism as we might presuppose they would lose their affection, esteem and respect for their parents; but not at that time, when their severe education taught that the will of a parent was identical with the divine will and that love and respect were equally due to their parents and to God. How, then, could a man like Lear conceive ungratefulness in his daughters and rebellion to his paternal will? Therefore what this octogenarian had planned does not appear unreasonable. After sixty years of management of his kingdom, he feels tired and longs for rest and for quiet and decides to transfer his duties to his sons-in-law.

The actor should at his first entrance represent Lear as a powerful, majestic, proud, autocratic old man, but not mentally weak.

I have already mentioned that King Lear is an octogenarian, and perhaps many of the present generation, making comparison with our present way of living, imagine him physically weak; instead he is like a strong oak, which, exposed to all kinds of storm, may lose its leaves, yet the trunk and the branches remain tenaciously vigorous. We must remember that the old Saxon race was famous for

its strength and long life. Besides, if Lear had been feeble how could he endure such a violent scene in the first act? An old man, not strong, would certainly have succumbed to such an excess of rage!

to divide her love between father and husband, replies:

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your
majesty

According to my bond; no more, no less.



TOMMASO SALVINI AS "KING LEAR"

The old Lear is used to flattery, and when to satisfy his paternal vanity he asks his daughters, in the presence of all his courtiers, "how much they loved him," he feels certain it will be a demonstration of love and duty. When it is Cordelia's turn she, who is not able like her sisters to use flattering, false words to express her affection, who feels that it is her duty now

The actor should carefully make the audience feel Lear's disillusion and shame at being wounded in his paternal affection, especially in the presence of his court. This was not the kind of answer he was expecting from his favorite daughter; on the contrary, he hoped for more of a manifestation, enthusiastic words of everlasting love. Now occurs the

reaction; how could an impetuous, autocratic, violent character such as his, which does not admit rebellion, control his anger? We may call Lear unreasonable, wrathful, but not foolish. His resolution to disinherit Cordelia might appear strange, but to my mind it is easily explained as a consequence of the time's education.

Poor Lear! his anger makes him ungrateful even to Kent, his faithful servant.

Another important reason for making Lear's temperament a strong one is because we could never make him interesting to an audience if he were a feeble, weak-minded old man. In real life do we not feel more pity for a strong man who at the height of his success falls into misfortune than for a poor soul who has never tasted happiness? We immediately give our sympathy to the first; for the latter we wish only death, so as to abbreviate his sufferings.

The celebrated actor Edwin Forrest, who made the part of King Lear memorable in the history of dramatic art, was endowed with a powerful voice and made his unfortunate king a man of strong vitality.

In the second act, when Lear finds out the ingratitude of his two daughters, a new feeling comes over him. He forgets his royal dignity and becomes a poor, broken-hearted father.

At the beginning of the third act when, after the violent scene with Regan and Goneril, he is obliged to wander in the country without food and without roof, he forgets for a moment his moral sufferings; he is no more a king nor a father, but a man rebelling against nature. These three phases of the character of Lear make him interesting, and not tiresome. All this will better explain the necessity of representing him as robust and strong at first; in anguish afterwards, and weak at the very last.

For an actor it is very hard, I know, to portray in the successive acts these changes. It is a rule in dramatic art to augment gradually all the effects relating to the development of the plot, and every dramatic artist should

religiously reserve his natural strength to the last and make the catastrophe appear very impressive. But in "King Lear" this rule cannot be followed; on the contrary, instead of augmenting his resources the actor must weaken them. It will be very hard to make this gradual loss of the faculties convincing to the audience.

There are some who represent Lear as out of his mind, some as a demoniac; to me it seems that his mind is only wandering, because impressed by human ingratitude. In fact, during the scene in the storm, all his imprecations are examples, similitudes; his imprecations obscure meditations—moral and psychological sentences arising from a fixed idea, whose root is ingratitude. Moreover at the first sight of Cordelia he regains his peace of mind.

We all know that it is harder to cure a demoniac than a madman, though the latter could not be made well again in such a simple way. At this point he has already gone through many horrible ordeals, but I believe there is still some strength in the old Lear. We are convinced of it when he meets the gentleman who is sent by Cordelia to take him to her, and believing himself to be under arrest, he says:

I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom.

What!

I will be jovial. Come, come; I am a king, my masters,

My masters, know you that?

His disease, then, is simply a wandering mind, which will return to its normal state through the affectionate care of his favorite daughter Cordelia. It only remains then to show the last sparkle of Lear's life in the beautiful last scene. We must find a dramatic means to decrease his physical force and end his life, not with a flourish, but in a complete weakness.

A cultivated audience will easily appreciate the efforts of the actor's artistic and psychological studies of the character he is representing, but he will show his real histrionic ability

when he can get the same enthusiastic results with a less intelligent public.

Of course I could not quite explain the means of reaching this object, as it could be attained in different ways. After the actor has conscientiously studied his part, he must rely mostly on his inspiration. It took me five years before I felt this inspiration in the part of Lear. Perhaps, after all, my efforts were wrong, as I do not know if I have been always fortunate in securing the approval of my audience.

I admit that five years is rather too long a time to study even such a famous character as Lear, and if we needed always so much as that, the repertoire of an artist would be very limited. But from the very beginning, I was impressed with the truth of my ideas, and the more I thought, the more convinced I was; and I waited patiently for my senses and my nerves to absorb the meaning of the character. Every conscientious artist will agree with me, that not every moment is favorable to find the right shades to paint the picture that the author has so vividly impressed upon his mind; but how many actors are unfortunately obliged to represent a part from which they realize they are omitting all the beauties!

If to the painter a sunset may point out some new ideas for his picture, so for the actor a woman's look, a new form of affection, a visit to an insane asylum, some strange case of mental disorder, a shipwreck, an earthquake, trouble, despair—all these will enlighten him and make him observe, analyse, philosophize. In order to do that we need time, and with time experience and with experience genius.

If I persist in believing that Lear should be in the beginning a robust man, yet I do not believe that he will be so strong in the last act as to carry in his arms the dead body of his beloved Cordelia, as is done generally by other artists. How could it be possible that a man who has gone through such a mental strain should still be physically strong? It seems to me he would not permit anyone to touch her dear body. Lear should drag her after him and show in his facial expression the physical effort he is making. It seems to me that it would not only be very effective, but also natural.

Now I wish eternal peace to this generous, proud, unhappy king, trusting to see him resuscitated by a better artist than I was, one who will make him more loved and admired by the new generation.

TO HIS BOOK

Go little book to every heart,
Woo them, win them with thine art.

Go little book to every eye,
Begging crumbs of sympathy.

Stay little book against each breast,
That promises to give thee rest.

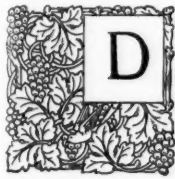
Come little book again to me,
If no soft bosom welcome thee.

My fond heart shall hold a nook,
Ever for thee, little book.

ROBERT LOVEMAN

"HE BEARETH OUR INFIRMITIES"

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON



DAVY was as sure of God as he was of Robinson Crusoe, or King Arthur, or Rip Van Winkle, or any other of those mighty ones who keep this old world forever young. He had never learned that sorry trick known to those who are maddened by much living—the trick of doubting the things that are best worth believing in. That was a little strange, too, when the commonest facts in his daily life were so unlovely. He was a simple-minded little fellow, else his loneliness and the pain in his bad leg must have shaken his faith in what was fair and good and kindly outside the small circle of his own days; but they had only strengthened it instead. He needed his faith; he could not have got along at all without it.

To be sure, he had never really seen God, nor any of his heroes, with the same eyes that beheld the dusty road and the dusty trees and the neighbors' houses that stood glaring in the sunlight across the way; but he had only to sit for a little time, quiet and alone, to have them show themselves, as plain as day, to his inner eyes. People call that Imagination—a likely-sounding name for something nobody understands. In those hours Davy had seen them, every one; yes, he had had long talks, now with one and then with another, until he knew just how their voices sounded, and how they carried themselves, and how their faces looked when they spoke or listened. He had even heard from Crusoe's own lips wonderful stories of the Island that were not put down in the book; Cap-

tain Kidd had whispered to him once, in strictest secrecy, where a golden treasure lay hid, which he might dig up some day; and Ivanhoe had shown him the scar of a terrible sword-wound over his heart, got when he fought Brian de Bois Gilbert. With all these great folk, and many more, Davy was on terms of familiar friendliness. You may call it imagination if you like; but it was as real as breakfast-time, as real as his crutches, as real as Mother.

Of all those who had come to him thus, he liked God much the best; for God was different, as heaven was a place apart. He might not have told just the reason for this warmer feeling, for God had never spoken to him, nor so much as looked at him directly, nor did He come so often as the others. At those rare times when He appeared, He would merely walk slowly past, with lifted head, gazing afar off—a large, strong, grave man, who seemed to have a great deal on His mind, and who must not be annoyed with trifles. So Davy had to guess at His voice and His eyes. But he was quite sure of them: the voice would be big—not loud, but clear and full, like the note of a fine church-bell, so that it could be heard a great way off; and the eyes would be deep blue and serious, but shining with an endless kindness. People would have to obey the voice, but they would love the eyes—they must love His whole appearance; His broad shoulders, His firm, free step, His flowing, brown beard and hair, and the air of strength and gentle goodness that always went with Him.

It was hard to understand why His thoughts must be ever so far away. Once, indeed, on a glorious summer

afternoon in the woods, when Davy sat beneath a tree and God went by, He paused quite near to the boy, looking about at the fresh, green, fragrant beauty, as if to enjoy it or to see that it was all in order; and then Davy's heart leaped with hope. Oh, if he had only hoped a little *harder*! But fear came, and God passed on again, with never a word or a glance aside. Other people have known that to happen, too, when they grew afraid. Davy would have called out after Him; but his fear seemed to choke him, and then it was too late. He did not despair, though; he felt very sure that some time—some time—they would meet face to face, and then something wonderful would happen. He hardly dared to think what that would be; but he knew it would be better than Crusoe's Island, better than buried treasure, better than tales of knightly daring. For God could do whatsoever He would, by word or by look or by merest unspoken wish. Perhaps—was it too much to dream of?—perhaps on that day God would not be over-busy, and so might chance to notice the crutches and the crooked leg. Then—ah then!

Davy paid dearly for that day in the woods, as he knew he must. Will there ever be a heaven without a black pit yawning below? As he sat under the tree, when the excitement was over, the thrill of ecstasy grew less and less within him, and a sort of drowsy languor came after it. He did not want to move; and when he got slowly to his feet and took his first steps toward home, a quick, sharp stab of pain went through his misshapen hip. The day was warm, but an odd chill had crept into his blood, numbing his senses, so that the commonest things around him began to seem strange and unreal. All this had happened before, often and often, and he knew its dire meaning. The homeward road was hilly and rough, and his crutches jolted cruelly; the last quarter of a mile was very long, and when the home gate had clicked shut behind him at the

end, it was all he could do to get up the low porch-steps.

Mother's ear caught the slow tap-tap of his crutch-sticks, and she came to the door.

"Oh, Davy!" she said, with a quiet, sorrowful tenderness, as she put her arm about him and helped him indoors. She understood. He was in for a bad night.

They did not speak of it openly at first. That was a way they had between them. Each knew well enough when the other suffered, without being told, but it seemed to make it easier if they just took it for granted. So, though every movement sent a shock of agony all through his thin body, Davy set his will hard and smiled as well as he was able.

It was too early for Father to be home; he would not come until after dark. Mother fixed her boy's supper on the kitchen table, and then hovered over him, watching anxiously while he tried to eat. It was a good supper, too, of the kind he liked—a slice of brown toast, with an egg and a glass of milk—but, though he lingered long over it, talking a little between whiles, more than half was left.

Mother cleared away the dishes, and then, though there was a big basket of mending, she brought a book he loved and sat down, taking him on her lap, holding his head against her shoulder. The story was fine, and at another time its charm would have held him fast in thrall; but now his tired thoughts lagged dully far behind the words. By-and-by he dozed lightly, then started awake with a sharp cry that would not be smothered. Mother let the book fall and clasped him close with a straining pressure of her arms. There was no more pretending after that.

"Poor Davy!" she whispered. "Mother's poor little boy!" And he hid his face upon her soft breast and cried.

That helped some. Mother rocked with him, smoothing his tumbled hair and humming a broken bit of a tune until his tears stopped and he sat up,

wiping his eyes. There was nothing she could do at those times but to let her love enfold him.

"Mother's dear little man!" she crooned, and he reached up his small hands to her cheeks, patting them, putting on a brave cheerfulness.

"It's better now," he told her, and tried to believe that he was telling the truth.

She went with him presently to his bedroom and there helped him to undress. It was very good to stretch out between the cool sheets, in the calm of summer dusk, with Mother sitting on the edge of the bed, holding his hand in hers, her soft voice sounding restfully in his ears. He did not catch all the things she said, for the pain took his attention away; but that did not much matter. An undertone of yearning love was in the low murmur of the words, soothing him mightily, seeming a part of the balm of the falling night.

"Mother likes to have her little man be brave and bear his hurt," she said. "God gives every one of us something to bear, my Davy."

Davy attended then. "I don't believe it's God that makes my leg hurt me," he said, simply. "I don't see what good that would do Him; do you?"

Mother laughed; but there was a sound in the laugh that made it seem not very happy, as a laugh ought to be. While she waited for an answer to occur to her, Father's step sounded on the walk below, and then Mother had to go down and get his supper. Father called good-night to him up the stairs; then the door was shut and silence fell.

Davy did not mind being alone; he was well used to it, and he always had many things to think about, to keep him from being lonesome. His bed stood close against a window, and the window was open, letting the slow, warm air blow in. The white curtains stirred with a lazy flutter; the leaves of the apple-tree in the yard below whispered faintly together, with now and then a note like a fairy

chuckle. There were myriad other sounds too, some sleepy and others wide awake, all tangled together, and for a while Davy amused himself with picking out of the tangle those that were known to him—the whirring chirp-chirp of countless creatures hiding in the grass, the common little noises about the neighbors' homes, and the far-away sounds of the busy town. Listening thus, in the hush of his darkened room, the notes seemed like friendly messages from outside, where his dream-mates were at their play, and they gave him cheer. But that did not last long. Above was the night sky, showing through the parted curtains—a wide field of velvety violet-black, gemmed with stars; and by-and-by, as he lay looking upward, he forgot the nearer things and his thoughts strayed out into those pathless spaces. He was not a stranger there; often and often his fancy had gone abroad, to wander where it would through the serene depths. He could not have told the joy of it. Legs had their sensible, every-day uses, no doubt, and he knew how good it would be to have a sound pair under him; but the wings of his eager soul were vastly better. Nothing could cripple them or make them feel the dull torture of pain. Always and always, on nights like this, they bore him lightly and afar into the starry places, that were peopled for him by a wondrous host—not the folk of earth, worn and weary and sad-faced, but another sort—the dead and the unborn—happy and young and radiant, with faces like the picture of Mother when she was a girl. And somewhere—somewhere—in that wide wilderness of space, God lived at home; and there, in the sweet night hours, He rested, untroubled, withdrawn apart, thinking His own thoughts. What were they about? Davy could not trust himself to guess at them; but he knew they must be splendid thoughts, reaching out, far and wide, with nothing to hinder them. The grandeur of it made him stir restlessly in his bed, and then suddenly, sharply,

the pain in his hip brought him back again to earth.

Deeper quiet had fallen all around. Every sound had stopped downstairs, and the wind was breathing fainter and fainter, just enough to keep it alive. Too tired for any more excitement, Davy closed his eyes and waited for sleep, and after a while it came.

It was somewhere in the middle of the night when he awoke again, with his hip worse than ever—throbbing like a heart that was filled with pain instead of blood. The house was very still; as he lay listening the silence seemed to close around him heavily, as if it would smother him. Clouds had come over the sky, too, putting out the starlight. He felt very lonely, lying there in the big, empty hollow of the night. He raised himself on his elbow and called softly, "Mother, Mother!" His voice fell back upon him in echoes that seemed to taunt and mock him. "Mother!" he called again, and louder, growing a little frightened.

It was Father's voice that answered, drowsily, "Go to sleep, Davy. Mother's very tired." But he heard a low word from Mother, too, and then the soft creak of the bed as she got up, and the sound of her bare feet coming along the hall. She knelt beside his bed, her hand groping for his in the darkness.

"What is it, Davy?" she asked.

"My leg hurts me pretty much," he answered, wearily. "Won't you please rub it a little? I guess that would make it better."

She slipped her hand beneath the covers and rubbed the crooked limb gently. Davy always wondered at the gentleness there was in her hands, though they were so hardened and roughened by work. How was he to know that the tenderest hands in the world are ever those made rough by labors of love? But he felt the love, always, in her every least touch, and it quieted his pain like a soothing ointment. Somehow, with Mother so near him, he forgot to mind that God was so remote.

When he was easier, he spoke the thought that had been haunting him all day and all through the waking hours since bedtime.

"Mother, honest, do you believe God knows about us folks down here?"

Her hand stopped its slow movement upon his leg, as if the question had startled her. Then the rubbing began again, as gently as before, though he felt her hand trembling a little.

"Why, yes, Davy," she said at last, quite simply. "Don't you?"

"Yes, I guess so," he answered. "But it's awful mixed up. If He knows, and can do all those things, then why *don't* He?"

She moved closer to him, bending over him, lifting his troubled head upon her arm. "Mother has wondered too, sometimes," she confessed. "But if we knew everything we should n't wonder. And then, wonder is n't as bad as doubt. We must never doubt, my Davy, that God is very good."

"Oh, I know that!" he said with confidence. "I know He's good. But that's what makes me not understand. If He's so awful good, and if He knows about it, why don't He cure my leg?"

A sound escaped her that was like a sob. What could she say to him? "By-and-by," she began, "when you're older——" She was going to say, "then you will understand"; but she stopped. It was such a poor, shabby way to put him off. Besides, how could she promise him that he would understand better then? Why, nobody understands! So she held the words back, drawing him still nearer, hugging him to her breast, and he felt a warm tear fall lightly upon his face. "Oh, Davy, Davy!" she whispered passionately. "Oh, we know so little, so little! If only we knew how to ask Him!"

Davy lay quiet in her arms for a long time, thinking hard. "I have n't ever asked Him for anything," he said. "I don't believe I'd want to. I'd rather He'd do it without me

asking. He could, just as well, and it would be a whole lot nicer—like when you do things to surprise me."

"We don't understand," she said again, helplessly. "'He beareth our infirmities.' Do you know what that means, my manny? He has promised to bear all our pains and all our sorrows, if we ask Him in the right way. He's promised! But we must find out how to ask."

A queer, sinking feeling came over Davy's mind. "Bear them, Himself?" he asked, faintly.

"Yes, yes!" she told him, led blindly on by her yearning wish to comfort him. "Yes, if we ask Him. It's the only way."

He lay back upon his pillow, sighing, while his understanding tried to take hold upon this strange, new idea. He grew so intent upon it that he hardly knew when Mother kissed him and went away. When she was

gone, her words kept echoing and echoing within him. "He beareth our infirmities." He would take every hurt and every trouble upon Himself, if only He were asked. Was it true? Davy could not doubt it; for Mother had said so, and God had promised. A sort of sick fear came over him as he lay staring out of the window into the gray gloom of the night. What if he had asked, unknowing! Why, then God—that great, strong, splendid being—would be wearing this poor, bent leg. And God would live forever. Forever this dreadful helplessness would be His, and the pinching agony, and the crutches. And Mother had said there was no other way.

Alone there in the enveloping darkness, afraid to move lest the pain would start again, Davy clutched his hands hard upon the bedclothes.

"I won't ask Him,—never!" he whispered to himself.

• AT TWILIGHT

All things move slowly at this hallowed hour—
O twilight, teach my heart your simple spell,
That I, returning to Mankind, may tell
Humanity the purity and power
Of Silence! Every leaf and every blade
Shine with their clearest beauty, and the sky
Deepens and deepens through Eternity,
And even the least bird is unafraid!

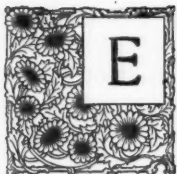
Life's in the hands of God, and moves forever
Safe near His heart; lo, at the hour of dusk
The Spirit, as the fruit breaks through its husk,
Lifts, and is swept in the eternal river,
Vast in the realms that know no human chart,
Yet calm, because it pulses with God's heart!

JAMES OPPENHEIM

THE SONGS OF A ROYAL SECESSIONIST

THE COUNTESS MONTIGNOSO

By AMELIA VON ENDE



LEN KEY, the Swedish reformer and philosopher, suggests a curious solution for the problem of poverty and wealth. She says: "When life itself has become the ultimate aim of living, it may come to pass that the last strike will be a strike of the rich, unwilling to bear the burden of wealth." Utopian as this may sound, strikes of this kind have for some time been taking place in the ranks of royalty. Heretofore they have been individual and isolated; the time may come when they will be general.

For the dynastical history of the world has its martyrs like the history of the Church. The claims of the crown have been a burden to the men and women born to royal cradles. Their duties towards their throne are rarely in accord with their duties towards themselves. Royalty means forfeiture of the birthright of individual freedom and personal happiness. It means marriage for diplomatic reasons, sacrifice of heart's desire for the peace of the people.

Some have dared to break the traditional routine of their dynasty. Such law-breakers did not escape their punishment. Formerly it was meted out to them secretly; the offender seemed suddenly to have been swept from the surface of the earth and left no trace of his existence. To-day the press and the people constitute

a ubiquitous committee of vigilance which even kings and camarillas are forced to recognize. Formerly offenders against the conventions of a crown disappeared in dungeons or came to a mysterious death. To-day they do not face lifelong imprisonment or dread the deadly cup; they are sentenced to an isolation where their rebellious idiosyncrasies can work no harm. But even into such privacy the press will penetrate and promptly publish what the people want to know. The ordeal of vulgar publicity, the scorpion stings of scandal, await the transgressor.

While the press records the doings of royalty, legitimate or not, as so many news items, the people, no longer a passive spectator of the royal pageant, take a partisan view of the happenings in the palaces. North-German rationalism, while perhaps doubting the divine prerogatives of sovereignty, is not willing to admit its human rights. The Dutch people resented the young queen's hesitation to sacrifice her personal independence upon the altar of an early royal marriage. When she finally fulfilled her duty towards the country and took unto herself a consort, even her failure promptly to provide an heir to the throne was criticised.

At a time when the cry of the individual for the right to live his own life has become almost universal, there is a grim irony in the fact that those supposed to be possessed of almost absolute power should not enjoy the right to personal happiness.

But there is also a grim satisfaction in the knowledge that royalty is giving more and more evidence of its desire to break the bars of the gilded cage. Here and there it is in a

of the Archduke of Austria and divorced wife of Frederick August, now King of Saxony, caused a sensation by disappearing from Dresden with her three youngest children on



THE COUNTESS MONTIGNOSO

state of revolt, is striking for its human rights. Formerly the heirs to the thrones of the world occasionally played at being plain citizens. To-day they assume no incognito, but openly choose to live a humbler life. The race of the Hapsburgs, men and women, has given modern history a number of unwritten declarations of independence. Johann Orth is a new type—royalty become conscious of its human essence. The Austrian people share this human view of royal lives to the point of applauding even the escapades of their rulers. The Austrian is not self-righteous.

Louise Antoinette Marie, daughter

December 12, 1902, and being found ten days later in Geneva in company with M. Giron, a former tutor of the children, who had been dismissed for his attentions to the princess. Divorce being insisted upon by King George of Saxony, the story of her ill-treatment by Crown Prince Frederick, and her discontent with the hide-bound conventions of the Saxon court, became public. She was also reported to have said that her husband's rank did not make up for his stupidity. The decree of divorce granted to the Crown Prince on Feb. 12, 1903, gave dementia as the cause and placed the children in his custody. The ex-Crown Prin-

cess received an allowance and assumed the name of Countess Montignoso. She gave up the three children she had taken with her, but kept the Princess Anna Monica Pia, the baby girl born after her flight from Dresden. King George died in 1904 and the Crown-Prince succeeded him. In December of that year the Countess Montignoso made

an attempt to see her children, but on coming to Dresden was warned by the police that she would not be admitted to the palace. As she drove through the city, she received such marked proofs of sympathy from the people that the chief of police ordered her to leave Saxony that very day.

When the King requested her last year to deliver to his care the little princess, she refused and successfully evaded the detectives sent on her trail. After this she continued to live in her villa in Florence in comparative seclusion, until the attentions which Count Giacciardini paid her caused a rupture in his family and made her again the subject of gossip. A few months after this occurrence the Countess Montignoso appeared in London, and on the 25th of September was married in a registry office in the presence of only a few witnesses, among them William Le Queux, to Enrico Toselli, an Italian pianist. Since her return to Florence with her husband she has taken the advice of her friends and agreed to give up to the King of Saxony the Princess Anna Monica Pia. The Princess will be allowed to spend with her mother one month out of twelve, and the mother will be permitted to see the other children once a year. She has said: "When the truth is told, it will be seen that

I have been more sinned against than sinning"; and her story will probably never be entirely known. A woman of her impulsive temperament is apt to find life within the narrow groove of royal etiquette unbearable, and furnishes a difficult problem to the moralist. But in general, judgment of her actions has been suspended.

The attitude of the people of Saxony towards the ex-Crown Princess, Countess Montignoso, now Signora Toselli, has been throughout characterized by justice. They saw in her a woman who, in her quest for happiness, had erred and had been severely punished for her

error. They did not hesitate to express their sympathy in black and white. To a little paper-covered volume of her own poems in print and facsimile, edited by Hermann von Alt-Damerow and published by the Deutsche Volksverlag of Schkeuditz-Leipzig, are appended as many poems addressed to her by poets of the people—touching tributes of loyalty to one in whom they love the woman, simple and natural. No analysis can reduce that love to maudlin sentimentality aroused by her fate. She had always been a favorite with the people, and her misfortunes had only deepened their tender regard for her. Every step of her martyrdom had its poet: her solitude in the Villa Toscana, her visit to Dresden in December, 1904, the order prohibiting the exhibition and sale of her portrait; and even the poem written for the coronation of the Crown-Prince pleads in her behalf.

This plea has not been confined to the common people and to the people's poets. Historians and genealogists have seen fit to turn back the pages of history in quest of an

Adagio con amore.



Lorenz 1897. Wachwitz.

analogous case and have revived the memory of Queen Matilda and Struensee. Dr. Otto Lorenz, a distinguished scholar, whose excellent handbook of genealogy treats that science in its relations to history and sociology, has said: "For the pedigree of Danish royalty it is legally immaterial whether the daughter borne by Queen Matilda in the year 1771 was the child of Christian VII. or not; but genealogical science cannot deny the probability that the ancestors of a great number of royal families to-day could be found in the vicarages of Saxony, rather than on the throne of Denmark." The fact that the father of that child was Struensee, a son of a clergyman of Halle, was affirmed in court and never denied. The story was dramatized by Michael Beer and made into an opera by his brother Meyerbeer. Louisa Augusta, the daughter of Queen Matilda and Struensee, was not immured in a convent, as Anna Monica Pia is likely to be, but grew up and married into the ducal family of Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. Victoria Augusta, the empress of Germany, is her great-granddaughter.

The sympathy of her people with the divorced wife of King Frederick is not to be wondered at. All who know her testify that she has a charming and lovable personality. Her character as read by an eminent graphologist is remarkable for an extraordinary love of independence and justice. He admits an impulsive emotionalism likely to overstep the boundaries of rational conduct, but he finds her earnestly striving for truth and sincerity of life and out of the bounty of her heart showering kindness upon her fellow-beings. He mentions also a tendency towards intellectual expansiveness, finding expression in a remarkable versatility. She has made a thorough study of music and published compositions for the piano and the voice. In her correspondence with musical friends she frequently made use of a musical cipher. Of her unpretentious little lyrics the following are fair specimens.

FIRST FROST

The breath of winter lightly brushed the earth.
The leaves have wilted over night and died;
The birds have gone; the silent woods abide
The promised spring-time of another year.
The first great sorrow deeply touched my heart.
The light that was but yesterday has died:
The joy of life; and, yearning for the tide
Of spring's return, into the night I peer.

Would I could go to sleep on Nature's breast,
And dream a golden dream of days of yore,
And waken, when the meadows are in bloom,
And find you near—to leave me never more.

A DREAM

Was it real, was it but a dream,
When lightly borne aloft on pinions white
I floated through illimitable space
Towards the star-world's distant twinkling light?

A strange, deep longing seemed my heart to fill,
To shower blessings from my flight above
On all the hearts beneath, and in the flash
Of grateful eyes the message read of love.

And, dreaming, I descended to the earth
That slumbered in the silent astral sheen,
And softly through my soul a song did stray:

That moment you had thought of me, I ween.

HAPPINESS

You seek your happiness? It is beside you—here!

You wander far away while it is near;
And now, as 't were an image in a trance,
It fades, alas! and you have lost your chance.

My warning heed: the golden hour of fate
Will strike but once. O! do not hesitate
To take the offering, the moment bless,
And in your hands you hold your happiness.

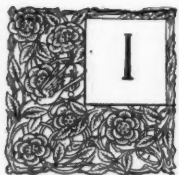
The poor deluded woman forgot under the spell of her golden hour that her royal birth withheld from her the human right to take the moment's offering and give herself in return. The short-lived happiness which this forgetfulness had given her was dearly paid for by years of humiliation and despair. To a woman of her high-strung, sensitive temperament the glaring lime-light of publicity, which was suddenly turned upon her inner life, must have added untold bitterness. The world was informed of every stage of her defection: her disgrace at court; her separation from her children; her exile in a Bavarian village; the birth

of the child, christened Anna Monica Pia and destined for the convent; until we even know that the solace of her solitude was her South American pets, a couple of iguanas.

The publication of her verse and her music is another violation of privacy; for they have no merit as such, they strike no individual note, they attempt no distinction of form. Unadorned outpourings of her emotional nature, they are simple and truthful transcriptions of the tragedy of her heart. As such they add some touches to her psychological portrait. In her veins, too, flows the blood of the Hapsburgs—that race of secessionists from royalty.

THE CASE OF ANTHONY STUART

By F. NORRYS CONNELL



INTIMACY with Anthony Stuart I do not claim. He did not belong to the class of men who form intimacies with other men and I do not

think he knew much of women. He lived in an innocent, nonsensical, not unbeautiful world of his own, and, until he came so suddenly in sight of the wall, I believe was happy in it.

We met in Paris at a boarding-house, a respectable, inexpensive boarding-house in the least fashionable street of a fashionable quarter. He was the wealthiest member of our little society, and enjoyed the privilege of a real, if ancient, hip bath and a private sitting-room. The room he rarely used except on mail day, when he would sit there some solemn hours inditing letters home to America—his mother I think was then alive with a habitat in one of the Southern States. Learning that it was my business

to drive a pen he placed this room at my disposal with mild witticisms about my not leaving plots about for him to steal—as he thought one day of writing himself. He was still too young, only twenty-two. I asked him what he would write. He blushed and thought it might be anything, but his embarrassment cast a shadow of sonnets over his future. To whom they would be addressed was an insoluble riddle, probably to no one but to such abstractions as the Lost Wings of the Victory of Samothrace, or the Smile of Monna Lisa, or the Coat King Louis disdained to wear when he went to the guillotine.

The ending of poor Louis was with him a favorite theme, and if I still feel that I could echo Sieyès's words in the tribune on that pregnant January day of 1793, the fault was not Anthony Stuart's. "Oh yes," he answered my pale objections; "I know Louis was not a wise administrator, I know he made mistakes, that his notions of economics were absurd—whose are not?—but he was a good man and an anointed king."

"And you," said I, "are the citizen of a republic."

"Of a republic," he answered, "that might not have existed but for Louis XVI."

"Granting your point," I returned, "that very proper monarch George III. was as formally anointed as Louis XVI. Granting that monarch his rights——"

"George had rights in Hanover," he cut me short. "In America as in England he was an usurper."

I whistled with astonishment. "You are a Jacobite?"

His young face gleamed with entirely childish vanity. "Do you think my name means nothing?" he asked.

In point of fact I had up to that moment found so little meaning in his name that I called it indifferently Anthony Stuart and Stuart Anthony: I saw now that I must mend my ways.

"My dear fellow," I said with the intention of saying it heartily, "yours is an historic name and full of meaning, but so is the name Smith, and just as I do not expect my friends called Smith to spend their time in the manufacture of coats of mail and lethal weapons, I do not expect my friends called Stuart to cherish any personal resentment against the House of Hanover."

"I see what you mean," he politely answered me, but it was very evident from his tone that he did not.

This conversation took place in his little sitting-room, and I was looking at a portrait that hung on the wall facing his bed, whence I heard him say, "I know that ours is a lost cause."

It was not merely from a desire to change the subject that I drew his attention to the picture. "Wonderful to find such a piece of work on the wall of a French pension. Whose do you suppose it is?"

"Who painted it, you mean?"

"Yes," said I. "It can't be a Lely?"

"It is a Lely," he said, smiling sarcastically. "And it's not so wonderful you should find it on my wall, since I hung it there myself."

"Not yours, is it?" I exclaimed. "A family portrait?"

He hesitated before answering with a nod, "It's a family portrait."

"Then," I said laughingly, but with genuine admiration, "I must compliment you more upon the beauty of your ancestress than even upon the grandeur of your name." As he appeared ruffled by this observation I added, "If one can accuse such youth and beauty of being an ancestress."

"Nice, is n't she?" he asked with the bald speech of heartfelt pride.

"Who was she? What became of her?" I asked approaching the gem, for a gem it was, and scanning it closely.

He was a long time bringing himself to answer, but at last he said simply: "I'd give anything to know."

Puzzled by the phrase, I wrenched my eyes from the beautiful eyes of the painted woman and looked round at him questioningly.

He repeated with awkward frankness: "I don't know who she was, I don't know what became of her. I'd give anything to know."

Something in his tone as well as something in the portrait itself made me feel that I too would like to know a little of the matter, but persons called Stuart with ancestresses portrayed by court painters to His Merry Majesty King Charles the Second can be tetchy on the score of pedigree, especially if they be young and puritanical, and Anthony Stuart I knew already to be as puritanical as he was young.

I asked no questions of Anthony Stuart, though I asked the portrait many, and the answers puzzled me more; for the face said: "I am young and innocent; Lely painted portraits before he went to Court; why do you think he found me there?" and so on, until I was abashed and accused myself of small chivalry in blaming the poor lady.

"Anyhow," I said at length, "whoever she was and whatever became of her she's a beauty and no mistake

I envy that lucky dog Sir Peter that he should have seen her alive."

"But can't you see her alive?" he leaned over my chair pointing at the picture as he spoke. "It seems to me that there she is alive." He touched me as he pointed, and I confess I was thrilled by a momentary feeling as if something living actually stared at us from the canvas.

I greatly dislike any hocus-pocus about suggestion and that kind of thing, and sternly suppress all tendency towards it that I suspect in my young acquaintance; so I jumped up at once and deliberately rubbed the canvas with my finger. "You see," I said, "how clever the shading is—where you stand the head seems absolutely raised in relief—a mere trick of the Dutch school; though I own here the effect is good, it can be very cheap."

Anthony glumly answered "I wish you would n't touch her. I don't like any one to touch her"; he looked at me appealingly as I smiled or perhaps even laughed. "It may be absurdly fanciful," he expostulated, "but it's just as if you were to dig your finger into my mother's cheek. I'm sure you would n't do that, and if you did," he added whimsically, "she might n't say anything, but I'm sure she would n't like it."

I felt that Anthony Stuart though an amiable was a difficult young man, and I asked him no more about his portrait or his family. Sometimes, however, when I was alone in this room working I would suddenly look up to find, as I fancied, the eyes fixed on me with an appealing look, the look that came so often in the eyes of Anthony when I or any one else said something he did not like or could not understand. Only his glance was youthful; hers, or the one that Lely gave her, was tragical; and of course it was never really turned to me, that was fancy—the eyes were really turned towards the bed wherein Anthony slept.

Although I count myself on the whole as a materialist, I don't think I should have slept well in that bed

while the portrait faced it. This feeling was so strong that I wrote under the impression of it, rather an eerie little story of a man haunted by a ghost that walks out of a picture, in his room. The idea is commonplace of course, but thanks to Stuart's pretty ancestress I managed to give it the uncanny touch suggesting that it might be true, and one or two quite strong-minded young women confessed that it gave them a nightmare. I laughed with the pride of authorship and did not mention that it gave me one too, and led me to regard the cheque it brought me as of the nature of blood money.

I never confessed to Anthony that I had turned him and his picture into copy, and as he, I suspect, found my work unattractive on the ground of its modernity and realism, it is improbable that he ever read it. Had he read it, he would, I feel sure, have written me a letter and I daresay a letter of reproach; for he really believed there was some fantastic bond between him and his beautiful mysterious ancestress—although he knew so little about her he was quite sure she was his ancestress; and, indeed, the more I saw of him and the closer I studied the portrait the better prepared was I to believe the story that I thought sooner or later must come.

But the story never came and having lived for six months in the same house with Anthony Stuart and on such friendly terms, yet I parted with him no wiser about his affairs than I had become in the first week. It is when I remember this reticence that I say there was no real intimacy between him and me. Also when we parted, he going east round the world to his home and I west to Bloomsbury, we spoke of future meetings as something that might or might not come to pass and at best could not greatly matter.

II

And yet in a short seven years we were standing outside the Café Royal shaking hands, I being on my

way up Regent Street and he coming down.

"Why," said he, "I knew you at once, you've not changed a bit—you look as if you'd just stepped out of the Riche."

To me he looked more like a man than he had looked in Paris and I told him so.

He cordially agreed: "I am more of a man; I feel it. I know more; I'm less of a prig than I used to be. Seven years is a fairly long while, is n't it?"

"Are you less of a prig?" I smiled, and affected to correct myself: "I should say, of course, were you a prig when I knew you in Paris?"

"O yes," he answered, "I was, but I was only twenty-two, you know, and out on my own for the first time in my life." He added gravely: "And you know, after all, it's better to be a prig than—" he hesitated, afraid of hurting my Bohemian feelings, "better than to be a little—not quite straight, is n't it?"

"It is certainly well," I said diplomatically, "that every man should act according to his conscience."

This noble sentiment pleased him as I expected it would. "That's sense," he exclaimed, somewhat loudly for Regent Street. "If I may call it so that is real wisdom. You understand my feelings. Act up to your sense of right and shame the devil. That's what I try to do, that is what you do—" he paused wondering, no doubt, what on earth my sense of right could be, differing as it did so widely from his own. "Tell me all about yourself."

I seized the opportunity to draw him out of the street into the quieter atmosphere of the Café.

"If I tell you about myself," I explained, "I am bound as a poor man to make a small charge for the story; but now you being well furnished with worldly goods can afford to yarn to me for nothing, or nothing more than a Mazagan—I take it Mazagan is still your conception of a drink?"

"Well," said he, "let it be a Mazagan. I'm afraid I'm not high-toned in my drinks—you'll be having

a cream something or other, I know, but I'll stick to the coffee and just talk—"

We were sitting now by the Glass-house Street end of the Café, the quiet corner away from the door.

"I see they call this a restaurant," he observed. "That means one can meal here, does n't it?"

I nodded.

"Pretty reasonable?" he asked.

"Not for me, bar luncheon," I told him; "but it may be all right for you."

He looked around the place. "Reminds me of Paris," he declared, "and that good old pension in the Rue Raglan. If it's reasonable I should n't mind to come here. You see I don't know London."

I protested that he astonished me.

He turned suspicious eyes on me: "You're what you used to call pulling my leg. I know nothing of London—just a hotel or two, that's all. Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross, the Strand, that beastly Piccadilly and a few sights here and there. Those cheap cabs of yours prevent a man really knowing London—talking of cheapness, I'd no notion house rent in London was so cheap."

I admitted that I too had not that notion.

"Well," he said, "you see the flat I've just taken."

"What!" I exclaimed,—"are you going to settle down here?"

"Just signed the agreement," he nodded. "Extraordinary cheap."

"But why?" I asked. "You don't want to write a book about English Society, do you?"

"No," he said, "I've given up the notion of scribbling." He looked around to see if we could be overheard. "I've something I feel I must do—a life work—don't laugh—to carry through. Look here, old man, I'm my own master now with more money than I had in Paris and I'm going to find out what became of her."

At these words the marble tables, the red hangings, the newspapers, the waiters, everything but Anthony himself faded away, and I was sitting

again in his little room in Paris staring at the picture on the wall. Struggling against this delusion, I made a movement, releasing my hand from his, which in his eagerness he had laid upon it. And there we were in the Café Royal and Gustav our waiter crying to the coffee boy, "Versez."

I shook myself: "About this wonderfully cheap flat of yours, where is it?"

"In the best part of the town, just round the corner."

"Which corner?" I asked, perhaps a little sardonically.

He noticed my tone and pulled out the agent's letter: "Monmouth Mansions, Oxford Street, W."

I argued that I had never heard of Monmouth Mansions in Oxford Street.

"They're quite new," he responded. "Besides, I should n't say myself they're in Oxford Street, that's only the address; the entrance is in Waters Street between here and Oxford Street."

I almost laughed in his face: "Why, Waters Street runs out of Golden Square."

"That's it," he nodded, "out of Golden Square; that's a queer place to be called Golden—odd, too, having such dingy houses in the best part of the town—I daresay the locality is not what it was."

"No," I agreed, "the locality is not what it has been." I did not conceive it to be my duty, particularly as the bargain was struck, and so obviously to his content, to tell him what it had been.

"Anyhow," he appealed to me, "four hundred dollars is cheap for a flat like that in the best part of the town with every modern convenience."

"It is not dear," said I, and asked if any one had been in the flat before him.

"The whole place is spot new," he declared. "Some of the other flats are let but I'll be the first to move in to my block." He emptied his glass. "Queer, is n't it? that I should have come all the way from America to be the pioneer at Monmouth Mansions, Oxford Street—it's almost like a wee

bit of fate." He turned uneasily to me: "But you don't believe in Fate, do you?"

"Fate," I told him, "is the one thing in which I do believe, for it is the one thing that cannot be disproved."

"Is that a fact?" he asked, in all innocence. Metaphysics with him was but another name for romance: logic was vanity.

"Nothing is a fact," said I. Whereupon he, much mystified, sighed and asked me to have a drink with him. I consented to a further American, while he ordered more coffee, though I warned him it was bad for him.

"If you keep on exciting your nerves with that stuff," I said, "you'll see more of 'her' than you want."

I half feared he would resent this playful advice, but instead he treated it seriously. "Don't you understand that I always see her?" he said, looking in front of him as if Gustav or a bald-head playing dominoes just beyond might have been she. I noticed his hand rested near mine on the table and through some sudden attack of nerves drew it out of his way. He went on talking in his unnaturally natural tone—"I mean I always see her as I showed her to you in Lely's portrait, but what I want is to see her as she is in reality."

I was startled, almost shocked: "Come my boy," I ejaculated, "that's ghoulish, neither more nor less."

He looked at me with gloomy negation: "You don't understand, or you won't or can't understand. When I met you in Paris I was younger, more innocent, more silly if you will, than I am now. I was convinced that she (I beg you not to laugh) was King Charles the Second's wife. Since then I have learned enough to understand that cannot be the case. Then to which of the Stuarts was she wife?"

I shrugged my shoulders in answer to the question. "No," he said steadily, "I think you're wrong. I admit the possibility, but whatever

that poor woman was I'd give anything to know the truth about her, and I'll search the country through until I find out what became of her."

I could not avoid a sneer at the amalgam of melodrama and sentimentality: "And that is what you call a life work—I should call it a wild goose chase."

He continued mournfully to shake his head: "I know you don't understand, I don't say that I clearly understand, but though she must be dead now quite two hundred years I feel as if there were some direct appeal from her to me. After all part of her lives in me, there's even some throw back that makes me more like her in appearance than was my father or my grandfather. Sometimes when I look at that portrait I feel as if I were looking in the glass."

"That's coffee," I interjected.

His voice became fierce: "Is it coffee that makes me sure that she was a pure woman and no man's mistress—not even the mistress of the King?"

"You know what Bossuet says?" I asked.

"I know what Bossuet says," he returned, "I know what every man says on that subject. But I don't agree with him, perhaps because I'm an American, perhaps because I'm myself. I don't know who the man was this woman loved, but I'm sure he was her husband."

He sank in thought, then smiled and said in a lighter tone: "After all, if you were in my shoes, you'd take some trouble to find out whether your descent was not straight right through."

"I would as soon think," said I, "of searching for the marriage certificate of Adam and Eve."

He appeared to find food for thought in this observation, perhaps making a note to look up the matter in the Book of Genesis, for there was no bottom to his simplicity.

"Anyway," he said at last, quite pleasantly, "whether you sympathize with my concerns or not I hope you'll

make yourself at home at Monmouth Mansions"; and so we parted.

I naturally accepted this invitation in the friendly spirit that advanced it, and I received about a fortnight later a note from Anthony bidding me to a house-warming at his new flat. He wrote in high spirits: "Only boys mostly from over the water. And we'll not touch on serious subjects if you please. If you've any one you'd care to bring—welcome; the more the merrier."

III

In the interests of science I had thought of bringing a promising young alienist, but hesitated from the fear of rousing the suspicion of my host or one of his guests. I felt too tenderly for my young friend to care to hurt his feelings even for the good of his soul. I went alone, and very well remember walking down to the British Museum station and taking the "tube" from there to Oxford Circus. Thence it was but two minutes' walk to Waters Street.

I had not crossed Great Marlborough Street for some years, and I found Waters Street almost unrecognizable. The squalid, tumble-down houses, of the eighteenth century or earlier, were gone, and in their place mounted skywards blocks of mansions as imposing as any in the town. Wisely, as I think, the architect had maintained a grave Georgian character in the façade, and the whole effect where the building was complete was impressive. I better understood now Anthony's conviction that his flat was in the best part of the town and that he had made a good bargain. Though a few bills posted here and there proclaimed a Let by So and So, I noticed that no lights came from any of the windows until at last one shone out above, and that was Anthony's.

I strode over a fine piece of tessellated pavement into the hall—there was no porter, but the place was well kept and brilliantly lighted. I rang the lift bell, nothing resulted—

then I gathered from the lift shaft that the machinery was yet incomplete, and set myself to climb the staircase. It was a well-made staircase with an easy gradient, but I did not enjoy the climb. It seemed a long time since I had left the world behind me. I recollected that save a watchman in his box at the end of the street, guarding the tools of the roadmenders, I had met no living soul since I had turned into Waters Street, and a sudden dread came over me that after all I might find Anthony Stuart had no other guest, and I should have to pass the evening alone with him and his delusions.

The thought upset me and I stopped on one of the landings, doubting to go backwards or forwards. There I stood on the brilliantly lighted staircase, a noble staircase it was, looking to see if there were to be no guests but myself emerging from the depths below. I heard nothing, I saw nothing, but suddenly there came into my mind Poe's story "The Masque of the Red Death" and that instant I fancied the stairway alive with such masquers. The smell of the damp plaster and fresh paint stifled me. I staggered back to a window, forced it open and drew in a breath of fresh air. Beneath lay Soho—Marlborough Street on the left, Golden Square on the right—alive and bustling. From a window above me, Anthony's window, floated the strains of "Massa's in the cold, cold, ground" sung robustly rather than pathetically. He was not alone; I had scared myself as a child might with fancied bogies.

With a lighter step I flew up the last stage of my journey and with a welcoming "Come right in!" from Anthony entered this marvellously cheap flat of his. It was quite a big flat and full of very pleasant fellows mostly younger than myself, all very healthy and jolly and not at all interesting. For ten minutes I was charmed with their naive merriment; then I realized that instead of being horribly thrilled by Anthony as I had dreaded, I was doomed to the worse fate of being abominably bored by the

puerilities of his friends. There was something about the shallow optimism of their talk that jaded my nerves, and I was relieved, wandering through the flat to escape them, to find in the kitchen a moon-faced young man sitting in solitary happiness drinking whiskey and soda.

I thought he was a waiter but he proved to be an engineer. "They've only lemonade and claret cup," he briefly explained with a wave of his hand, as he offered me the bottle. "I guess our host is mad, don't you?"

"Mad, do you think?" I asked seriously.

"Not that mad," he protested. "Mad as I say it, not mad like you say it. I mean he don't know what's good." He filled his glass and reflected: "What's the name of the Russian novelist?"

As he was young like the rest of the party, I named the most recent known to me, but he rejected him under a contemptuous epithet: "I mean a sort of Russian aristocrat, a noble."

To the name of Tolstoy he responded.

"That's the fellow I mean," quoth he. "I reckon yon dear lad is about as mad as Tolstoy."

In answer to my wish to be enlightened as to his method of arriving at this position, he said: "Well, who ever heard of a sane man with the spending of ten thousand dollars a year keeping no servants?"

I remembered now that I had seen Anthony wait upon his guests and had taken it for a pretty piece of American etiquette, but the speaker's easy comfort in the kitchen proved his assertion.

"Does he mean to stick to this pose?" I asked.

"Unless some one cures him of this nonsense. I'd gaily do it, I tell you, if I could get some one to bear a hand. A man, you know—not one of those lads beyond. I'm no older than most, but they've never faced facts; I've had to work for my living, mines and that, where a man learns if he's himself or some one else."

I was interested in my moon-faced friend. "I'll help if you wish," said I.

He reached out of his chair and shook hands with me as I leaned against the wall: "Good man," said he, "partners let us be!" He refilled his glass and mine: "Here's to our partnership, for the lad's sake."

We touched glasses and drank, he emptying his. Then he suddenly ceased to be moon-faced; rigid lines of determination replaced his curves and dimples.

"I guess you wonder what I'm sitting here for, and I'll tell you. Do you happen to notice what you're leaning on?"

I started back to see what I had been leaning on and said with a long breath "A buttery hatch, is it?"

"It's the door of the tradesmen's lift."

"Well?" said I, a little puzzled.

"I've been helping Tony to-night to take in his stores through that hole. Between you and me there's something very wrong with that tradesmen's lift."

"In what way?" I asked.

My companion shrugged his shoulders: "I'd rather you came to your own opinion about that. Just peep in and try if you notice anything." As I proceeded to obey, he added: "Go gently—not all in at a slam."

I slid open the door, saw the walls of a well-tiled shaft, quickly bobbed back and closed the door. "Phew!" said I.

"Notice anything?" he asked.

"There's an escape of gas."

"Coal gas?" he queried.

"I think so," I answered. "Not strong but nasty."

"Coal gas," said he drily, "does n't smell like that in America."

"What could it be, then?" I asked.

The no longer moon-faced young man ruminated over his answer: "The chump who built that lift sank his shaft in a mighty queer hole." He looked at me: "Do you follow me?"

I returned his glance, nodding that I followed him, and I remember the bells of St. Ann's were then striking

eleven. "Is that the worst of it?"

"No," said the engineer,—"the worst of it is that Anthony Stuart can't smell that." He paused to let me take in what he said, then added: "Now is that mad or not?"

"While thinking the matter over," I said, "I'll have some more whiskey." I felt I wanted it.

They were roaring "Marching through Georgia" in the drawing-room now. I let them finish it for the third time ere I spoke again.

"I don't think I've caught your name," I said.

"Thompson, Walter J.," said he. "I know yours all right. He told me all about you—as much as I wanted."

"Have you known our friend long?"

"Long enough to like him and feel sorry for him," Thompson answered me. "Though why one should feel sorry for him I don't exactly know. He's better off than I am in every way, except that whiskey disagrees with him."

"What's your idea about him?" I asked.

"Too incredible to tell," he answered. "Hulloa! the party can't be breaking up?"

The drawing-room door had opened and cheery laughter with the tramping of agile young feet rolled down the passage. We hid the whiskey lest the youngsters should come on as far as the kitchen, but they halted at the bedroom door and we heard an excited colloquy. The matter of this, even could I precisely recall it, need not be reported. One or two young gentlemen perhaps unaccustomed even to claret cup were rallying their host who did not take their humor in good part.

Suddenly half a dozen of them including Stuart himself flung into the bedroom: then we heard more laughter mingled with ejaculations of amazement.

My companion beckoned to me without a word and we stole up the passage to join the throng in the bedroom.

"There," cried Anthony with out-

stretched arm, "that's what you fools saw." He pointed to the old portrait I had known in Paris.

Notwithstanding the sparks giggling around me, I trembled with the shock of seeing it, for now it really was alive; not only the face stood out: the arms seemed thrust forth towards Anthony; eagerness burnt in the eyes.

"Durned queer picture, that," said one of the young men at last. "What gives it that uncanny look?"

The laughter died away as Anthony answered with a groan: "I'd give my life to know."

The words were scarcely uttered when he reeled back, and thinking he had fainted I caught him in my arms. But he had not fainted; his brain was active, his eyes fixed in front of him, and I, staring over his shoulder, saw why.

The life was oozing out of the canvas, oozing towards us to form something that was at once a shadow and a substance, a palpable vapor with the form of a human being; and as the thing grew the portrait faded, as it were, to mere painted canvas. By their exclamations I gathered that the others saw the life go out of the portrait, but they could not see where it went. Only Anthony and I, who still clasped him, saw that. The thing went out of the room; we sprang to the door and saw it go down the passage to the kitchen; then Anthony flung me off to follow it and I could see no more.

I pursued him, Thompson and the others following me. We found him at the lift shaft staring down: "It crawled down there," he said; "I can hear it crawling, can't you?" But we could hear only the bells of St. Ann's tolling midnight.

Anthony was white with horror. "I never saw her like that before," he wailed; "I never thought she would be like that. And why do I find her here?"

Thompson and I exchanged glances. "Dr. Rudolph," said he to one of the young men who was very quiet and wore glasses, "would you look into the shaft?"

Dr. Rudolph, obeying, drew back as I had done. "Pah!" he coughed, "this house can't have been built upon a graveyard?"

That word startled these cheery young men, but I gave them a worse one.

"It is built," said I, "upon a plague spot."

Anthony Stuart shuddered as he took my meaning.

"What plague?" he cried.

"The plague," I told him, "In 1665 thousands dead of the Great Plague were flung here pell-mell in a common grave. That is why your flat is cheap."

He grew old as I looked at him, struggling to think and to speak.

"Then," he groaned, "that was her end. Dead of the plague! Her body lies down there—that was why she led me here." His eyes lit up. "One thing there is yet to learn. You're a miner, Thompson, we'll want your help"—seeing our looks of wonder—"to find the body," he said; "We must find her now."

I was appalled by this imbecile proposal, but one of the claret-cupped idiots said heartily: "That would be sport!"

And in the name of sport we undertook the job. And the wonder was that Thompson and I, the sober and practical members of the party, were as eager as any but Stuart himself that the body should be found. It was Thompson who declared picks and shovels must be procured at once; it was I who suggested we could bribe the watchman to lend us those in his charge. So the whole party of us flung ourselves downstairs in various stages of excitement, some with Thompson and me to fetch the picks while others helped Anthony to force an entrance into the basement flat and sound for the place in the kitchen to sink our mine.

There was no electric power laid on in the basement flat, so it was by the light of candles that we bent to our work, and it was a mad sight to see by their flicker seven young American gentlemen in white evening waistcoats

plying pick and mattock to dig out the seventeenth century from beneath the twentieth.

Close by the lift shaft Thompson set his men to work, and they worked lustily, in double shifts, relieving each other every few minutes. Anthony we persuaded to sit down and watch, Dr. Rudolph and I remaining by him to calm him with our talk. The doctor explained to him that after all what he had seen was a purely subjective phenomenon, and I reminded him that although I had no doubt of this being the very spot upon which the plague pits had been dug, yet, what with their being buried with lime and the natural progress of disintegration, it was unlikely that so much as a perfect bone could remain of them all.

Anthony would not listen to reason: "She's there," he reiterated "She brought me here to tell me all. I shall know all to-night."

And so we dug and dug, breaking first through the concrete and then deep into the earth itself, finding many things we did not seek but no trace of human dead that I could see. Yet the smell I had noticed in the lift shaft was stronger than ever.

At three o'clock Thompson said it was useless to attempt more, and the watchman being due in a little while to turn out the light on the stairs, we filled in the hole, replaced the boarding and retired from the flat, leaving it in as good order as we could. We feared that Anthony would protest against our abandoning the work, but he said nothing; silent as one dazed he filed out with the rest and led us upstairs to get our coats and hats.

Dr. Rudolph, Thompson and I, waiting until the others were gone, advised him to come with us, but he smiled and shook his head. Then we

offered to remain with him, but this also he silently declined; and as the dawn was breaking we came away. Rudolph and Thompson, who were staying at the Langham, promised to look in upon him immediately after breakfast.

"He will be best alone, now," was Dr. Rudolph's opinion, delivered with a professional air, as I stepped into a cab at Oxford Circus. But Thompson the moon-faced shook his head: "We struck red worms the last minute's digging," said he. "That's why I stopped the work. We can't help poor Tony, but I tell you lads, he's not alone."

He and Rudolph were wrangling over the fifth dimension as I drove off.

I was eating a late breakfast when Thompson and Doctor Rudolph came to see me. They filled my room with the odor of disinfectants, and, refusing to shake hands, kept at a distance from me.

"What does this mean?" I asked, half laughing.

"It means," said Thompson, "that our friend Anthony is dead, and the doctor here swears he's dead of plague."

In other circumstances I might have been astounded, but I was not; my first thought was of the portrait.

"That means," said I, "that the poor fellow's belongings will have to be burned?"

"Certainly," Dr. Rudolph agreed; "everything in his rooms."

"That's one good thing," declared Thompson heartily.

"Do you suppose," I asked, "that he knows now?"

Doctor Rudolph shrugged his shoulders, but Thompson answered "Yes." And he added, with his typical American commonsense, "I do hope the lad is satisfied."



CRÆSUS AND OTHER PEOPLE IN CURRENT FICTION

By CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT



HERE is a fascination, even for mature minds, in playing with the notion of great wealth. Nothing is, in reality, less romantic, but this dictum will never be widely accepted until riches are universal.

Most novelists cherish the idea that, some time or other, if they have not already done so, they will write a romance of the power of money, or make a masterly study of the effect of prosperity upon character. The subject is one upon which all the world has views. Even Mr. Henry James succumbed to the temptation of endowing Isabel Archer with a fortune, large for her day and generation, just to see what she would do with it—and where Mr. James falls, why should any expect to stand? Even I, while not a novelist, am conscious of a sneaking desire to do a fairy-story about an unfettered girl and some unexpected millions, though perfectly aware that it is as difficult to keep up the interest throughout such a performance as it is to sustain the appetite through a five-pound box of bon-bons.

More than one writer this season has chosen to deal with Cræsus according as power and insight has been given him. Mr. Hamlin Garland frankly calls his new story "Money Magic" (Harper). It is a Colorado tale, all about an ex-gambler and saloon-man, who makes a fortune in mines, gets shot to pieces, and marries, on what is erroneously supposed to be his death-bed, a

young girl of beauty and force of character, but no education or training. Bertha Haney learns to spend her husband's money and develops, after a fashion, in the process. Incidentally, she falls in love with a younger and handsomer man, and Mr. Garland, most immorally, makes Haney, broken in health and spirit and caring for nothing but his wife's sympathy and comradeship, remove himself from the scene, so that the obnoxiously healthy pair may have youth, money and love, immediately and together.

I say most immorally, and mean it. Everybody has a right to live in this world so long as Providence permits, and even the rights of fictitious characters are not to be trifled with in this respect. Also, Mart Haney is the only real character in the book, and killing him off is, therefore, a much more murderous proceeding than removing his rival. Bertha is meant to be genuine and forceful, but she does not quite arrive, while Ben Fordyce, her admirer, is a negligible nonentity. No reader will care a pin whether Ben is alive and happy or not, and every reader must find the idea of Bertha devoting herself to a shattered man, who does everything for her and asks nothing from her, a more edifying one than that of Bertha living to spend the shattered man's money on the nonentity who has n't "hustle" enough to make a living for himself. Mr. Garland's attitude toward his characters seems to imply that life is designed exclusively for the mating of the robust young, and that Mart Haney is doing nothing more than his duty when

he takes leave of the world and clears the track for his successor. In justice to Bertha it should be said that she does not entirely share her creator's pagan sentiments, and that she resolved to "stand by" after she learned that her husband would always be an invalid and always need her. It is also true that Bertha's head is not turned by the magic of money and that there is a largeness in her somewhat uncertain use of it. As for Haney, shrewd and powerful at first, but always possessed of a rough sense of righteousness in spite of his business, he mellows, softens and becomes garrulous in his helplessness after a very lifelike fashion. He has spontaneous Irish humor and a refreshing point of view. Barring his lack of judgment in the matter of suicide, he is a character whom it is a pleasure to meet. On the whole, these simple people, the rough rich as one may say, come through the crucial test of prosperity respectably. Mr. Garland is disposed to give them a square deal, which is more than he would have done for any kind of affluent folk when first he began to write novels.

Mrs. Burnett's new book is a Cræsus-romance too, and certainly no American writer is better adapted than she to extract to the last drop the drama and the delight of it. She furnishes, to perfection, the "good story" that heightens the luxury of a bright fire on a stormy winter's night. Her sense of the value of contrasts in position and fortune is always keen, and she knows just how to make the reader feel, with a kind of personal relief and content, the reaction when her characters pass from discomfort to comfort. Jane Eyre and Helen Burns having tea and cake in front of the fire in their teacher's room furnish probably the most poignant example in our fiction of the literary value of sheer comfort. Mrs. Burnett's characters do not achieve that immortal content, perhaps, but they go further toward it than the creations of any other writer of the day.

"The Shuttle" (Stokes) has to do with an international love-affair, and Mrs. Burnett indulges herself in a heroine who has every possible advantage a heroine can attain. Betty Vanderpoel is young, beautiful, clever, exquisitely attired, with one of the "overgrown" fortunes at her back, and a tremendous amount of vitality, insight and good sense. She has the "genius for action" and can always see what to do next. This quality differentiates her from ordinary heroines whose eyes and gowns and bank-accounts are equally impressive, and makes the reader care about what happens to her. For the reader does care. Not even the suspicion that this is a new version of the old fairy-tale of Distressed Dame, Horrible Villain and Brave Rescuer deprives it of interest. Betty is the rescuer. She goes to the succor of an older sister married to a brutal Englishman, and finds her own fate in the process. She sets everything to rights, everywhere, as she passes, for that is her gift, and she has, as well, "the imagination and initiative that make any service absorbing."

Still, in the final analysis, no matter how really vital the heroine or how absorbing her story, the Cræsus-romance is bound to leave the reader with a certain sense of its shallowness, its artificiality. For it does not go to the roots of life. It is, when all is said, and in spite of the obvious and childlike pleasure we may get from it, not the real thing, not the stuff from which our true existence is compounded.

"The Stopping Lady," Maurice Hewlett's new book (Dodd, Mead), is romance, too; nevertheless, it strikes the deeper note with no uncertain touch, though until the end the reader is almost unconscious of the profound human intent of the thing.

Mr. Hewlett's evolution as a writer has been from the beginning intensely interesting to students of form and style, and that evolution is still going on. The "preciosity" of style that marked his earlier work has gone entirely and in its place there

is a gravity, an almost Meredithian dignity and ruggedness. The too-sharp savor of earth has gone as well, and the too-keen curiosity that spied upon human nature in its less noble moments. The Hewlett that is left is stronger and more sublimated if, perhaps, less picturesque.

"The Stooping Lady" is Hermia Mary Chambre, who lived in London during the Regency and championed a most exceptional young butcher who was shockingly mistreated by the titled uncle whose house is her home. In return the young man woos her long and silently with anonymous daily offerings of dewy white violets. Hermia loves the violet-giver for no better reason than that she does, and is left widowed at heart when he becomes a martyr to his political opinions and the enmity of her people. The situation so sketched is presented with extraordinary delicacy and fire. A few years ago Mr. Hewlett might have made of this theme only a dainty fantasy, but now he has achieved a better thing. He incarnates the noble, if inconclusive, democracy of that era, and sounds, as I have said, the human note. The Stooping Lady stoops because it is her royal way; she is of those who must give, divinely and forever, and demonstrate thereby the beauty of that attitude.

Romance, again, is "Helena's Path" by Anthony Hope (McClure), and, in a different field, "The Old Peabody Pew," by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton). The former deals airily with a little dispute between the Marchesa di San Servolo and Lord Lynborough about a right-of-way, the latter with a suspended love-affair between Nancy Wentworth and Justin Peabody; but both tales bear faithful witness to the inexhaustible founts of romance that spring tirelessly in the hearts of the unwed. The stories differ in texture as a meringue differs from an honest Thanksgiving pumpkin pie, but both are well-made and not unwholesome sweets.

The mature reader will feel an interest as to how these two mar-

riages turned out deeper than his interest in their preliminaries. Is it possible that the Marchesa and Lord Lynborough really *did* rescue each other from boredom, once they were in double harness? And *did* Nancy succeed in "starching up" Justin so that he could earn more than fifty dollars a month? The post-marital problems are the only really important ones in life, whether they belong to a clerk in Detroit or an earl in England.

We only arrive at realism in the season's fiction when we reach "The Helpmate" (Holt) and Miss Sedgwick's new novel "A Fountain Sealed" (Century). Far apart in matter as these two books seem to be, each is, fundamentally, a very able study of feminine self-righteousness.

In "A Fountain Sealed" we have contrasted a mother and daughter. Valerie Upton, the elder woman, has learned through long tribulation how to live and how to renounce. Imogen, the younger, absorbed in a vision of herself as gentle, gracious, benevolent and uplifting, is, nevertheless, a narrow-minded, cold-hearted egoist to whom the thing of supreme importance is her own sense of eminence. Whatever falls or shatters, she must remain pedestalled in her own eyes and other people's.

It is next to impossible for one poor human being to compass in the circle of his nature enough genuine benevolence to go all the way 'round. Philanthropy not only never begins at home—it seldom holds out to arrive there. Conspicuous charity toward the world at large has always been associated with certain fallings-short in domestic life and, as Valerie Upton demonstrates, it is a more sheltered and happier lot to be the wife of an ordinarily selfish man than of one who wants to bless everybody. Mr. Upton is, as well, a bombastic prig, mediocre and pretentious. He has no conscience about squandering her fortune as well as his own on ineffectual reforms. They differ so completely about everything that she is forced to withdraw civilly to the

edge of his life, though there is no open breach. After his death, Valerie, full of unsatisfied maternal yearnings, comes to live with her daughter. Imogen is a very lovely girl to look upon, but, like her father, has an exasperating gift of cheap eloquence and the trick of always putting the other person in the wrong. The slow development of the girl's selfishness to its climax—robbing her mother's life of the best that was left to it—is done with great subtlety and sureness. Miss Sedgwick has a marvellous eye for character in all its more involved phases and the ability to transfer it bodily to her pages without too much editorial comment. Of living American novelists, only Mrs. Wharton and Mr. James excel her in insight. She is penetrating, just, accurate, and each of her books as it appears is a delight to the discriminating. But I confess to a weak-minded craving for happier endings than she has recently permitted herself. Her later books would be the richer for more of that "comfortableness" of which Mrs. Burnett is so lavish, and which Miss Sedgwick herself did not scorn when she began to write. The longing for it is so deeply rooted in human nature—readers' nature—as to argue its eternal rightness in fiction. And surely it is possible to be both realistic and comfortable!

The feminine selfishness depicted in "The Helpmate" is marital, not filial—a fact which has led some readers to denounce it as "pathological trash." Trash, of course, it could never be; pathological, perhaps, it may be called.

This is Miss Sinclair's first novel since "The Divine Fire" and it does not entirely fulfil the promise of that remarkable book. From the standpoint of the literary craftsman, it is admirable work, firm, finished, masterly, rich in epigrammatic turns of speech and characterization, but it lacks the bigness, the inclusiveness, that made "The Divine Fire" so truly notable and so promising. That was the transplanting to liter-

ature of a whole section of life practically intact. We saw the characters in their environments, played upon, as real people are at different times, by a myriad different influences. Not one novelist in a thousand has the monumental patience and the faith in his own inspiration needful to do a piece of work so essentially on the grand scale. Miss Sinclair is capable of that great patience and will doubtless exercise it again in the course of her career, but the scope of her new novel is much more restricted and the book is, proportionately, less important.

"The Helpmate" is the story of a self-righteous woman married to a not-very-strong but distinctly lovable man. An episode in his former life, for which he is not, justly, the person to be held accountable, comes to her knowledge soon after they are married and taints for her all the springs of their double life. She unrelentingly sees her husband as bad and herself as good. She patronizes him in her mind from far, pure heights and builds "spiritual ram-parts" between them. No form of domestic architecture is more unpleasant or more resented by mere man than this. She puts herself upon a pedestal and becomes "an established solemnity, eminent and lonely in the scene."

Her one relapse into affectionate wifeliness endures for a few months, but she repents of it without adequate provocation, and is, in a well-bred way, so unpleasant to have in the house that nothing her husband does—and he falls far—seems criminal by comparison. As the author points out, when the woman insists upon a pedestal, the man puts on his hat—that is one of the laws of married life.

When a novel depends for its interest upon the working-out of the antagonism between a wedded pair, it is necessary to the balance of the book that there should be two sides to the question, that each of the parties to the world-old contest should be able to make out a case. With all her husband's sins, Anne Majendie

seems to have no case. The author does not sympathize with her; therefore the reader cannot. Miss Sinclair struggles hard to give her justice, but it is her own conviction that Mrs. Majendie is a spiritual prig, waterproofed with egotism, and we perforce share that conviction heartily. Her final repentance, even, is a little unconvincing. We hope it is true, but we have our grave doubts. Anne's type of character is not easily altered.

Granting Miss Sinclair her theme, and recognizing all the delicacy and insight with which it is handled, the book still has this serious blemish—

one never escapes in the whole course of it from a pervading air of sex-consciousness. The key-note is unnecessarily repeated by all the minor characters. The men are all handicapped by weak natures and the women "keep them straight" or drive them crooked by playing upon their foibles. You never get out of this atmosphere of sex into that of simple humanness. This is the more regrettable because it is in the atmosphere of simple humanness that all the really august performances of fiction take place, and Miss Sinclair is capable of the august performances.

HOLIDAYS IN EUROPE

By CHARLOTTE HARWOOD



WHEN one is obliged to return to town in mid-September, and remain there through October, while the glorious American fall is turning the world golden not far away and the streets are full of the yawning gulfs that are soon to be filled with the foundations of the monsters that are making New York more than ever a City of Dreadful Height,—in this melancholy time one's thoughts naturally turn to other scenes, glimpses of Europe being perhaps the most vivid. The motors dashing by remind one of the unsurpassed roads on the other side, and the unrivalled value of the automobile as a pleasure-trip vehicle. One may differ with Mr. Francis Miltoun, who says, in "The Automobilist Abroad" (L. C. Page & Co.), that "the one perfectly happy man in an automobile is he who drives, steers, or 'runs the thing,' even though he be merely the hired chauffeur," but as to the superiority of the motor over the train there can scarcely be two opinions. How often has one had to give up a long-

cherished visit to a town or village off the beaten track, because of the impossibility of reaching it by train in a reasonable time. Now (always providing one can afford it, for automobiling is still the rich man's pastime), there is scarcely a corner of the world that cannot be "done" in a touring car; though, according to Mr. Miltoun, "France is the land *par excellence* for automobile touring, not only from its splendid roads, but from the wide diversity of its sights and scenes and manners and customs, and—last but not least—its most excellent hotels, strung along its highways and byways like pearls in a collarette." Four years in most of the countries of Europe certainly entitle him to speak.

France no doubt offers a great deal to the pleasure-seeker, whether automobiling or not. There is the chateaux district, which, overrun by "trippers" though it be, still retains its infinite charm, particularly for the student or lover of the French Renaissance. What memories are evoked by the vision of those grim castles; Amboise and its "conjuration" of the Huguenots; Blois, with

Catherine de Medicis and her astrologers, her feeble son and the murdered Duc de Guise; and Chenonceaux that recalls the ever-youthful Diane de Poitiers, that patron of the arts, who employed Jean Bullant, Philibert de l'Orme, Cousin, Jean Goujon and other artists to build her wonder castle of Anet, so ruthlessly destroyed in the great Revolution. Not far off, for an automobile, is Orleans; and at Chartres, near by, one gets right back to the eleventh century. All climates too may be had in France, either by running down to the flower-scented Midi or into the snow-capped Pyrenees.

England has charms that never pall. Perhaps nowhere in Europe can one get quite the peaceful, contented feeling that steals over one in the quiet English country. The scenery is always fresh and lovely, and rarely makes any extravagant demands on one's enthusiasm—and herein, doubtless, lies much of its restfulness. There is also the feeling of kinship which counts for something, and counts for a great deal when any flow of language is necessary, as one finds on crossing over to Belgium or Holland, where many delightful days may be spent wandering among the old Flemish towns, repeopling them and picturing them as they were when Flanders was the richest country in Europe, and feeding on the magnificent picture-galleries of both countries. Through all these Mr. Miltoun's automobile takes us on a pleasant trip, abounding in useful information as to the treatment to be given and received in all the lands he travels in.

For a brief holiday one might spend, as Miss Josephine Tozier did, "A Spring Fortnight in France" (Dodd, Mead), without regret and with great enjoyment. Starting from Le Mans, she went through the heart of France; and what visions are called up by the places she visited! Angers of the Plantagenets, and Poitiers with its souvenirs of Joan of Arc; Rocamadour, at whose name crusaders, knights and troubadours

throng the imagination; Cahors, Carcassonne and Castres; Albi, with grim memories of Simon de Montfort and his massacres; Arles, with its amphitheatre and beautiful women; and Tarascon, reminiscent of the immortal Tartarin, by whose creation Daudet gave mortal offence to the Tarasconais. France, indeed, is a full-flowing source of enjoyment, whatever be one's tastes. There is beauty of some sort almost everywhere, from the wild coast of Brittany, to the lovely lotus-land of the south. Between the two lie the "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France" (Putnam), which Elise Whitlock Rose and Vida Hunt Francis have described and pictured in two volumes that go over much of Miss Tozier's ground—perhaps to the reader's advantage. Wealth of architecture and historic legend are the keynotes of these volumes, while those who are more interested in literature, and love to know all about the homes and haunts of celebrities will do well to take some "Literary Rambles in France" (McClurg), with Miss Betham-Edwards, and hear all she has to say about Flaubert, Balzac, Brantôme, George Sand and many other brilliant Gallic reading lamps.

It surely seems that France deserves the palm for romantic and historic places and people, until we slip over into Italy, either by the Riviera, which—both Ponente and Levante—is one long succession of almost impossibly beautiful scenes, or by one of the Swiss passes, which can easily be crossed in a carriage; or even on foot if the holiday-maker considers that the fatigue is repaid by the superb views, so many of which are lost to the sybarite who takes the comfortable, electrically appointed Simplon tunnel.

The word "comfortable" cannot be applied in strict truth to Italian travelling. It is really hard work, and one must be blessed either with a strong constitution or an ardent spirit burning for the many delights that Italy alone can afford. Other countries are beautiful, other coun-

tries are old, other countries have fine art-galleries; but where else can we find the varied loveliness that hangs all around the Neapolitan coast and Sicily, the art of Florence, the wonderland of Venice and the undying antiquity of Rome? Unfortunately for many who are compelled to take their holidays in summer, it cannot be denied that Italy is hot in that season, that Italian trains have an exasperating habit of resting at least ten minutes at each unimportant station, and twenty at the comparatively important ones, and that the stations are the hottest places in the peninsula. Much is forgotten, however, as the conductor shouts "Parma," and visions float through the enthusiast's mind of Correggio and the wondrous dome that Titian said would not be adequately paid for if it were reversed and filled with gold; or if the cry is "Bologna," or the name be called of any small town on almost any line; for everywhere there is something that appeals to the searcher for natural beauty or art. But one soon longs to fly to a cooler spot than the larger cities afford, to the hills around Rome, for instance, or to the Casentino, or to spend some weeks in Tuscany, as Mr Frederick H. H. Seymour did, studying "Siena and Her Artists" (Jacobs),—a fascinating study that no traveller in Italy should ignore. Perched up on a hill, Siena has in a measure escaped the pruning-knife of progress which has ruined so many cities; and here one can still transport oneself to mediæval days, and in the churches and museums study the works of the men who are drawing new barbarian hordes from the West—who have, let us hope, more respect for her antiquities than had the northern hordes of centuries ago. This book was not written for the tripper who sees Siena overnight as he journeys between Florence and Rome, but for the traveller who journeys for pleasure and the good of his soul. It is possible that some satisfaction is got by the many who rush through Europe every summer, getting off one steamer at Naples in June

and on another at Liverpool in August, having in the interval "done" the intervening countries; but it seems as if the pleasure must consist largely in the power of saying they have made the journey, and not in anything they have brought back with them of knowledge or feeling for the places they have hustled through.

All who love Italy will envy Miss Elise Lathrop, who was able to spend so many "Sunny Days in Italy" (Pott), that she could live in and know not only the main places on the beaten track, but many small towns unsought by the average tourist. One naturally wishes first to see the great sights of Italy, Rome, Florence, Venice and Naples, and then Milan, with her vast cathedral looking for all the world like a huge bride-cake, and her treasured masterpiece by DaVinci; but besides these there are a host of small towns teeming with interest, offering their charms as a bait for the pleasure of lingering slowly among them, "discovering" little bright nooks on the coast, and bits of architecture everywhere, and studying the changing life of the people and the language—for the Genoese does not understand the Neapolitan dialect, nor can the Venetian be comprehended by the Calabrian, though there is a general Italian in which the unfluent stranger can haltingly express his wants and be understood of all.

Miss Lathrop left Venice for the end of her journey—perhaps wisely. There are a few unfortunate people who do not care for Venice; some have been heard to remark on the monotonous absence of noise, hungering for the clang of the trolley and the "honk" of the motor car. Such, no doubt, would acclaim the horrible suggestion that periodically sends cold shivers down the spine of every effete lover of old Venice—that a trolley should be run down the Grand Canal! Already the motor boats, ownership of which is largely accredited to those Scourges of Europe (from the artistic and poor man's point of view), the Americans, is to be

heard batantly bleating down the soft voices of the gondoliers, and to be smelt out-odorings the multitudinous odors of Venice, which are at least mediæval—or at latest renaissance—and in keeping with the surroundings. Hideous steamboats run up and down the Grand Canal, and trolleys dash along the Lido. But Venice is still there, tranquil and beautiful in her sleep, as she was when awake in her splendor, unique among cities, her glorious art still filling her churches and galleries with its glowing warmth of color. Mosquitoes there are in Venice, and sometimes the sir-rocco blows; in fact, one can always find enough to complain of in Italy, especially if one goes there prepared for the worst; but once let the Italians see that you like them and their country, that you are, in short, *simpatica*, and you are almost always certain to receive courtesy, willing service and pleasant smiles. As much of the pleasure of travelling is derived from adapting oneself to one's surroundings it is astonishing how many Americans will still insist on being served with beefsteak and fried potatoes at 8 A.M., and consider all Italians back numbers, if not actually criminals, because they are unable to comprehend such cravings. It is useless to expect the coachmen of Naples to behave like their brethren of Fifth Avenue, as Mr. Herbert M. Vaughan found out when travelling through "The Naples Riviera" (Stokes), but no one is obliged to go to Naples, after all; and surely there are compensations. The town itself is infinitely more picturesque for her shouting, howling population, who are certainly "in the picture" with the glorious scenery and sensuous climate. Who would want to tame and subdue these children of nature, to make them over into a hustling energetic people, and turn their city into a precise and formally laid out town, along the streets of which they would hurry with anxious eyes, to bolt quick lunches and spend half an hour picking their teeth afterwards? And who would wish to transform all the

lovely towns—Amalfi, Ravello, Sorrento and Salerno—into prim villages with meeting-houses and "stores" where the gossip is retailed by old men sitting round on sugar barrels? Let us thank the gods, who have so far held the ruthless march of education and so-called progress from some spots of this earth, that there are still places where we need not be strenuous.

To journey from Naples into Umbria is like going into another country, so different are the people. Cavour once said that the making of Italy had been accomplished, but that it was now necessary to make the Italians. How true that is, all travellers in Italy can attest. Perhaps it adds to the charm of this lovely land: if variety is the spice of life, we have it here, assuredly. Umbria is essentially the country of mysticism in Italy, its interest centring in Francis of Assisi, whose life so strongly influenced the Umbrian painters. In "The Umbrian Cities of Italy" (Page) we find also the remains of the ancient and still unsolved Etruscans, whose tombs and pottery and legends are so carefully and minutely described by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank, who also tell all that they know and have seen of the paintings and sculpture of these nurseries of art, in the spirit in which Grant Allen wrote his guide-books. Sympathy and appreciation are apparent in every line, and the two small volumes will be useful to many a new wanderer in Umbria.

But every one cannot be enthusiastic about Italy and art; some there are who prefer their holidays without sight-seeing, or at least without museum-haunting, and are more attracted by the life of strange peoples. Perhaps nowhere can a greater diversity be found than in the far east of Europe, and "Turkey and the Turks" (Page) provides unlimited entertainment of a different sort from Italy and her monuments. In the streets of Constantinople one can study the races of the world, and wonder, if prone to pondering, why this lovely spot has been allowed to remain

the seething mass of corruption and bad government that Mr. W. S. Monroe describes it. But it is wiser far not to mix politics with pleasure, and to be content to stand idly in the streets and watch the Pente-costal throng go by; to take in the beauty of the mosques and minarets, and float in a caique over the sunlit waters in blissful irresponsibility for the disorder around one. Therein lies the true secret of holiday-making, selfish as it may sound.

And why not arrange, on our return trip through Europe, to pass through the country that stood as a barrier between Moselm and Christian centuries ago? It is well worth while to visit a country that has not yet been overrun by the ubiquitous tripper and that pathetic land of turbulent, artistic, sensitive people. "Poland, the Knight among Nations" (Revell), as described by Louis E. Van Norman, invites the lover of the unbeaten track, and will satisfy his desires. This account of her country, by the way, has won the approval of so good a patriot as Mme. Modjeska, who gives it the *cachet* of a preface.

And what can we say of Paris as a holiday possibility?—Paris, that queen of cities, that means so much and so many things—to some, infinite possibilities of toilet; to others, cafés-chantants and "shows" of all kinds; to others still, lingering on the boulevards, pretending to sip pink syrup, and trying to look like the real thing; to some, lectures at the Sorbonne, and all the means of education that generous Paris literally flings at one; and to others again the history and romance of the city past and present, the "Nooks and Corners of Old Paris" (Lippincott) that M. Georges Cain, the able Curator of the Musée Carnavalet writes of so comprehensively, and that must be sought in that other and more picturesque Paris, far away from the Arc de Triomphe and the American quarter. Like Cleopatra, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"; and far away in New York, when the holiday is passed, it is good to go over the old ground, and to know that there in the gay, smiling city, what we most want of her awaits us when we are ready to pack our trunks and start again on our travels.



Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader



AN Idle Reader must needs nerve himself, to tackle such a work as this.

**A Royal
Letter-
Writer**

Three volumes of six hundred pages each might fairly stagger the stoutest Stagirite! And an idler of any sort must stand abashed in the presence of such indomitable mental and physical energy as this book bears witness to.

Years ago, the late Bill Nye wrote a cordial and complimentary letter to Queen Victoria, urging her to come to America and take part in certain Authors' Readings in aid of the International Copyright movement. The

letter was written primarily for publication, of course, and in all likelihood never reached the august eye for which it professed to be intended. It filled a newspaper column, however, and served its purpose as an excellent bit of fooling. The writer assured Her Majesty of a hearty welcome from her fellow-authors in the United States, all of whom, he said, had been greatly impressed, not only by the merit of her literary work, but by the fact that she produced it all at night—"after reigning all day on a hard throne."

Many a true word is spoken in jest, and the idlest and most indifferent

A Tempest
in a
Teapot

of readers must recognize the physical and mental vigor that has gone to the production of these letters and diaries. Here, for instance, early in the book, is the famous episode of the Bedchamber Plot. On retiring from office in 1839, when overthrown by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne left the Queen surrounded by ladies closely related to himself and his colleagues, whom she had made members of her household on ascending the throne two years before. On undertaking to organize a new Government, Sir Robert pointed out the necessity of Her Majesty's appearing to feel some confidence in his judgment and loyalty. The selection of her Ladies, he said, would be one of the means of demonstrating it, and he trusted that she would see her way to appointing the women of his choice. Her great personal regard for the retiring Whig Prime Minister was well known, and if she were to retain a household of Whig sympathizers when the Tories came into power, it must inevitably give the impression that her heart was with the Opposition. To this argument the young Queen, now only on the eve of her twentieth birthday, turned a deaf ear. Owing to her high opinion of Lord Melbourne, who continued to be her confidential adviser, and to the fact that her *entourage* was wholly Whig, she felt a not unnatural distrust of the Tories, with the exception of "the Duke"; and Sir Robert himself seemed to set her teeth on edge.

Do what he could, she was not to be persuaded to yield in the matter of "my Bedchamber Women and Maids of Honor." A principle was involved, and it was for this she fought. To Melbourne she wrote that she had told Peel she never would consent. "I never saw a man so frightened. . . . I was calm but very decided. . . . The Queen of England will not submit to such trickery. Keep yourself in readiness, for you may soon be wanted." And so it proved: Sir Robert abandoned the

attempt to form a Government, and Lord Melbourne remained in power.

Here, indeed, was a tempest in a teapot. The firmness—not to say obstinacy—displayed by the young Queen, guided and supported though she was by the sagacious minister who, as she said, was "quite a parent" to her, commands a certain admiration. But one is quite as much impressed—especially if he be an Idler by profession—by the energy that was not exhausted in putting up so stiff a fight, but sufficed also for the labor of recording its progress in detail. On May the 8th, Her Majesty writes to Lord Melbourne that "she was in a wretched state till nine o'clock last night" over his decision to resign, but managed to occupy her mind from that time on, and remained calm till twelve, when she went to bed. Daylight, however, had brought back her grief, and although she had eaten nothing the night before, she was still unable to touch food. She trusts Lord Melbourne "will come precisely at eleven o'clock." This he does, having written earlier in the morning to confirm the appointment and plead harassment and fatigue as an excuse for not having acknowledged receipt of her letter of the previous evening. Later in the day she sends him a full account of her interview with the Duke of Wellington, and of another with Sir Robert Peel—"such a cold, odd man she can't make out what he means." "The Queen don't like his manner after—oh! how different, how dreadfully different to that frank, open, natural and most kind, warm manner of Lord Melbourne. The Duke I like by far better to Peel." (What Mohawk English!)

The next day—the 9th—Her Majesty writes to Lord Melbourne to thank him for his "most kind letter" of the same morning; and to say that if there is ever anything in her letters he cannot make out, "he must send them back, and mark what he can't read." Two more letters from Lord Melbourne to Queen Vic-

toria follow; then comes an extract from the Queen's journal of the same date; this is followed by a letter from the Queen to Melbourne; this by two notes from Melbourne to the Queen, and these by another and much longer extract from Her Majesty's journal, recording in detail an interview that evening with Lord Melbourne, in which is embodied her oral report to him of her interviews with "the Duke" and Sir Robert earlier in the day. This extract, though dated May the 9th, concludes by noting the receipt of a letter from Lord Melbourne at a quarter before two in the morning of the 10th, the Queen having sat up till half an hour later. Before going to bed, she had copied out, word for word, a brief letter to Sir Robert Peel, submitted for her approval and adoption by her veteran counsellor. This was a flat refusal to remove the Ladies of her Bedchamber. (Sixty years later, Her Majesty eulogized Sir Robert to her private secretary, and, referring to this episode, said: "I was very young then, and perhaps I should act differently if it were all to be done again.")

On the night after this vigil, the Queen attended a ball (and London balls are not "small and early"); on the following night she attended a concert, and "was cheered when she drove up to the theatre and got out, which she never is in general" (the people evidently admiring her pluck in routing the redoubtable Sir Robert); and there was still another ball to attend on the night of the twelfth.

And this amazing energy was not an attribute of the young Queen only. Throughout the many years that she continued to "reign on a hard throne," she was an indefatigable worker herself, and the inspirer of industry in others. And the life strenuous seems to be the rule, indeed, rather than the exception among the world's rulers. Whenever we read biographies or obituaries of Crowned Heads, we get the impression that they lie so uneasy as to welcome the first cock-crow as

a signal for rising, and never seek the pillow again, at night, till not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse. Mr. Cleveland, we recollect, used to sit up till all hours, vetoing private pension bills; and Mr. Roosevelt, it is well known, never shuts his eyes in sleep from one year's end to another. But this strenuousness, so far from being a mark of the democratic executive, is really an attribute of royalty. Queen Victoria, too, was not only, a hardworking, conscientious ruler, but a frequent and painstaking mother, whose progeny strow the courts of Europe like Vallombrosa leaves.

Only a single incident in this monumental book is here referred to, but the human interest of the work is as clearly shown in this way as by more copious quotation. The volumes close with the death of the Prince Consort in 1861, and constitute a history of England for the preceding forty years or so. They are edited by Mr. A. C. Benson and Lord Esher, are copyrighted in the name of the King of England, and (in America) published by Longmans, Green & Co.

An illustrated catalogue reminds me of the International Exposition of Art which was held last summer in the Public Gardens at Venice. It was a very varied and very interesting collection of paintings and statuary by contemporaneous artists and gave one in particular an excellent impression of the Italian art of to-day. But, as an Idler, rather than an industrious student of art, I was chiefly impressed by a criticism called forth by one of the paintings by Sargent—his portrait of Lord Ribblesdale. This is a splendidly vigorous piece of work, and one of the finest things the artist has ever painted. A prosperous-looking American, attended by two prosperous-looking ladies and an Italian gentleman, stopped in front of the canvas, and one of the ladies, turning to the other, exclaimed, "Is n't it pretty! Just look at the shine on his boots!"



The Lounger



IF England were not such a stickler for its institutions, it would abolish the foolish office of censor of plays and leave common decency to decide. That is the way we do in this country, and so far we have permitted no plays to run that Mr. Redford would not permit. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was put upon the stage here, but was instantly taken off. To be sure the police interfered in this case, but the public would have decided against it very soon. To have a censor, one man who has to read every play before it is produced, is an absurdity. The wonder to me is that any man can be found to hold such an office. Mr. Redford has just decided against two plays, "The Breaking Point," by Mr. Edward Garnett, son of the late Dr. Garnett, so long connected with the British Museum; the other, "Waste," by Mr. Granville Barker, the young playwright-manager upon whom the directors of the New Theatre in this city have fixed their eyes. It is hard to imagine that either of these gentlemen would write plays unfit to act, and yet Mr. Redford has forbidden them. Mr. Barker's play has not been published yet, though it has had a performance for which seats were not put on sale; but Mr. Garnett's has, and a copy of it lies before me as I write. After reading it, I cannot blame the censor. Indeed, he has my sympathy for having had to read a play that is not only indecent but dull. He, poor man! had to read every word, while I have done a lot of skip-

ping; but I have read enough to see that "The Breaking Point" has all the eccentricities of Ibsen and Maeterlinck with none of their virtues. In other words, Mr. Garnett has used these two writers as his models, but he has not been inspired by them. "The Breaking Point" is the most uninspired play I have read in a long time.



I notice that Mr. Hammerstein announces Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" as having been produced for the first time in America by his company. Perhaps his memory is not as good as mine. Perhaps he was not in America many, many years ago, when a French opera company gave "Les Contes" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It was not much of a company, as I remember, and they may not have given the opera entire, though I have no reason to suppose that the performance was not complete. I carried away the recollection of only one air, and that was a duet sung behind the scenes by the soprano and a very rich, very deep contralto. That



MR. GRANVILLE BARKER
AS SEEN BY "MAX,"
BUT NOT AS THE DI-
RECTORS OF THE NEW
THEATRE SEE HIM

air has haunted me through all these years, as has the voice of the contralto. The rest of the opera I have forgotten. I thought it rather dull at the time, but well worth sitting through for the sake of that one duet behind the scenes, the music of which runs virtually throughout the entire opera in one form or another, and forms an orchestral introduction to one of the later acts.



MME. NAZIMOVA

From a chalk drawing by S. Ivanowski

To one who loves literature, to one who loves the *Atlantic Monthly*, the fiftieth anniversary number of that comfortable and comforting magazine was a most delightful companion. The *Atlantic* has stood by its ideals through the fifty years of its life, and has never turned from the green fields of literature to the yellow fields of journalism. It has cultivated the old-fashioned idea of its founders, and is to America what *Blackwood's* is

to England. In all the contributions to this anniversary number I have found no more "food for thought" than in Mr. Bliss Perry's paper on Francis H. Underwood—"The Editor Who Was Never the Editor." Mr. Underwood had expected to start an anti-slavery weekly in Boston with J. P. Jewett, Mrs. Stowe's publisher, as proprietor and that lady as principal contributor. The dream never materialized, but Underwood finally

got in with the *Atlantic* people, though he never became the avowed editor. Mr. Perry has had access to a scrap-book kept by Underwood, which is filled with the letters he received from well-known writers. To N. P. Willis he once sent some poems for his opinion. Willis wrote a discreet note concerning them, and added:

As to writing for magazines, that is very nearly done with as a matter of profit. The competition for *notoriety alone* gives the editors more than they can use. You could not *sell* a piece of poetry now in America. The literary avenues are all overcrowded, and you cannot live by the pen except as a drudge to a newspaper.

It was about 1848 that Willis wrote this. What would he say to-day in face of the myriad magazines, the writers who get a thousand dollars for a short story, and poets who get no end of dollars a word! The original PUTNAM'S MONTHLY was soon to make a reputation for itself, and for its contributors, who were paid three or four dollars a page!—and they thought themselves well paid. The contributions to PUTNAM'S were not signed, but it was generally known who the authors were, and they were a famous lot.

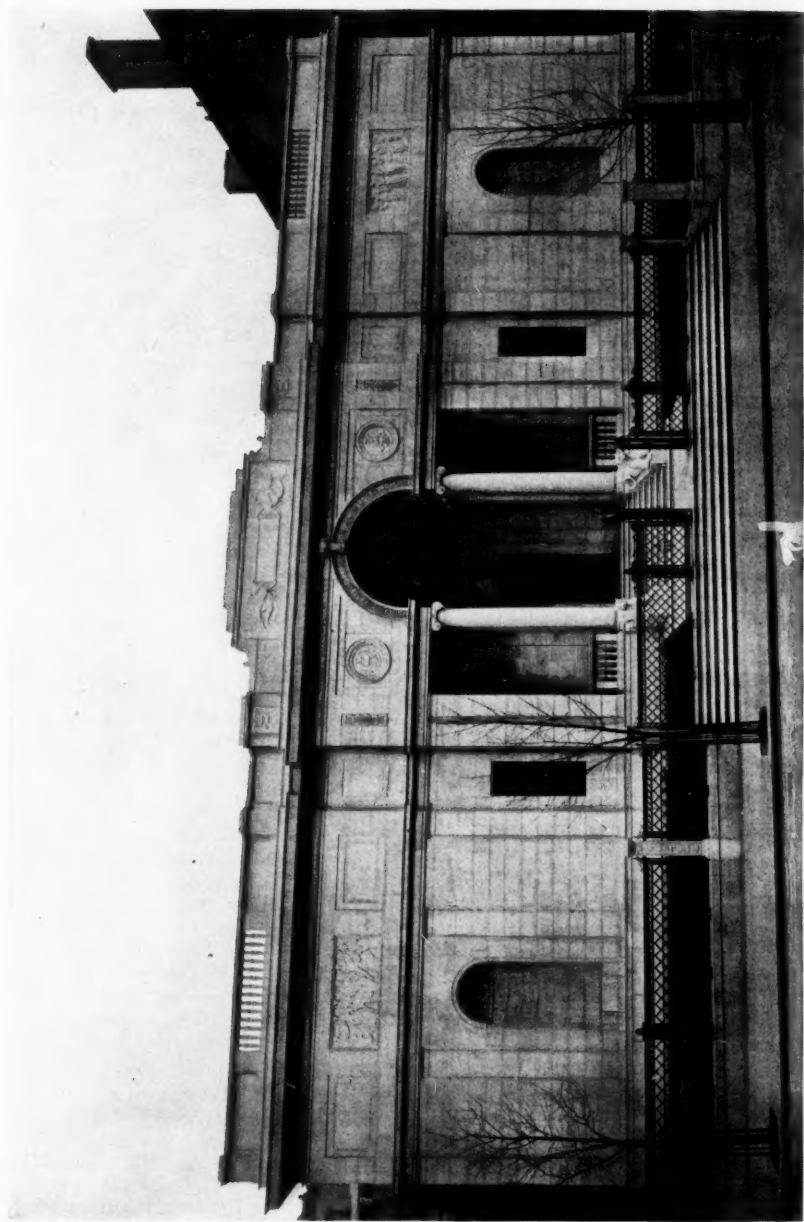
When Underwood was in the position of an editor himself—actually though not avowedly,—he seems not to have had a much higher opinion of the value of poetry, as a marketable product, than had Willis, for he wrote to T. W. Higginson, five years later: "Poetry, of course, we pay for according to value. There are not above six men in America (known to me) to whom I would pay *anything* for poetry." Alas, poor poets! Mr. Howells, in his "Recollections of an *Atlantic* Editorship," speaks of having printed four poems by Miss Edith Jones, "who needs only to be named as Mrs. Edith Wharton to testify," etc. Why does Mr. Howells say "Mrs. Edith Wharton"? The au-

thor of "The Fruit of the Tree" is neither a *divorcée* nor a widow.

As I surmised she would, Madame Nazimova not only saw a play in "Three Weeks," but she saw herself as the Russian siren. Mrs. Glyn is working on the play for her, and I am told that the distinguished actress will make a feature of the tiger-skin scene. If Madame Nazimova carries out her intention and produces this play as she has planned, I am safe in saying that the house will be sold out at least three weeks in advance; for "Three Weeks" is not only the vulgarest but the most-talked-of novel of the hour.

In the meantime, Mme. Nazimova is rehearsing Mr. Owen Johnson's play, "The Comet," and has laid aside—only temporarily, let us hope—Mr. Torrence's play which it was her intention to produce after "The Master Builder." In a recent interview she spoke in a more or less slighting manner of Shakespeare's heroines, whom she had no desire to interpret. Ibsen is "good enough for her," as the slang goes; and so is Owen Johnson, for she would rather appear in a play by him than in one by the master of all playwrights. In speaking patronizingly of Shakespeare, Mme. Nazimova echoes, as it were, the views of her distinguished countryman, Count Tolstoy, whose opinion is not flattering—either to Shakespeare or to Tolstoy. But then the latter is not an actor. That Mme. Nazimova, with her knowledge of the stage, should find Shakespeare wanting, surprises one; it is even more surprising that she should say so, for it takes courage to fly in the face of the world's opinion.

In the matter of moral courage Mme. Nazimova is obviously second only to Miss Geraldine Farrar, who is reported to have said all sorts of unkind things about America. Most



Charles McKim, Architect
502

MR. J. P. MORGAN'S PRIVATE LIBRARY. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDING OF ITS KIND IN NEW YORK

of them are true, in all probability, but to say them on the eve of her departure for this country, when most artists would have been more than gushing, was a temerarious thing to do. If she really spoke as she is said to have spoken, she was not at all like a famous opera-bouffe singer who visited our shores some years ago. She, appreciative soul! on the night of her last performance appeared before the footlights in response to repeated calls, and kissing her hands to an enormous and enthusiastic audience, exclaimed: "Gude by. I loaf you. I come back soon to get your leetle dollar." Now there we have diplomacy and business happily combined, while in the case of Miss Farrar we have neither.



Who shall say, after reading the Copyright Office report, that authors are a lazy lot?—that they work only when the spirit moves, and that they never hustle? During the fiscal year ending June 30th, the Librarian of Congress received the tidy sum of \$84,685 in fees. As these fees are paid mainly by writers, American pens have not been idle the past year. One cannot but feel for the librarian who is forced to add to his shelves, not only the books that are worth having, but thousands of volumes that are hardly worth the paper they are written on, much less the space they occupy.



There is no more beautiful building in New York than Mr. J. P. Morgan's private library in East 36th Street. It was designed by Mr. Charles McKim, in the style of the Italian Renaissance. The material is Tennessee marble whose whiteness is relieved by a suggestion of pink. The blocks are set without cement and so close that the façade appears to be one solid sheet of stone—more so than the photograph indicates. Notwithstanding its great solidity, the building is a model of lightness and grace. It makes all lovers of literary and artistic treasures breathe more

freely to know that Mr. Morgan's priceless collection of MSS. and rare editions is now housed in a fireproof building. Not only that, but that they are so arranged as to be seen to the best advantage. Before the library was built the basement of his dwelling-house next door was used by Mr. Morgan as a storage-place. The new building is apparently destined to become famous not only as a library, but to have its place in the financial history of the country; for it was within its marble walls that Mr. Morgan held those all-day and all-night business conferences, in October, which resulted in averting a panic, and in saving the credit of the city at a time of almost unprecedented storm and stress.



Now that every one—I say every one advisedly—is talking about that episode in Mrs. Wharton's novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," in which the trained nurse helps her suffering patient out of the world, I recall a somewhat similar incident in Mrs. Deland's "Dr. Lavender's People." In the story, "The Stuffed Animal House," published originally in 1903, Mrs. Deland tells how a weak-minded woman put an end to her sister's sufferings by giving her chloroform. She had seen her sister, who was a taxidermist, give the "sweet-smelling stuff" to animals, which immediately went to sleep, not to wake up again. So Annie Hutchinson gave it to her sister Harriet. Annie told Dr. Lavender what she had done, and taking her hand he said:

"Annie, it was not right to give Harriet the stuff out of the bottle; our Heavenly Father stops the hurting when He thinks best. So it does not please Him for us to do it when we think best."

"But Willie gave Harriet one sugar in a paper, and that stopped it a little," Miss Annie said, puzzled, "and if he stopped it a little, why should n't it all be stopped?" The obvious logic of the poor mind admitted of no answer—certainly no argument.



Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

CARLYLE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AT CHEYNE ROW, FROM A WATER-COLOR SKETCH BY MRS. ALLINGHAM

that name in writing to his friend Henry Watkins, the Cincinnati printer. Most of the letters were written from New Orleans, when Hearn was about twenty-eight years of age. They are very intimate letters. The writer was in wretched circumstances and got his only pleasure from dreams—day-dreams, castles in the air. He writes:

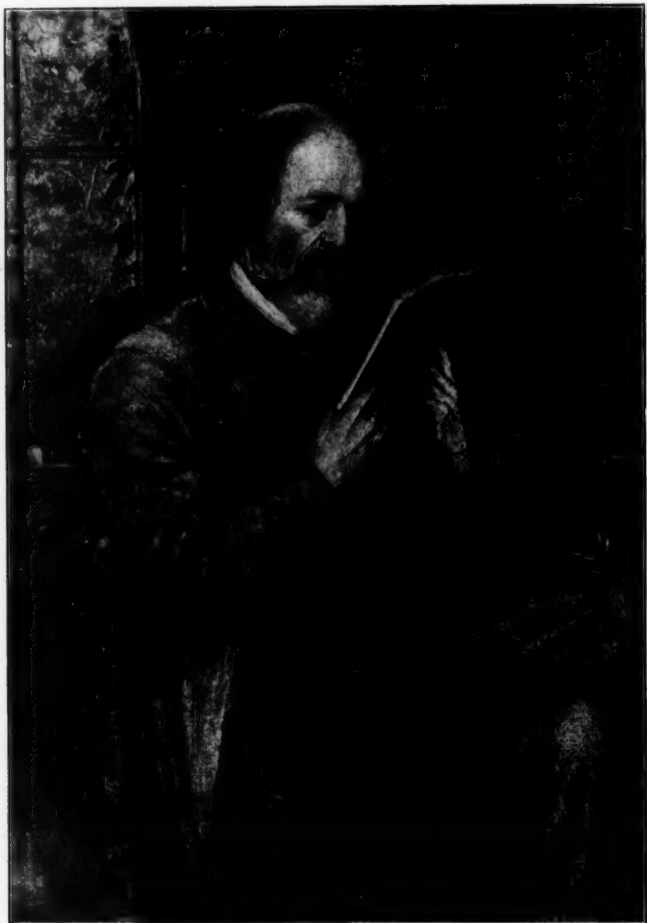
My idea of perfect bliss would be ease and absolute quiet,—silence, dreams, tepidness,—great quaint rooms overlooking a street full of shadows and emptiness,—friends in the evening, a pipe, a little philosophy, wandering under the moon. . . . I am beginning to imagine that to be forever in the company of one woman would kill a man with ennui. And I feel that I am getting old—immemorially old, older than the moon. I ought never to have been born in this century, I think sometimes, because I live forever in dreams of other centuries and other faiths and other ethics,—dreams rudely broken by the sound of cursing in the street below, cursing in seven different languages. I can't tell you much else about myself. I live in my

books, and the smoke of my pipe, and ideas that nobody has any right expecting a good time in this world unless he be gifted with great physical strength and force of will.

The letters are full of pictures, pen-painting; for Hearn, notwithstanding his blighted vision, saw beauty where a more normal sight would have passed it by. There are those who contend that he is our greatest, if not our only stylist, and I am so sure that they are right that I shall not contradict them, though I would suggest that the author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" runs him a close race. And Hawthorne was not exactly a slipshod writer!



A most delightful book is the recently published *Diary of William Allingham*. It was the poet's intention to write his autobiography, but he got no farther than to record the days of his childhood. After these few pages we have extracts from



Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

TENNYSON IN HIS LIBRARY AT FRESHWATER, FROM A WATER-COLOR SKETCH

BY MRS. ALLINGHAM

his diaries, with copious notes that he had gathered together for his book. There is much here that is trivial, but there is so much more that is of great interest that only a most captious critic would find fault. Allingham had a genius for friendship and was a hero-worshipper at the same time. Such men as Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Rossetti, Thackeray and Ruskin were devoted to him, and unbent in his company more than they did in the presence of others of their in-

timates. Tennyson used to indulge in strange antics before him, jumping round like a pigeon. "He was the only person I ever saw," writes Allingham, "who could do the most ludicrous things without losing dignity." If I began to quote from this book, I should n't know where to stop, for it is filled with amusing anecdotes, and paints portraits of famous men-of-letters that are as true as they are incisive, for Allingham was a keen observer. Mrs. Allingham, who edits

the diaries, and who is an artist of no mean gifts, made water-color paintings of Carlyle and of Tennyson. Carlyle consented to be sketched only on condition that he could sit by the fire and go on with his reading. The book in his hand is a translation of a Russian poet whom he called a "blathering blellum." The portrait of Tennyson was painted in his study at Farringford, Isle of Wight. He, too, is reading; but it is not as cosy a picture as that of Carlyle, nor was the poet as cosy a man as the philosopher. With all his crabbedness, there was much that was very human and very pathetic about Carlyle.



One of the most entertaining of recent autobiographies is that of Walter Crahe. "An Artist's Reminiscences" he calls the book. In it he tells this characteristic anecdote of Tennyson. At a dinner-party at the Rev. Stopford Brooke's the poet regaled the company by reading his "Ballad of the Fleet."

He read it in his deep, impressive voice, in a way which reminded me of his own description, in the "Morte d'Arthur," of how the poet Everard Hall (which may have been himself)—

"Read, mouthing out his hollow o's and a's,
Deep-chested music."

When the reading was finished, and when the applause and gratitude of the small audience had subsided, the Laureate growled out: "Yes, and to think that these wretched fellows of the *Nineteenth Century* only gave me £300 for it!"

What an anti-climax!

Meeting Whistler one day, Mr. Crane reminded him that they had met before. "Very likely," said the inventor of the Gentle Art of Making Enemies; and turning, upon his heel, he walked away.



Dr. Furness's letter here given explains itself. My information came from a reliable source and I verified it from "Who's Who." However, Dr.



MR. WALTER CRANE, FROM A SKETCH MADE BY HIMSELF FOR THE LONDON "DAILY CHRONICLE."

Furness ought to know, and I take pleasure in printing his correction:

Let me hasten to correct a wrong impression which you accidentally received.

In your November issue you speak of the "New Variorum Shakespeare" as "a family affair," and say that the editorial work is "done by [myself] first and foremost, by [my] son Horace Howard Furness, Jr., and [my] sister, Mrs. Wister."

It would give me unfeigned pleasure were this the fact, and I should have gladly expressed my gratitude therefor in the Preface, as I have always hitherto punctiliously expressed it when I have received any editorial aid.

But the truth is that not a note or a line, or a word, of the volume "Antony and Cleopatra" has been seen either by my son, or by my sister, or by any human being except by the printers and my private secretary, until the volume had been stereotyped, bound and issued to the public. Possibly this assertion should be qualified to the extent that while the plates were in the printer's hands and the book was waiting publication, Mrs. Wister begged to see the Preface, whereupon I gave her my latest revise. And now I remember that, for her amusement, I read to her and one or two friends several of the foreign versions of the play.

I care not a doit for any claim as sole



Clarence H. Blackall, Architect

NEW AUDITORIUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

editor, but I do greatly care that the ingratitude should not be imputed to me of accepting even the very slightest assistance without an expression of thanks.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.



The University of Illinois has reason to be proud of its new auditorium "dedicated to the service of music." It was designed by Mr. Clarence H. Blackall, an alumnus of the University, and built at a cost of \$100,000. The dedicatory services, on Nov. 4th and 5th, were in honor of Edward MacDowell, whose music was given on both days. The proceeds of the concerts have been given to the MacDowell Fund, as a contribution from the Music School of the University. The purpose of this fund "is primarily for the support of Mr. MacDowell, and secondarily to perpetuate his name in some fitting manner."



Mr. Hall Caine, who, curiously enough, was an intimate friend of Dante Rossetti's, is getting out a new edition of his life of the poet, to which will be added much new material. To the world at large, Dante Rossetti's name is the one that has made his

family famous, but to a few of us the name of his sister Christina is a dearer one. Miss Rossetti's muse was not as ambitious as that of her brother; she touched the lyre as firmly but more gently, and the songs that she sang were full of fire—not the fire of passion, but the fire divine. If we are to believe the brother, William M. Rossetti, the mother of the family had much to do with the development of her children's gifts. They inherited from her not only beauty of character but beauty of face as well.



The late Gerald Massey was a poet of the English people: from the people he sprang and for the people he wrote. Dr. Samuel Smiles says that it was Mr. Hepworth Dixon, editor of the *Athenæum*, who "discovered" Massey. One day, the famous editor took shelter from a shower of rain in a news-vendor's shop in Gray's Inn Road. As he glanced at the various periodicals exposed for sale, his attention was attracted by the front page of one of them containing (with an illustration by W. J. Linton) the following lines:

Fling out the red Banner! its fiery front under,

Come gather ye, gather ye, Cham-
pions of Right!
And roll round the world with the voice
of God's thunder
The wrongs we've to reckon, oppres-
sions to smite.

Some time later Massey's poems were collected and published and a copy sent to the *Athenæum* for review. Mr. Dixon, in turning over its pages, caught the line that had impressed him in the periodical—"And roll round the world with the voice of God's thunder." He at once wrote a favorable review of the book, and Massey's fame was made.



TO TEACH BRIDES HOW TO RUN HOME

The above alarming headlines appeared in the *Herald* a short time ago and attracted my attention. Thinking it some up-to-date short cut to divorce, I read the sub-heads for further information. Then I learned that, instead of teaching the gentle art of home-breaking, the idea was to teach the gentler art of home-making. The article explained that house-keeping lessons would be given in Le Roy Street, and a course of "instruction mapped out for the express purpose of alleviating the woes of Mrs. Youngwife." This is an admirable idea, for the more wives there are who know how to run their homes attractively and economically, the fewer divorces there will be. Not that all divorces come because a man's home is unattractive. Too many men there are who leave attractive homes and loving wives—to say nothing of the women who kick over the traces.

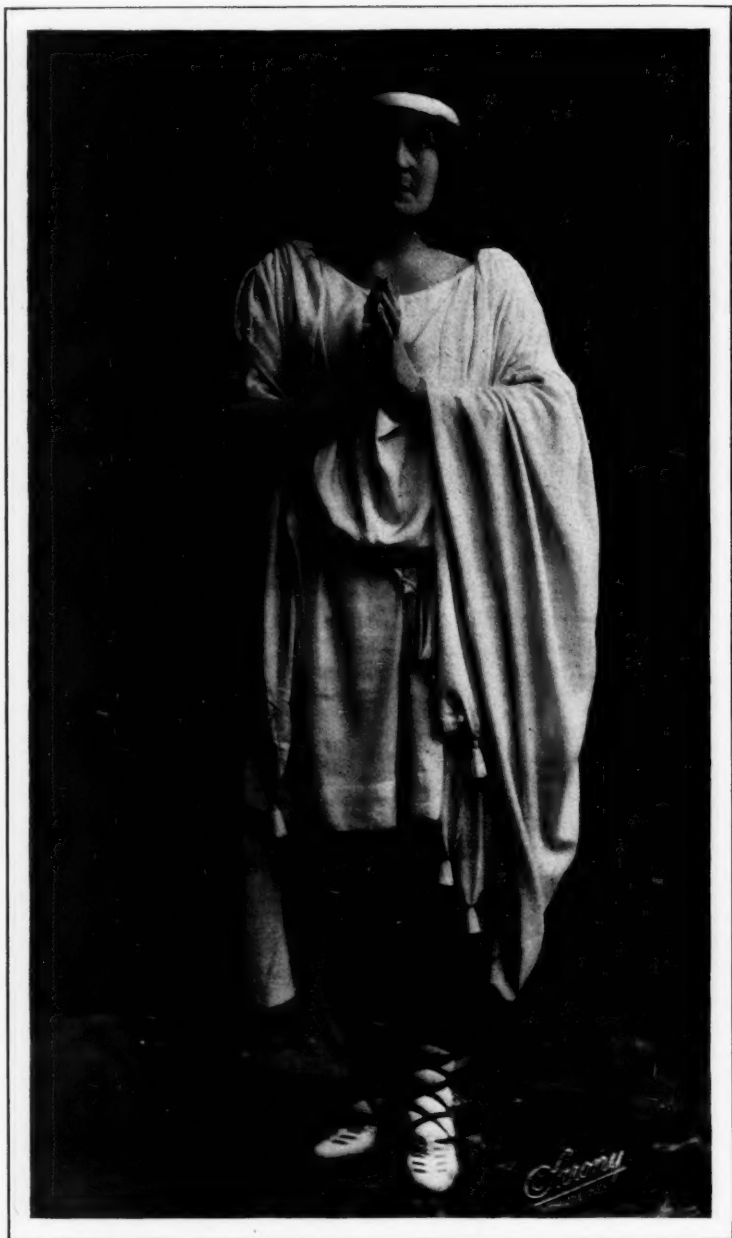


Lord Curzon does not mean to be a figurehead as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. If he were an American college president, he could not be more of a hustler after money. Heretofore the English universities have taken what was given



Designed by Mr. George Wharton Edwards

them and been thankful, but now Lord Curzon proposes to be more than a receiver of unasked-for gifts. He wants £250,000, and, like the man in "Mlle. Modiste," he "wants what he wants when he wants it." Some £50,000 of this sum he wishes for the Bodleian Library, which is in great need of funds; and then he wants more professorships of modern languages. There should be a professorship of Japanese, he thinks; and he is right, for if England and Japan are to shake hands across Russia, they must know how to talk together. Undoubtedly there are more Japanese who speak English than there are English who speak Japanese, but it is just as well to do away with interpreters in diplomatic negotiations. Lord Curzon seems sanguine of raising the amount of money that he needs, but the donors, whoever they may be, may as well make up their minds that he will not have done asking when he gets the £250,000. Universities, like Oliver, are always asking for more; and they generally get it.



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MISS HENRIETTA CROSSMAN AS CHRISTIAN IN THE STAGE VERSION OF
"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

It is a pity that more people did not see "The Christian Pilgrim," Mr. James MacArthur's dramatization of "The Pilgrim's Progress," as interpreted by Miss Henrietta Crossman and her excellent company. The play is not full of dramatic sensations, but there is enough of the inspired tinker's work in it to make it interesting to the thousands who know that book as they know their Bible. As a series of pictures we have seldom had anything more beautiful on the stage. The acting of Miss Crossman is intelligent and delightful. It would be hard to name another actress who could give the spirit of Bunyan's great allegory more truthfully or with greater reverence.

To find a new field for a magazine is as much of an achievement as to find a publisher. To start a magazine on old lines would be foolhardy in these days, but there is always a fighting chance for one covering new ground. England, for instance, has just given us the *Neolith* (what a name!)—a quarterly with lithographic illustrations only. Its projectors say that it is "less of a commercial enterprise than an effort to place before the public sound pictorial and literary work." This enables one to hail the new quarterly with pleasure, whereas if it had been launched with the object of making money, the judicious could only grieve. The *Neolith* will have four editors, the chief being E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland), and the list of contributors includes some of the best known names among the younger generation of English writers and artists. The magazine will cost a dollar a number, which is little enough if it lives up to its promise.

Mr. Clement Shorter says that "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch" are "mighty dull books." If Mr. Shorter really finds these books dull, I am sorry for him. I cannot help thinking, however, that when he says

this he is not quite serious. It has been a long time since I read even the latest of these two books. I was something of a youngster and likely to be bored by a dull book, but I found "Middlemarch" most absorbing. When I finished it my only regret was that it did not go on forever. If it had been a dull book I should not have felt that way, for I did not like dull books then any more than Mr. Shorter likes them now.

The editors of *Putnam's Monthly* have occasion, in behalf of Mr. Maurice Hewlett and of themselves, and the publishers of the magazine, to explain the printing, in October and November, of Mr. Hewlett's story "The Half-Brothers." The manuscript was bought as new and hitherto unpublished, but the literary agents through whom it came unintentionally erred in so representing it. As a matter of fact, the story had been published some time ago, and the arrangement for its appearance in these pages was arrived at without the author's knowledge. As it is our plan to print only original matter, we regret having been misled into presenting a story which had appeared elsewhere.

An interesting feature of the return to this country of a group of the leading foreign musicians is that they all bring their wives with them. Only a short time ago Paderewski, Kubelik, Jean Gerardy, Josef Hoffman and Mark Hambourg were unmarried men. Paderewski's marriage seems to have set the needed example, for it showed them that a great artist could be a married man and still be the idol of the ladies. The old-fashioned idea was that an artist would lose his popularity if he married, and still more so if he travelled with his wife. So now the wives also are with us, and there seems to be no falling off in the popularity of the husbands. (See pages 512 and 513).



Photograph by Gessford, New York

See page 511

MR. JOSEF HOFFMANN AND HIS WIFE



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

See page 511

MR. JAN KUBELIK AND HIS WIFE



Noteworthy Books of the Month



History and Biography

- Dodge, Theodore A. *Napoleon*. 4 vols. *Houghton*.
Howard, Oliver Otis. *Autobiography*. *Baker & Taylor*.
Layard, George Soves. *Shirley Brooks of Punch*. *Holt*.
Macy, John Albert. *Edgar Allan Poe*. *Small, Maynard*.
Monvel, Boutet de. *Joan of Arc*. *Century*.
Wister, Owen. *The Seven Ages of Washington*. *Macmillan*.

Belles-Lettres and Poetry

- Baldwin, Charles Sears. *Essays Out of Hours*. *Longmans*.
Brooke, Stopford A. *The Life Superlative*. *American Unitarian Association*.
Cook, Edmund Vance. *Impertinent Poems*. *Dodge Pub. Co.*
Foss, Sam Walter. *Songs of the Average Man*. *Lothrop*.
Lewis, Charlton M. *The Genesis of Hamlet*. *Holt*.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. *The Intelligence of the Flowers*. *Dodd, Mead*.
Riley, James Whitcomb. *The Boys of the Old Glee Club*. *Bobbs-Merrill*.
Saintsbury, George. *The Later 19th Century in "Periods of European Literature,"* *Scribner*.
Woodberry, George Edward. *Great Writers*. *McClure*.

Travel and Description

- Budge, E. A. Wallis. *The Egyptian Sudan*. *Lippincott*.
Clark, Francis E. *The Continent of Opportunity*. *South America*. *Revell*.
Clarke, Helen A. *Browning's Italy*. *Baker & Taylor*.
Fraprie, Frank Roy. *Castles and Keeps of Scotland*. *Page*.

- Huntington, Ellsworth. *The Pulse of Asia*. *Houghton*.
Lonergan, W. F. *Forty Years of Paris*. *Brentano's*.
Marden, Phillip S. *Greece and the Ægean Islands*. *Houghton*.
McMahan, Anna B. *With Wordsworth in England*. *McClurg*.
Millais, J. G. *Newfoundland, and Its Untrodden Ways*. *Longmans*.
Penfield, Edward. *Holland Sketches*. *Scribner*.
Symons, Arthur. *The Cities of Italy*. *Dutton*.

Fiction

- Crawford, F. Marion. *The Little City of Hope*. *Macmillan*.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. *The Fair Lavinia, and Others*. *Harper*.
Haggard, H. Rider. *Margaret*. *Longmans*.
Henry O. *Heart of the West*. *McClure*.
Howells, William Dean. *Between the Dark and the Daylight*. *Harper*.
Lancaster, G. B. *The Tracks We Tread*. *Doubleday*.
Rhodes, Harrison. *The Flight to Eden*. *Holt*.
Warner, Anne. *Susan Clegg and a Man in the House*. *Little, Brown*.

Miscellaneous

- Bolton, William D. *Thomas Gainsborough*. *McClurg*.
Curtis, Natalie. *The Indians' Book*. *Harper*.
Mahan, A. T. *Some Neglected Aspects of War*. *Little, Brown*.
Remington, Frederic. *The Way of an Indian*. *Duffield*.
Ross, Edward Alsworth. *Smokeless Sin*. *Houghton*.

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. The publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

